June 2, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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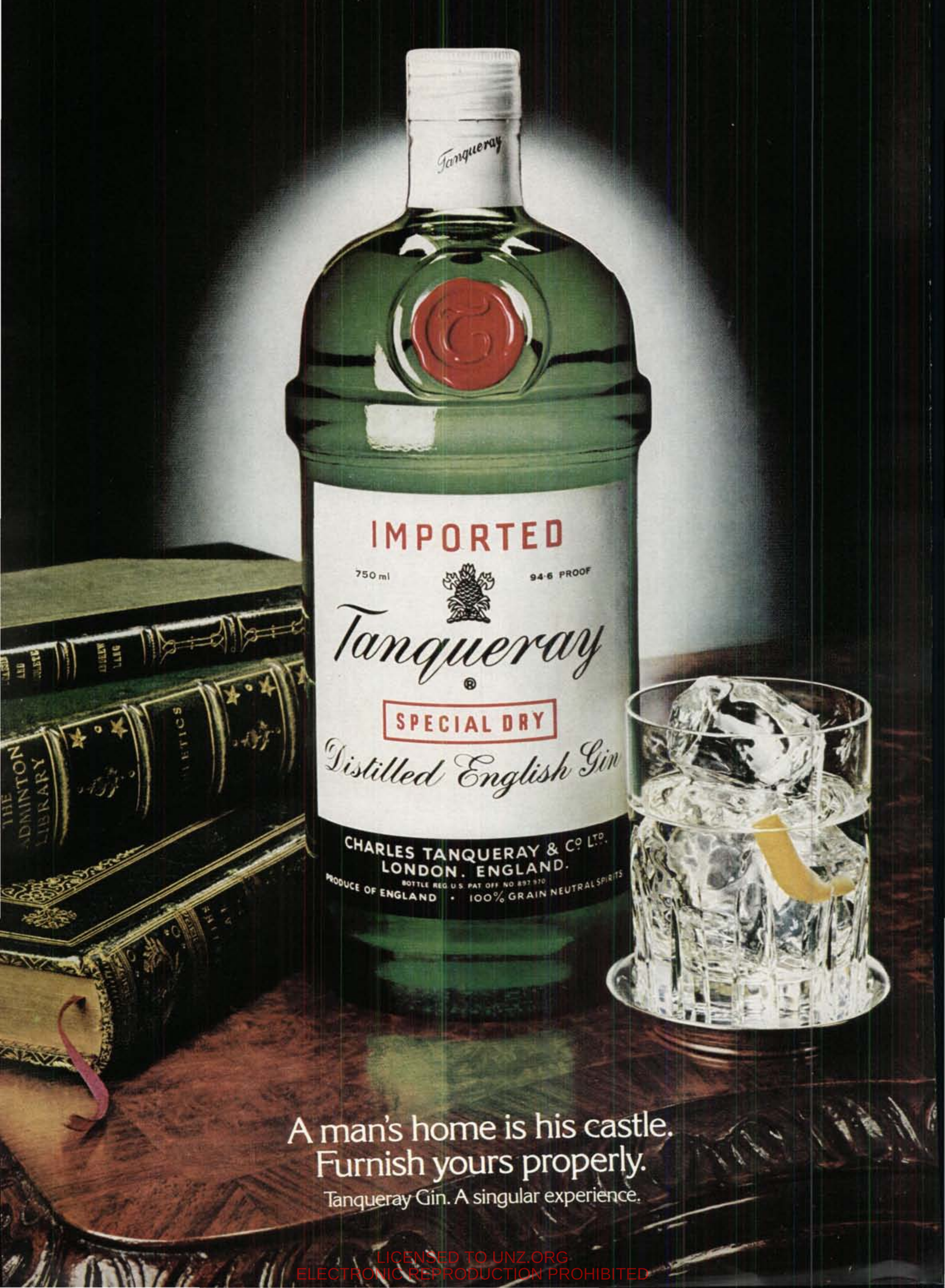
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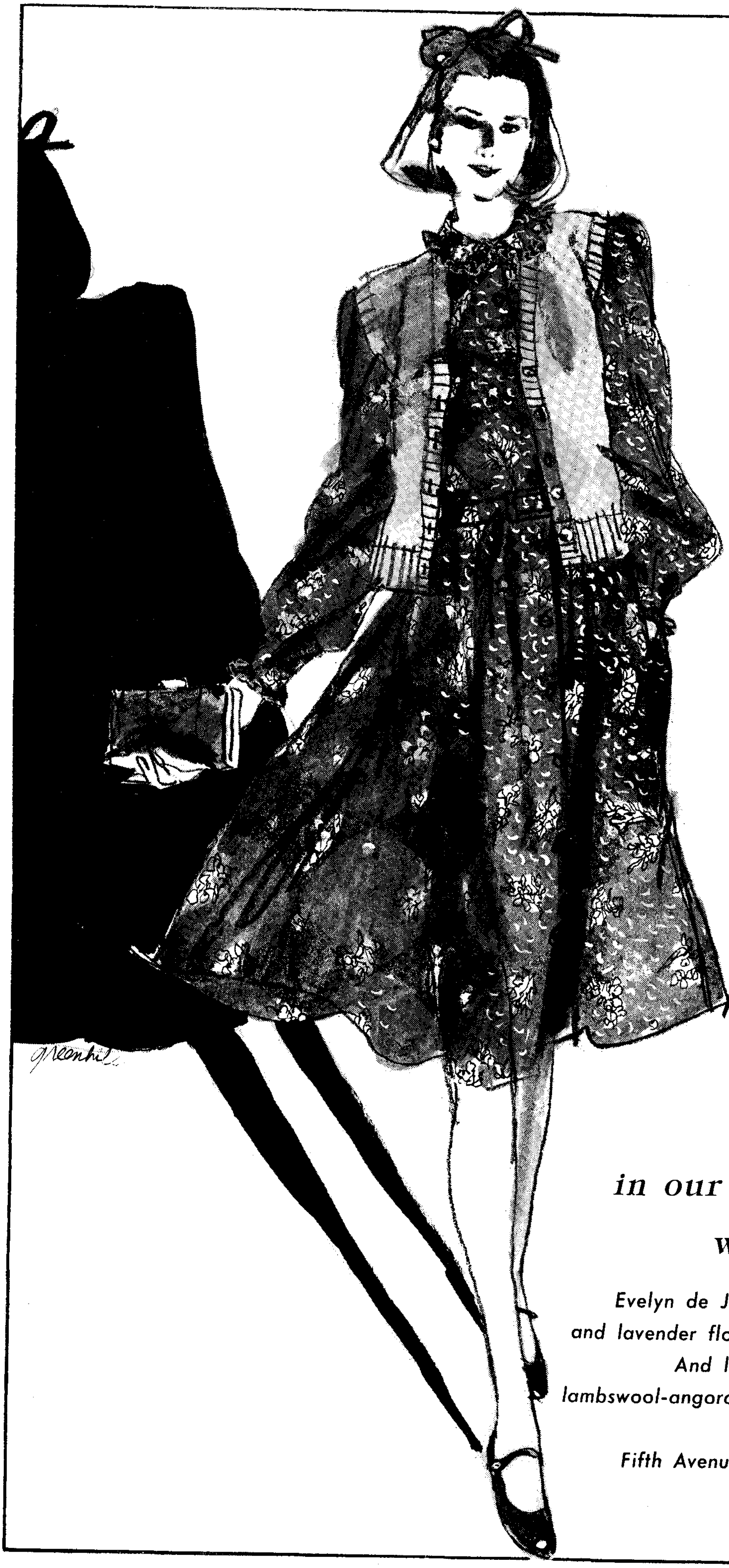

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM THEATRE COMPANY—The final two plays of the season presented in repertory through Sunday, June 15. A revival of Rachel Crothers' 1911 play HE & SHE, with Gerry Bamman and Laurie Kennedy at the head of the cast. Opens Wednesday, May 28. The schedule: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. . . . THE MARRIAGE DANCE: AN EVENING OF FARCE BY BRECHT & FEYDEAU, is an entertainment that takes the form of two one-act plays. Previews through Sunday matinée, June 1. Opens officially on Sunday evening, June 1. The schedule: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, June 7, at 2. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

BARNUM—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/80.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BENT—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Richard Gere and David Dukes give superlative performances. Starting Monday, June 2, Michael York and Jeffrey De Munn will replace the Messrs. Gere and Dukes. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 28, and Saturdays at 2.)

BETRAYAL—Three disagreeable lightweights make desultory love among themselves and with others. The cast of Harold Pinter's play consists of Raul Julia, Roy Scheider, and Caroline Lagerfelt. Voted the best foreign play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

BILLY BISHOP GOES TO WAR—A two-man musical entertainment by John Gray that has Eric Peterson in the title role and a dozen other parts and Mr. Gray at the piano. Preview Wednesday evening, May 28. Opens officially on Thursday, May 29. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BLACKSTONE!—A superlatively clever magic show. Harry Blackstone is not quite as witty a performer as he appears to think, but he is an excellent magician. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BLOOD WEDDING—The Lorca play in an English adaptation (with incidental music) by Maria Irene Fornés. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

LE CENTRE INTERNATIONAL DE CRÉATIONS THÉATRALES—The fertile theatrical imagination of the English director Peter Brook is here on display as his Paris-based, international company presents four plays in repertory through Sunday, June 15. Two one-acters (in English and French), L'OS and Alfred Jarry's UBU: Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . THE IK (in English, based on Colin Turnbull's book "The Mountain People"): Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS (in English): Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 5 and 8. (5/19/80) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATRE—Final performances in a festival of one-act plays. "Sittin'," by Christopher Ceraso, and "Bella Figura," by Brother Jonathan Ringkamp: Wednesday through Saturday evenings, May 28-31, and Sunday matinée and evening, June 1. . . . ¶ "Two Part Harmony," by Katherine Long; "The Store," by Marcia Haufrecht; and "Asylum," by Onaway Schange: Monday through Friday evenings, June 2-6, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 7. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. For information about tickets, call 247-4892.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1946 Irving Berlin musical ANNIE GET YOUR GUN is the final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EVITA—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FOURTUNE—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at

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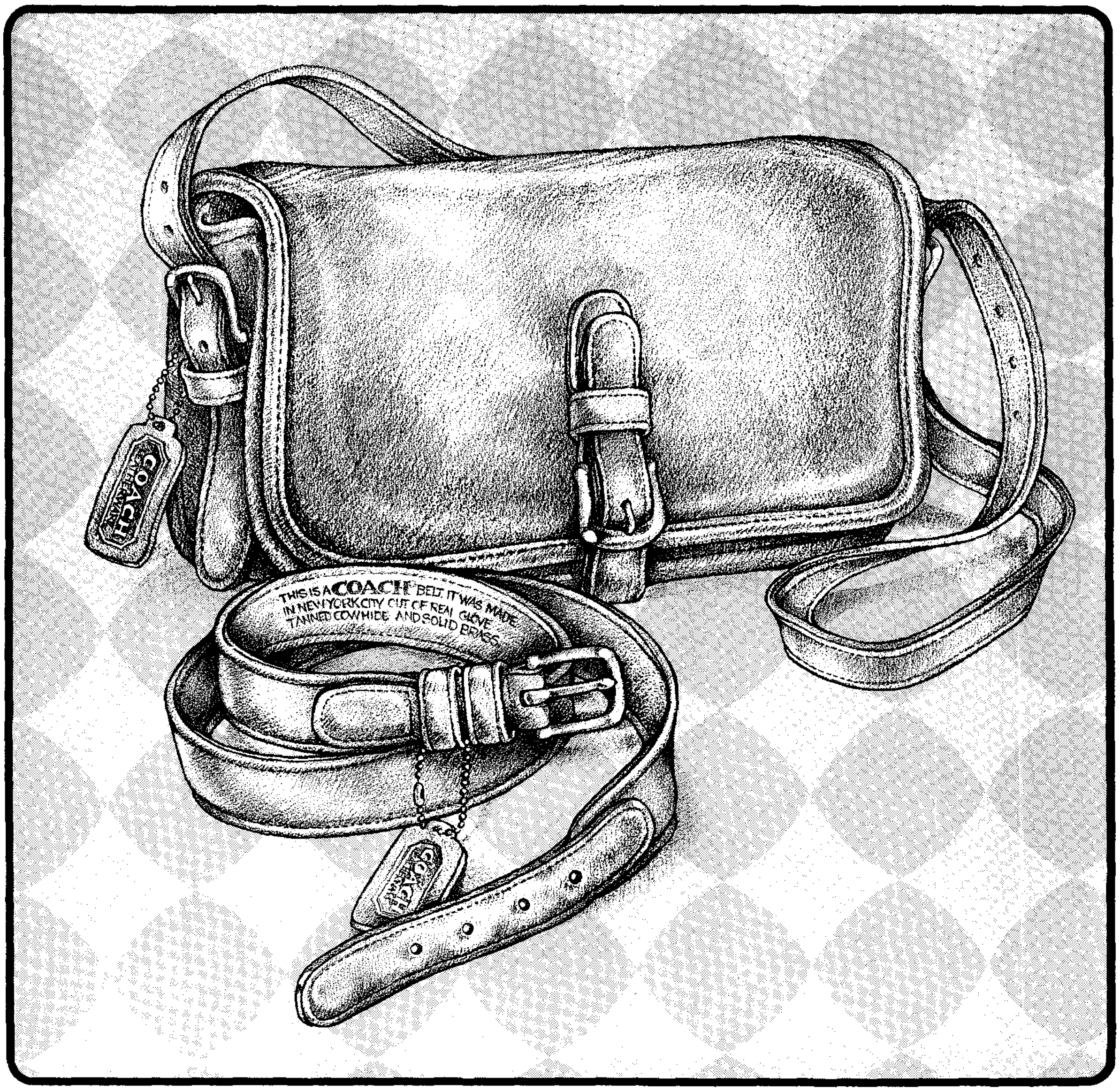
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Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Williams, is Southern but not gothic; it has the ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of the best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found catnapping on occasion? Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten work very hard and well, in vain. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

It's So Nice to Be Civilized—A musical for which Micki Grant wrote the book, music, and lyrics. Mabel King and Vivian Reed have the leading roles. Frank Corsaro is the director. Previews through Sunday, June 1. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 3. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein in a return engagement of their program of Weill songs. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 1: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, June 4-8: **THE MIKADO**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Marlon Brando Sat Right Here—A play by Louis La Russo II. Starring Paul Sorvino (who also directed) and Janet Sarno. (Boltax, 22 Wooster St. 226-4487. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. Milo O'Shea is, as usual, splendid as the priest, and Eric Roberts does well as his pupil. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (5/19/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Mecca—A play by Ted Whitehead. Directed by Kevin Conway. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 581-1810. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, June 1, at 7:30.)

Mother Courage and Her Children—In this adaptation by Ntozake Shange, Brecht's Mother C. pulls her cart around Oklahoma and Texas during the skirmishes among blacks, Indians, and whites in the decade after the Civil War. For many reasons, the show doesn't work, in spite of strong lines by Miss Shange and very strong performances by Gloria Foster, Robert Christian, Morgan Freeman, and Hattie Winston, among other black actors in the good company assembled. (5/26/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

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The Music Man—Dick Van Dyke has the leading role in a revival of Meredith Willson's classic based on a story written by him and Franklin Lacey. Directed and choreographed by Michael Kidd. Previews Thursday through Wednesday, May 29-June 4. Opens officially on Thursday, June 5. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Nuts—Tom Topor has written a play about a woman seeking to prove she is sane and therefore capable of standing trial for manslaughter. A courtroom drama that succeeds in large part because the woman is played by Anne Twomey. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Of the Fields, Lately—A play by David French, with William Cain, Christopher W. Cooper, Mary Fogarty, and John Leighton. Directed by Jamie Brown. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, May 29, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oklahoma!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Past Tense—After twenty-odd years, a marriage is coming apart, and yet nothing better is likely to take its place. Much domestic bickering and bantering, carried out by Barbara Feldon and Michael Miller. (5/5/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

The Penultimate Problem of Sherlock Holmes—A play by John Nassivera, with Keith Baxter as Holmes. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 8.)

The Puerto Rican Obituary—A play by Pedro Pietri based on his autobiographical poems. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of contentious playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, May 29, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box With God—A return engagement (after a two-year absence) of a musical taken from the Book of Matthew by Vinnette Carroll, who also directed. The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant, and the cast includes Jennifer-Yvette Holliday and William Keebler Hardy, Jr. Previews Friday through Sunday, May 30-June 1. Opens officially on Monday, June 2, at 7. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of

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the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,352 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays—except May 28—and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays, except May 28, and Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, June 5, at 2.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, June 4, at 2:30.) . . . **SWEENEY TODD:** A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With George Hearn as the murderer and Dorothy Loudon as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. Starting Monday, June 2, Rhonda Farer will replace Miss Channing. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Well, here we are at the close of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual local wingding. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 28, and Friday, May 30, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 29, at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturday, May 31, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sunday, June 1, at 1 and 5:30.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Ginger Rogers singing and dancing her way through several numbers (one of them reminiscences of movies she made with Fred) as she prepares a show-within-a-show with the Rockettes. Starting Monday, June 2, Carol Lawrence will present *her* cabaret-format show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8, and Sundays at 2:30 and 6.)

INTERNATIONAL PERFORMING ARTS FESTIVAL—Final performances of a five-week engagement in which theatre companies from Nigeria and Great Britain as well as black and Hispanic groups from New York perform at Lincoln Center. Through Sunday, June 1: "Fanlights," by Rene Marques, performed by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, June 3-8: "The Lion and the Jewel," by Wole Soyinka, with music by Billy Taylor, performed by the Richard Allen Center for Culture and Art. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 799-2800. Tuesdays at 7, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "Iolanthe." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, May 29-30, at 8; Saturday, May 31, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 1, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 28: "Allegro Brillante," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 29: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 30: "Square Dance," "Suite of Dances," "Walpurgisnacht," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 31: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 31: "Mother Goose," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 1: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Suite of Dances," "Pas de Deux," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 1: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "In the Night," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 3: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 4: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Suite of Dances," "Walpurgisnacht," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 5: "Mother Goose," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Suite of Dances," and "Bournonville Divertissements." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 6: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 7: "Divertimento No. 15," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 7: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 29.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 28: "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 29: "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Fall River Legend," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 30: "Rodeo," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 31: "Rodeo," "Voluntaries," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 31: "Miss Julie," "Voluntaries," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 2: "The Tiller in the Fields," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 3: "Les Noces," "Fancy Free," "Other Dances," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 4: "Les Noces," "At Midnight," "Pas de Deux," and "Voluntaries." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 5: "Rodeo," "At Midnight," "Pas de Deux," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 6: "Les Noces," "Contredances," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 7: "The Tiller in the Fields," "Contredances," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 7: "Les Noces," "Fantaisie Sérieuse," "At Midnight," and "Billy the Kid." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 12.)

BERTRAM ROSS DANCE COMPANY—A program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, May 28-31, at 8; and Sunday, June 1, at 2 and 8.)

ANDREW DEGROAT AND DANCERS—A program of modern dance. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday, May 31, and Sunday, June 1, at 8:30.)

DANCEAFRICA '80—The first two of five performances of African music and dance performed by five companies: Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; Charles Moore and Dances and Drums of Africa; Chuck Davis Dance Company; the International Afrikan American Ballet, and Welcome Msomi and His Izulu Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, June 1, at 2, and Saturday, June 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. The lineup: Wednesday, May 28, rock singer

What is Etherea's beauty philosophy? And what difference does it make to you?

Etherea is a highly rational program of skincare, for skin that is, for one reason or another, perceptibly different.

The difference it makes to you is that you can very easily ascertain your kind of skin from our computer, Skindex, and the Etherea Beauty Specialists.

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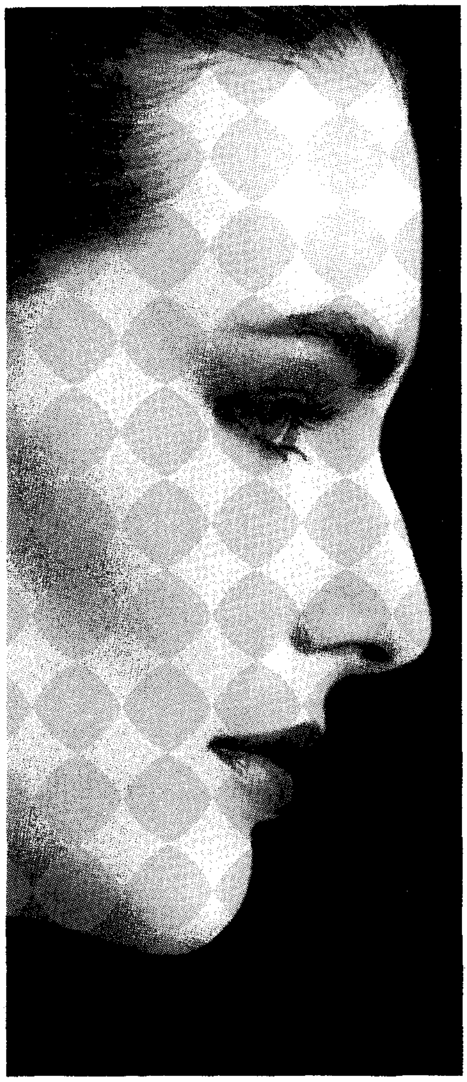
How really scientific is Etherea skincare?

Very. Because of the fact that Etherea is fragrance-free. There are some beauty products that purport to be fragrance-free, but they're not. Thus they can produce many of the skin problems that the presence of fragrance can produce. Etherea is truly fragrance-free.

To accomplish this requires a scrupulously scientific process. Dermatologists and skincare specialists shepherd this process from beginning to end. The result is truly fragrance-free.



What does Etherea have that other expensive beauty treatments don't have?

Two guarantees, one of them especially to benefit delicate skin. (That means almost everybody, doesn't it?) The first assures that the product is, among other things, purity-sealed, free-of-irritants, fragrance-free, dermatologist-tested and approved.

The second guarantee urges that any Etherea product be returned for exchange or refund if you're not satisfied with it.

A company has to be pretty confident to stick its neck out like that, wouldn't you say?

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No. We would like very much to promise instant correction of whatever assails and ails your skin, but we cannot. Nor can anyone else.

What we can promise you is gradual but very visible correction of the kinds of problems you came to Etherea to correct.

We can also promise that you can count on specific corrections to your skin, not just vague generalized "more beautiful" skin. That's as close to magic as we can come.

An encouraging last word.

Remember, nobody's perfect. The kinds of problems you and your skin bring to Etherea can be solved because of Etherea's technically accurate, rational formulae.

To it you must bring a certain steadiness, persistence, consistency. From it you'll get, very simply, prettier skin, with fewer problems.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Christopher Cross and folkish singer Scott Jarrett; Thursday, May 29, guitarist **JOHN MC LAUGHLIN** and his band; Friday, May 30, the Cretones and Regina Richards & the Red Hot; Sunday and Monday, June 1-2, rock and roller **LOU REED**; Tuesday through Thursday, June 3-5, pianist and composer **CHICK COREA**; on Friday, June 6, **BUDDY RICH**, the smiling, black-belt drummer; and on Saturday, June 7, the Fabulous Thunderbirds, an Austin, Texas, blues band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even of people who don't live in the neighborhood. The piano-bass-duo roster: **JOHN BUNCH** and **SAM JONES** through Saturday, May 31; **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND**, beginning Monday, June 2. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—It's **BOBBY SHORT** season in the Café Carlyle. Mr. Short is assisted by his usual bassist, **BEVERLY PEER**, and his new drummer, **ROBBY SCOTT**. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some of the dustiest neon beer signs in the city hang overhead in this rock-and-roll Bowery outpost. The bands: Casuals, Ex-Husbands, and Malibu Dolphins Wednesday, May 28; **MAGIC** (drummer **PHIL WILSON'S** dissonance-and-blues band) and Curlew Thursday, May 29; DNA, Drongoes, and U.S. Steel Cello Band Friday, May 30; and Colors, Tiger Beats, and Nitecaps Saturday, May 31. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten. Dining.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—A conservatory specializing in popular song, to judge by the repertoire of singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**. Mr. Whyte and his bassist **JACK SIX** conserve Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**NELLIE LUTCHER**, a Lake Charles, La., blueswoman—although she's been living in L.A. for quite some time—sings, chatters, and plays piano to the accompaniment of guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards through Saturday, May 31. On Monday, June 2, **HELEN HUMES**, an absolute delight of a blues-and-ballad singer, will take over. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays now belong to singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK** and pianist **BEN ARONOV**, who go on at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. Sunday, June 1, will belong to tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON'S** quintet, which will feature pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS**. They'll begin at nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. **BARNEY KESSEL** and **HERB ELLIS**, who, with their laid-back stage presence, their warm, knowing chuckles, and their unflappable six-stringed dialogues, come across as the Bob and Ray of guitar duos, will perform through Saturday, May 31. Although they're usually best when left alone to back each other up, they'll have a bassist and drummer with them this time. On Tuesday, June 3, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will bring in his trio for five nights. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

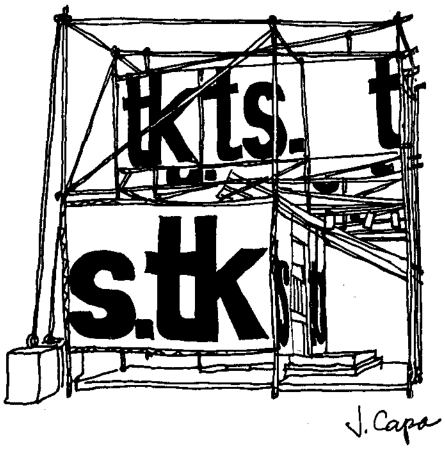
GRAND FINALE, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—**JIMMY WITHERSPOON** and **IRENE REID**, two wonderful blues interpreters, are on the premises through Sunday, June 1. On Tuesday, June 3, singer **ROBERTA SHERWOOD** will come in. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, a second-story balcony overlooking the stage, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this new SoHo club. There is also live music: Wednesday, May 28, singer Neva Small; Thursday through Sunday, May 29-June 1, **SHEILA JORDAN**, whose free-flowing vocals will be backed up by bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** and pianist **STEVE KUHN**; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 3-4, singer Irene Datcher, bassist Bob Cunningham, and pianist Bross Townsend; and Thursday through Sunday, June 5-8, Brazilian-jazz singer **DENISE DELAPENHA**. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** heads up a trio; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sundays, when they start at nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This Hanratty's offers live music in the form of **DAVE FRISHBERG**, who will play the piano and sing "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Hip," "Got to Catch Me Some Z's," and some of his other compositions. Music in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Pianist Lou Forestieri is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.



HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: on Wednesday, May 28, Evan Lurie and a video program entitled "Youth in Asia;" Thursday, May 29, Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark and W2; Friday, May 30, Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark and Algebra Mothers; Saturday, May 31, Pop and Algebra Mothers. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room: Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, alto saxophonist **MONTY WATERS** and his quartet are the guest musicians; and on Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI'S** band will be performing. On Sunday, June 1, a benefit for the late bassist Ronnie Boykins will be presented, with **HAROLD VICK**, **BILL HARDMAN**, **JOE LEE WILSON**, **KENNY ROGERS**, and others participating. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight. Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, who is the main event here, performs with the house quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. Here is the piano-bass schedule: **DON FRIEDMAN** and his bassist **BOB BODLEY** work through Monday, June 2; on Tuesday, June 3, the players will be **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Wednesday and Thursday, May 28-29, **VASSAR CLEMENTS**, the Nashville legend-in-his-own-time fiddler, will head up his lively quintet; on Sunday, June 1, Kinky Friedman will sing about being a Texas Jewish urban cowboy; on Monday and Tuesday, June 2-3, bluesman **ALBERT KING** will be present; and Wednesday and Thursday, June 4-5, have been set aside for **DR. JOHN** and his Cajun swamp-rock musical entourage. Dining.

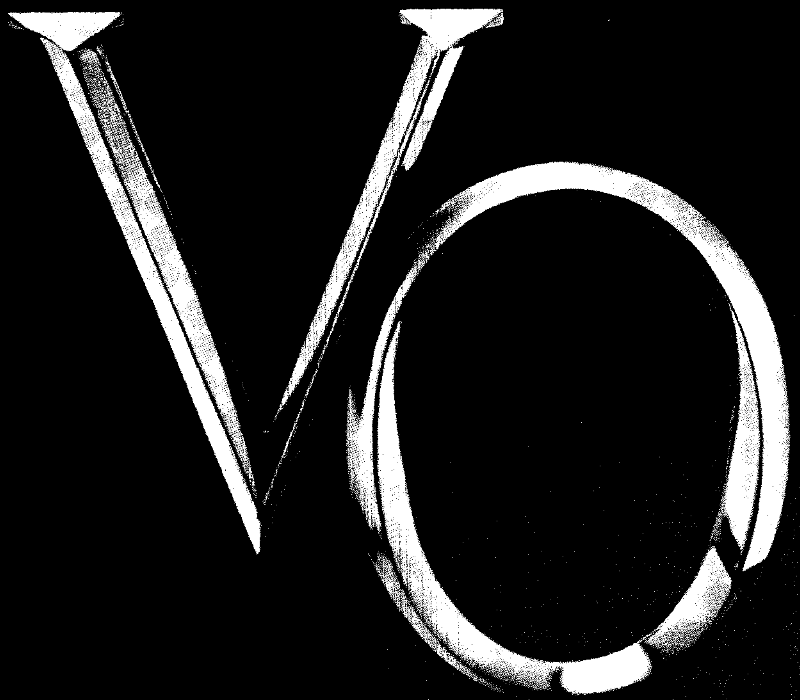
MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB CABARET, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Styne After Styne," a tribute to Jule Styne (with Paul Hecht, Florence Lacey, Pauletta Pearson, Larry Riley, John Sheridan, and Neva Small), is being presented Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty, and Sundays at three and seven-thirty. Admission by ticket only.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**MEL TORMÉ** in a club: Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Wednesday, May 28, Von Lmo, Refrigerator, Popular Science, and Ut; Thursday, May 29, Pure Hell Testors and the Zeros; Friday, May 30, Rattlers and Comateens; Saturday, May 31, Heros and the Minx; Sunday, June 1, Night Brigade and Blue Notes; Monday, June 2, Metros and Valentinos; and Tuesday, June 3, Maloney's Touch and Boys Night Out. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**SYLVIA SYMS** is paying a singing tribute to Frank Sinatra through Saturday, May 31; on Tuesday, June 3, **ADELAIDE HALL**, who starred on Broadway in "Blackbirds of 1928," will begin singing with the **DILL JONES** quartet. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and

On Father's Day, live up to Dad's expectations.



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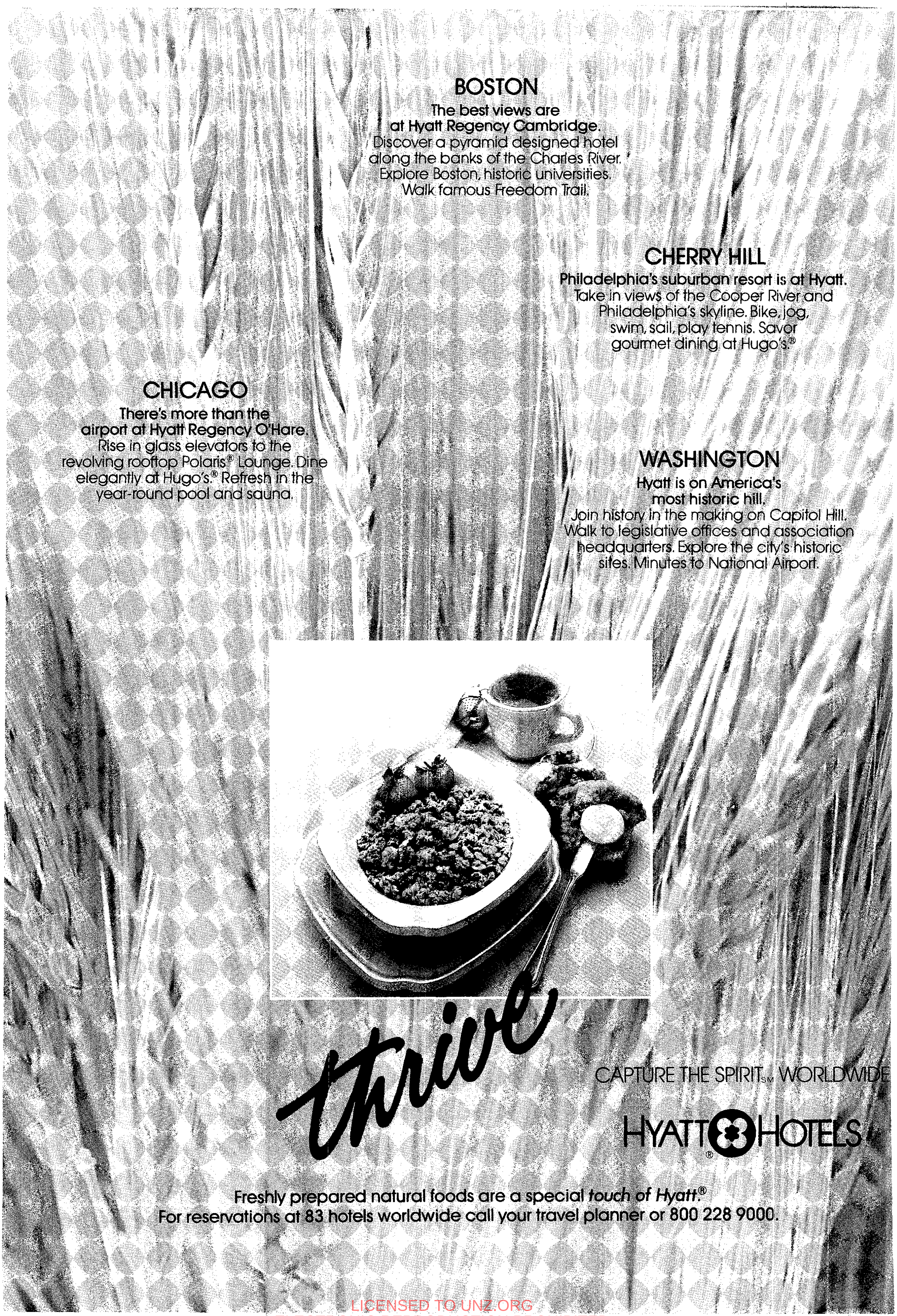

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Discover a pyramid designed hotel
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Explore Boston, historic universities.
Walk famous Freedom Trail.

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Philadelphia's suburban resort is at Hyatt.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but rather in the nineties: it is this club, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in the city. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **Al Haig,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **Freddie Moore.** Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sightlines to the stage. South African trumpeter Hugh Masekela will lead his African-funk septet on Friday and Saturday, May 30-31; and Thursday through Saturday, June 5-7, **Stéphane Grappelli,** the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist, will be on hand. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**Jimmy Lyon** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—The **Sy Oliver** septet makes music for listening, dancing, and digging the view Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, producer Hal Prince is being honored: Millicent Martin, John Cunningham, Paige O'Hara, and Catherine Cox perform numbers from his productions through Saturday, May 31. Starting Monday, June 2, a few tunes by a couple of songwriters—Rodgers and Hammerstein—will make up the program, and singer Martha Wright will head the cast of performers. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Singer Vicki Sue Robinson and her backup bunch are present Wednesday, May 28; Thursday through Sunday, May 29-June 1, will belong to R. & B. drummer **Bernard Purdie** and his band. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—**Dick Sudhalter,** a cornettist and columnist, is leading a quintet in the French Quarter, which looks exactly like a lounge in a bustling hotel—which is what it is. Music nightly, except Sundays, between nine-thirty and one.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A relaxed, knotty-pine room. Tenor saxophonist **Warne Marsh** collaborates with bassist **Red Mitchell** through Saturday, May 31; Pete Yellin will play saxophone on Sunday and Monday, June 1-2; and on Tuesday, June 3, tenor saxophonist **Harold Vick** will arrive with a quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—*Boites* featuring live jazz used to settle into ground-floor brownstones, but it has become commonplace now for clubs to be transformed ground-floor loftspaces. Syncopation is such a space, and it has a bar with carpeted sides, exposed brick walls, and a tier of tables down the length of one wall. Pianist **Dwike Mitchell** and **Willie Ruff,** on bass and French horn, are reunited and performing here Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, June 1, drummer **Louis Hayes** and his admirable hard-bop ensemble—saxophonist **Frank Strozier,** pianist **Harold Mabern,** and bassist **Clint Houston**—will occupy the bandstand. Music from about nine-thirty.

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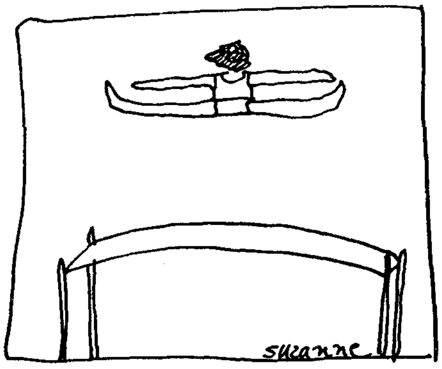
Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. Pianist **Walter Davis, Jr.,** heads up a trio on Wednesday, May 28; **Top Shelf,** which comprises bassist **Reggie Workman, Howard Johnson** on baritone saxophone and tuba, tenor saxophonist **John Stubblefield,** pianist **Albert Dailey,** and drummer **Steve McCall,** will provide the music Thursday through Sunday, May 29-June 1; on Wednesday and Thursday, June 4-5, cornettist **Butch Morris** and violinist **Billy Bang** will co-pilot a quintet; and Friday through Sunday, June 6-8, will be devoted to the music of trombonist **Grachan Moncur III** and his quintet. Music every night but Monday, after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club has been bringing in a lot of blues bands and up-and-coming rock, reggae, and ska bands. Part of the schedule: Wednesday, May 28, Brenda Bergman, the Be-Bops, Kieran Liscoe, and the Doo-Bops; Thursday, May 29, Ted Daniel and Brute Force; Friday, May 30, the The and Scratchy; Saturday, May 31, the Nails; Sunday, June 1, John Ogle's "Radio Radio" show; and Tuesday, June 3, Jonathan Richman, who used to lead an unsuave but chic rock band called the Modern Lovers. Shows most nights at ten and midnight; on Fridays and Saturdays at eleven and one. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Some of the bands: Wednesday, May 28, Lode Stone and Fine Malibus; Thursday, May 29, Nervus Rex; Friday, May 30, Jags; Saturday, May 31, Philip D'Arrow and 2-Timers. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Percussion wizard **Mongo Santamaria** will head his Salsa-Jazz Group on Friday, May 30, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Jazz harpist **Daphne Hellman** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The 1980 edition of the **Bill Evans** Village Vanguard sessions are now under way: the Bill Evans trio is here Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are **Mel Lewis** big-band nights. Music from ten. And on Sunday, June 1, at four, folk balladeer Richard Dyer-Bennet will recite, with harp accompaniment, three excerpts from the Robert Fitzgerald translation of "The Odyssey." Vanguard proprietor Max Gordon and Mr. Dyer-Bennet, who hasn't appeared here in thirty-five years, both think that the Vanguard is just the right place for this reading, since Homer himself very likely read his work in Vanguard-like taverns—taverns with Doric columns and no twist-off beer-bottle caps.



West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Esther Blue; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Snags Allen, who used to be the guitarist-in-residence for Motown Records, leads a quartet through Thursday, May 29; on Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, tenor saxophonist **Harold Ashby's** combo will drop by; and on Sunday, June 1, **Benny Waters,** who was a member of the reed sections in the bands of Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, *and* Jimmy Lunceford several decades ago, will take over with his quartet. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Guanabara—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Thursday, May 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 924-5026.

Gil Scott-Heron—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, May 31, at 8:30.

Paul Bley, Ralph Towner, and **Miroslav Vitous**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Saturday, May 31, at 10.

Third Annual Salute to Women in Jazz—Sunday, June 1, from noon to 9: Opening-day festivities, including music, dance, poetry, and a bazaar, with performers Diane Snow, Monette Sudler, Rrata Christine Jones, Angele Lee, and others. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center.) . . . ¶ Monday, June 2, at 8: Keisha St. Joan, Jean Fineberg & Ellen Seeling, Amina Claudine Myers, Andrea Brachfeld, and others. . . . Tuesday, June 3, at 8: The Judy Niemack quartet, the Jill McManus quartet, the Janet Lawson quintet, and the Sherry Winston Band. . . . Wednesday, June 4, at 8: The Estelle Campagna trio, the Willene Barton trio, the Jay Clayton quintet, and the Michelle Rosewoman quartet. . . . Thursday, June 5, at 8: Juli Homi, the Nina Sheldon quartet, the Steve Kuhn-Sheila Jordan Band, and the Bonita Sargent quartet. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St.) . . . ¶ Friday, June 6, at 8: Mary Watkins, Barbara Kane, the Janice Robinson quintet, Jane Ira Bloom, the Sharon Freeman Eleven, and Patti Bown. . . . Saturday, June 7, at 8: Ravella Hughes & Sarah McLawler, Maxine Sullivan, Corky Hale, Melba Liston, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St.) . . . ¶ Sunday, June 8, from noon to 9: Closing-day ceremonies, including appearances by jazz musicians Yolande Bavan, Irene Datcher, Evelyn Blakey, and the Kim Clarke trio; dancer Atsuko; and poet Nikki Coleman. (Damrosch Park.) Events in Damrosch Park are free; for information about tickets to the other events, call 924-5026.

Mongo Santamaria—Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Monday, June 2, at 7 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 766-9334.

Sonic Union—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, June 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 964-3776.

Buddy Rich and His Band—Henry Street Settlement. Thursday, June 5, at 7 and 8:30.

Benny Goodman—With Rare Silk. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, June 5, at 8.)

Hubert Laws—Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 6, at 8.

Isley Brothers—With Stephanie Mills and the Sugar Hill Gang. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 6, at 8.)

Nazareth—With Marseille. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Odetta—Henry Street Settlement. Saturday, June 7, at 6 and 7:30.

David (Honeyboy) Edwards—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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4444. Saturday, June 7, at 8, and Sunday, June 8, at 3.

Jazz at the Beacon—The Heath Brothers, Billy Taylor, Grady Tate, Victor Gaskin, Clifford Jordan, and about two dozen or so other jazz notables. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, June 7, at 8.)

Yehoram Gaon—With Ilanit. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 7, at 10, and Sunday, June 8, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, May 28: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 30-31: Ray Mantilla & Space Station. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq. at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, May 30, at 8:30: Nana Vasconcelos and Atsuko.... ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 8:30: Duet and quartet improvisations. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

Squat Theatre—Wednesday, May 28, at 9 and 11: Fred Frith quintet in a program of music involving tapes and voice.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 11 and 1: Defunkt, with Nora Hendryx. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

"An Evening with Sammy Cahn & His Friends"—A benefit program. (Sutton Place Synagogue, 225 E. 51st St. Saturday, May 31, at 9:15. For tickets, call 593-3300.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Leland Bell—Recent paintings, showing groups of figures with a cat, a bird, or a butterfly, plus scenes of Reykjavík. Through Saturday, May 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938)—Small, deft watercolors and pencil drawings, mostly landscapes and cityscapes, by a pioneer American abstractionist. Through Saturday, May 31. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Eugenio Carmi—Abstract paintings and embroidery work. Through June 13. (Italian Cultural Center, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Xavier Corberó—Elegant, wafer-thin abstractions worked out in polished marble by this Spanish sculptor. Through Saturday, May 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

John Digby—Surrealist black-and-white collages. Through Saturday, May 31. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Anne Elliott—Rock formations in Colorado, India, and China are the inspiration for these large-scale wall sculptures in paper. Also the preparatory drawings for them. Through Friday, June 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Antonio Escobar—Impressionist paintings of the industrial scene along the East River by a young Spanish artist. Through Saturday, June 7. (Walter, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Opens at noon.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through July 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Margaret Harrison—Broadsides by a British feminist, incorporating paintings and printed messages protesting the mistreatment of women, among them Rosa Luxemburg, Annie Oakley, Bessie Smith, Janis Joplin, and pieceworkers in England. Through Saturday, May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Michael Heizer—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Saturday, May 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Frank Holmes—Large, mysterious realist paintings, in several of which a reclining figure, often on a balcony or terrace, is seen against a background of water. Through Saturday, May 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Rodger Mack—Cast-bronze pieces that seem to have been inspired by the sunbonnets worn by Amish women in Ohio, where the artist was reared. Through Friday, June 6. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Louise Nevelson—Three shows in recognition of the artist's eightieth year: Environmental sculptures at the Whitney Museum; fifteen wood constructions from the sixties and seventies, and two dozen recent wood-and-paper collages, at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (open Mondays; through June 27); and several large-scale welded-aluminum sculptures, and models for monumental outdoor sculptures, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through June 27).... ¶ A monumental sculpture by Miss Nevelson will go on display at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street, near the entrance to Central Park, on Wednesday, May 28.

Marilyn Perlman—Abstract sculptures, and drawings. Through June 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

James Rosenquist—New works, including a triptych entitled "Dog Descending a Staircase," and a large, dead-white paper-pulp casting of a brick wall, meant as a metaphor for frustration. Through June 14. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Roth—New works, among them three floor pieces involving a hundred thousand painted one-inch tiles, plus the wall hangings of colored string that the artist is best known for. Through Thursday, June 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

John Singer Sargent (1856-1925)—A benefit showing of more than sixty oils and watercolors that the artist did, for the most part, for family and friends. The majority of them are being exhibited for the first time in the United States. Through June 27. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

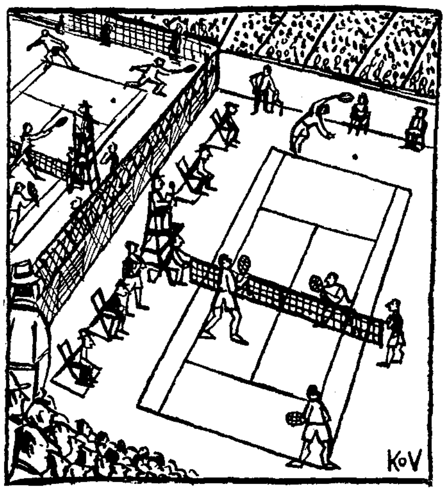
David Smith—Drawings with color. Through June 13. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Bill Sullivan—Misty Colombian landscapes depicted in low-key colors, with mountains and trees almost in silhouette. Through Saturday, June 7. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Anne Tabachnick—Large, sketchy semi-abstract paintings done in thin washes on unstretched canvas. Through Wednesday, June 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—An awe-inspiring display of a hundred masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas—whose work shows transcendent artistry and imagination. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through July 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Second World War Combat Art—Ninety-odd drawings and paintings of battle scenes by artist-correspondents from American publications (Tom Lea, Floyd Davis, Kerr Eby), and by combat artists like Bill Mauldin (*Stars & Stripes*) and Howard Brodie, Joe Stefanelli, Jack Ruge, and Art Weithas (*Yank*). Through June 13. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)



Group Shows—At **A. M. Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Small characteristic sketches by twenty-odd European masters, among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through Saturday, June 7.... **Adler-Castillo**, 55 E. 86th St.: Works by avant-garde Russian artists of the early twenties, including Suprematist pieces by Malevich, Chashnik, and Larionov, and a large abstract oil, dated 1919, by Rodchenko. Through Saturday, May 31.... **Davidson**, 43 E. 78th St.: The influence of Surrealism on the New York School is the proposition on which this show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Baziotes, Matta, Motherwell, Calder, and others is based. Through June 14.... **McKee**, 140 E. 63rd St.: New drawings by Jake Berthot, Stuart Diamond, Philip Guston, Loren Madsen, and Katherine Porter. Through Friday, June 6. ... **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some recent acquisitions by modern masters—Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Pascin, and so on—including a cheerful portrait of the sculptor Oscar Mechan by his friend Modigliani and a Léger depicting four heavy-duty butterflies. Through June 27.... **Saidenberg**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper (by Picasso, Braque, Laurens, Gris, Masson, and Léger) that were once shown at the gallery of the Parisian art dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who died in 1979. Through June 14. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)... **Stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Edward Renouf and Lisa Hyatt, and ceramic trucks by Dennis Clive. Through Friday, May 30.... **Willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Drawings by Joan Thorne, Donald Sultan, and others. Through Saturday, May 31.

Sculpture—Fifteen Italian Renaissance bronzes, including a classical male nude statuette by Bandinelli. Through June 27. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jean Arp (1887-1966)—Forty-one works on paper and six sculptures from the artist's estate; about half of the former were seen at the Museum of Modern Art in 1978. Through Saturday, June 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Francis Bacon—Recent paintings, mostly the distorted, agonized figures this English painter is noted for. Through Saturday, June 7. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ronald Bladen—Large black-wood models for monumental sculptures. Through Saturday, June 7. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Susan Crile—Abstract paintings based on aerial views and on carpet patterns. Through Saturday, May 31. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bruce Currie—Representative oil paintings—mostly reclining female figures and still-lifes—by an artist new to this gallery. Through Saturday, May 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jean Feinberg—Small paintings (usually around eighteen inches square) to which the artist has added abstract cutout forms that jut out from the picture plane. First solo show in New York. Through June 14. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hermine Freed—Large circular (mostly) works in which slivers of photographs juxtaposing, say, architecture in Paris and New York radiate from the center. Through Saturday, May 31. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Frances Gershwin Godowsky—Abstract paintings in earthy colors of irregular rectangular forms, some brushed directly on the canvas and some sewed on like patches. Through Thursday, June 5. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Marcia Grostein—Large, colorful semi-abstract paintings. Through June 21. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

José Guerrero—New abstract paintings.

Through Friday, June 6. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Landscape paintings of the Delaware River Valley at dusk. Through June 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Susan Hoeltzel—Notations and horizontal lines applied to rough-textured canvas. Through June 14. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Color-field paintings, some on diamond-shaped canvases. Through Saturday, June 7. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Harold Jacobs—Serpentine sculptures made of truck-tire inner tubes spliced together and inflated, plus related paintings and collages. Through June 14. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Frank Keller—Recent abstract paintings. Through June 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Isoda Koryūsai—Woodblocks in the *ukiyo-e* genre by a master of the pillar print who is known to have been active between 1765 and 1784. Through July 25. (Ronin, 605 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Simeon Lagodich—Large watercolors of exotic plants and flowers; partly imaginary, partly based on sketches the artist made in botanical gardens. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Louis Legrand (1863-1951)—Prints of music-hall dancers, Parisian night life, etc., by a contemporary of Toulouse-Lautrec. Through June 28. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Spherical sculptures, as big as five feet in diameter, whose surfaces are made up of steel bolts, screws, chains, and other unlikely metal components twisted and hammered and welded together. Through Saturday, June 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joan Miró—Twelve painted bronzes from the years 1967-69, and seven ceramics (done in collaboration with Josep Llorens Artigas) dating from 1955 to 1968. Through Saturday, June 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings from throughout her exhibiting career, which began around 1938, and three ceramic tiles. Through June 20. (Hammer, in a new location at 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Elizabeth Osborne—Still-life arrangements in watercolor. Through June 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Massimo Scolari—Small drawings, mostly in colored inks or with colored pencils, that illustrate the workings of an unfettered architectural mind. Through Friday, June 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Additional drawings, plus etchings and watercolors. Through July 3. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sem (Georges Goursat) (1863-1934)—Eighty color lithographs by the French caricaturist. Through June 27. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

Dee Shapiro—Pattern paintings worked out in tiny watercolor strokes on graph paper or in tiny acrylic strokes on canvas. Through Saturday, June 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

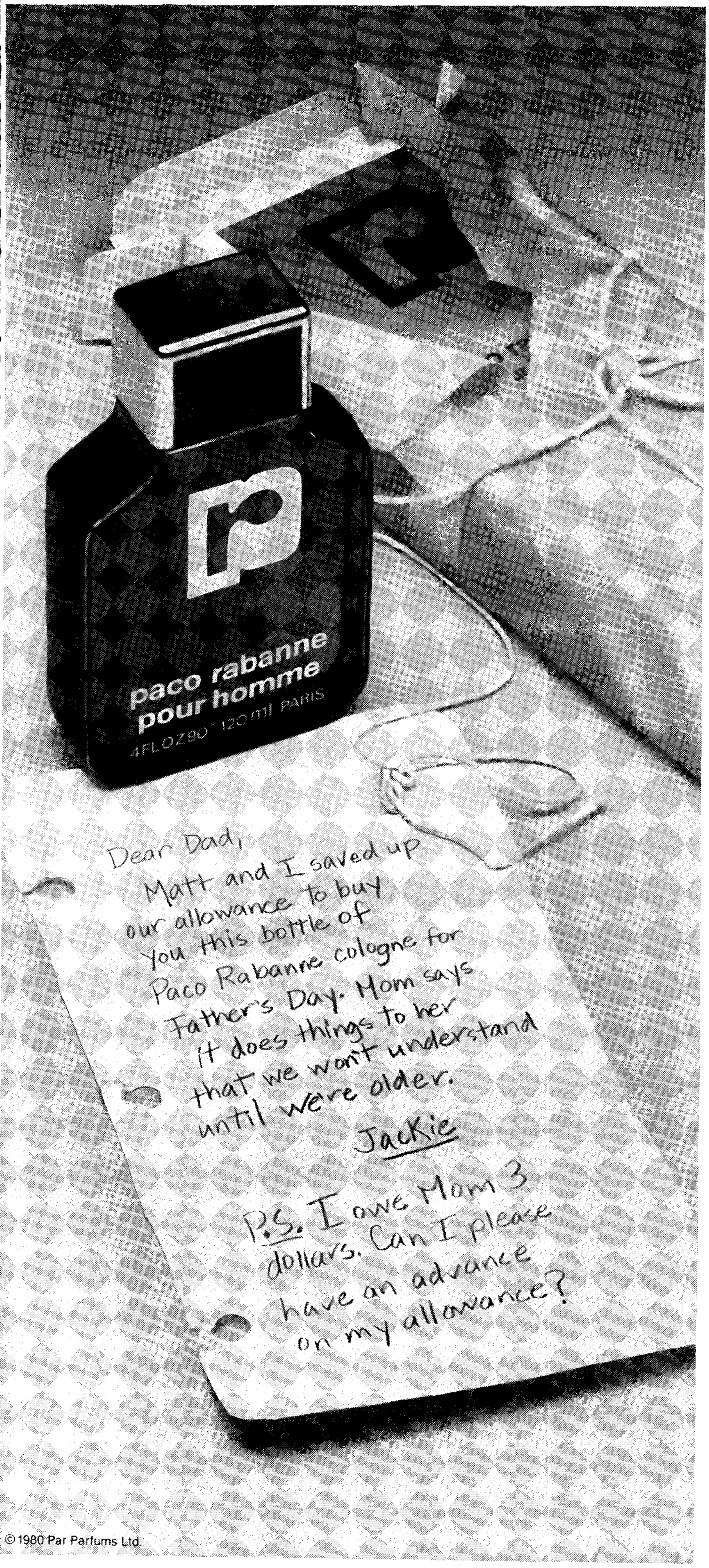
Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—A selection of paintings, drawings, and photographs dating from 1910 through 1955. Through Friday, May 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—Overlapping kitelike shapes, made of canvas laced to wooden frames and painted in bright colors, by a British artist. Through Saturday, June 7. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Michael Steiner / Kenneth Noland—Large, freestanding bronze and Corten-steel sculptures that have something of the aspect of altars. / Reliefs created from handmade painted paper. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Surls—Large fanciful sculptures—wagons, treehouses, winged figures—some carved from wood found on the artist's own land in Splendora, Texas, and others from telephone poles. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—More than a hundred and twenty-five lithographs, posters,



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book illustrations, and song-sheet covers from 1891 to 1899. Through Saturday, May 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Marja Vallila—Steel sculptures. Through June 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Scott Wixon—Large abstract paintings of simple forms arranged in a bright-colored jigsaw pattern. Through Saturday, May 31. (Touchstone, 29 W. 57th St.)

Aesthetic Movement in America—A small-scale exhibition built around the furniture of Christian Herter (1840-83), one of the most important American (New York) designers, decorators, cabinetmakers of the third quarter of the nineteenth-century. In addition to the Herter pieces, the show includes contemporaneous paintings, silverware, wallpaper, ceramics, and fabric designs. Through Saturday, May 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander**, 20 W. 57th St.: Eight artists, among them Ken Goodman, Won Sook Kim, and Robert Longo, in a show called "Illustration and Allegory." Through June 14. . . . **gladstone**, 38 E. 57th St.: Interiors, expressed in a number of mediums, by fourteen artists, including Richard Artschwager, Jedd Garet, and Susan Williams. Through Friday, June 6. . . . **pearl**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of three-dimensional wall pieces by Frank Stella, Barbara Schwartz, Susan Schulson, John Obuck, and Richard Beckett. The latter three are Chicago artists who have recently moved to New York. Through June 14. . . . **protetch**, 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Gary Bower, Farrell Brickhouse, Pinchas Cohen Gan, Denise Green, David Reed, and Pat Steir. Through Friday, June 6.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Susanna Bergtold—Oils and colored drawings in which the artist's unusual concept of various animals (a goat, a tiger, an elephant, horses, wolves) is built up with countless infinitesimal strokes on paper or canvas. Figures and landscapes are similarly treated. Through Saturday, May 31. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Carolyn Brady—Large and meticulously exact watercolor renditions of flower arrangements and table settings. Through June 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Sari Dienes—Recent works, mostly collages made of leaves and other objects put between sheets of gauze. Through Saturday, May 31. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Hamish Fulton—Photographic blowups documenting walks the artist took in Australia, Scotland, and Mexico. Text, too. Through June 14. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Two large works (oil on canvas) in several panels; also smaller oils and works on paper. Through June 18. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Charles Ginnever—Three large multifaceted Corten-steel sculptures in this artist's Gothic series. Two are painted and the third is not. Through Saturday, May 31. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Tom Herbert / John Kacere—Wooden wall reliefs incorporating Masonite and fibreboard. / Realist paintings of women's midsections. Through June 14. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Les Levine—Two video presentations, one involving four actors, and the other a documentary in which nine blind people discuss their handicaps. Through Saturday, May 31. (Feldman, 351 West Broadway.)

David Nash—This artist quarries wood the way others quarry marble, slicing up fallen timbers—oak, elm, sycamore—into geometric shapes and making spindly, freestanding sculptural pieces out of the lesser branches. Through June 10. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Ken Nedorost / George Greenamyer—Abstract paintings inspired by broken-down marinas in Florida, where the artist works. / Welded-steel structures, some of them mounted on wheels and topped by figures apparently derived from weathervanes. Through June 19. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Two shows of painted laminated-wood sculptures: "Crusoe Umbrella," which measures about sixty feet and is a replica of a Des Moines sculpture, at Castelli, 420 West Broadway; and an eighteen-foot flashlight, which will make its home in Las Vegas, at Castelli, 142 Greene St. Through June 14.

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Lila Ryan—One large wooden sculptural piece, made up of thirteen rectangular blocks painted white and linked together, plus small wooden maquettes, several painted blue. Through Sunday, June 1. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Alan Saret—Large tangled skeins of thin, bright-colored wire, some of them shown on the floor, like tumbleweed, and some hanging from the ceiling. Through Saturday, May 31. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Elisabeth Munro Smith—Constructions of wood and painted cotton tape which resemble venetian blinds. Through Thursday, June 5. (Eno, 101 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Anton Vanderperk—Hemispherical wall pieces made of canvas or cheesecloth stretched over a Masonite frame, ranging in diameter from a foot and a half to six feet, each painted in a rich, solid color—red, yellow, orange, black. Through Saturday, May 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: Works on paper by Lynda Benglis, Jon Borofsky, Peter Campus, and Michael Hurson. Through June 14. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Sixty-two works on paper by twelve contemporary artists. Included are cardboard maquettes by Dennis Leder, charcoal landscapes by Peter Wise, large abstract oil pastels by Laura Russell, and a floor drawing, intended to be walked on, by John Fekner. Through Saturday, May 31. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **landmark**, 469 Broome St.: In this show of drawings by eighteen artists are a crowd of outsize iguanas done in ink and charcoal by Janet Culbertson; charcoal figure drawings touched with pastels by Sideo Fromboluti; small mystical figures in graphite by Helen Miranda Wilson; and some fantasy drawings in mixed mediums by Christin Couture. Through Saturday, June 7. (Opens at 11:30.) . . . **toll**, 138 Prince St.: "Eccentric Representation" is the title of a group show of paintings by five artists—Don Fritz, Marilyn Holsing, Sandra Perlow, Milo Reice, and Randy Stevens. Through June 14. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

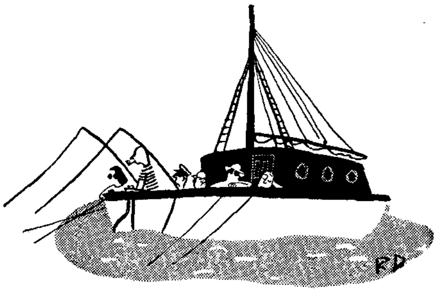
OTHER GALLERIES

Dorothy Eisner—Bright colored paintings—people in rowboats, merry-go-round horses, croquet paraphernalia—done in a deceptively offhand style. Through Friday, June 6. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St. Open Mondays.)

Steven Glucksberg—Large, energetic abstract paintings that seem to represent the interiors of complicated electronic equipment. Through Saturday, May 31. (Abreu, 286 Eighth Ave., at 24th St.)

New York Clay—Functional and decorative ceramics by twenty-six New York residents. Through June 12. (Clayworks Studio Workshop, 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Show—Samplings of work in a wide variety of mediums by eleven young Ohio artists. Through June 26. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Open weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—More than fifty vintage prints. One set of five interiors was taken in sequence; the inscription Atget wrote on the back gives the location as "Hôtel de Villars, 116 rue de Grenelle." Through Friday, June 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Eldée Elisabeth Duschnitz and Alain Sabatier—Photographs of Provence; hers are black-and-white and date from the forties and fifties, while his are all in color and are dated 1966. Through Friday, May 30. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Fichter—20 x 24 Polaroids of the artist's drawings with various objects placed in front of them. A number of the drawings themselves are also on view. Through June 21. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Fritz Henle—A fifty-year retrospective. Through Saturday, May 31. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Helen Levitt—New York street photographs of the forties, subway prints from the seventies, and other subjects. Through Saturday, May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Art Sinsabaugh—35-mm. color prints of English landscapes dated 1979, together with view-camera and banquet-camera landscapes dated 1961 to 1971. Through Saturday, June 7. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Eve Sonneman—Color diptychs of still-lifes and landscapes. Through Saturday, May 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At **ex libris**, 160A E. 70th St.: Vintage prints by thirty artists whose works were included in a 1929 exhibition of avant-garde photography in Stuttgart. Among the thirty are Renger-Patzsch, Weston, Kertész, Abbott, and Piet Zwart. Through Friday, June 6. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of the nineteen-fifties by thirty-one photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Lotte Jacobi, Irving Penn, and Cornell Capa. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Portraits of Picasso by Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, Arnold Newman, and others. Through July 6. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Thirty-one photographers associated with Chicago's Institute of Design between 1937 and 1978, either as teachers or students. They include Harry Callahan, Linda Connor, Arthur Siegel, Aaron Siskind, and the Institute's founder, László Moholy-Nagy. Through Saturday, May 31. . . . **salander-o'reilly**, 41 E. 78th St.: More than thirty photographs of artists, primarily from the thirties and all vintage, by, among others, Beaton, Van Vechten, and Abbott. Through Saturday, May 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through Sunday, June 1. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty African sculptures from Katanga; three of the works are by the Buli Master. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective, about which there seems to have been some talk of late. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily—members

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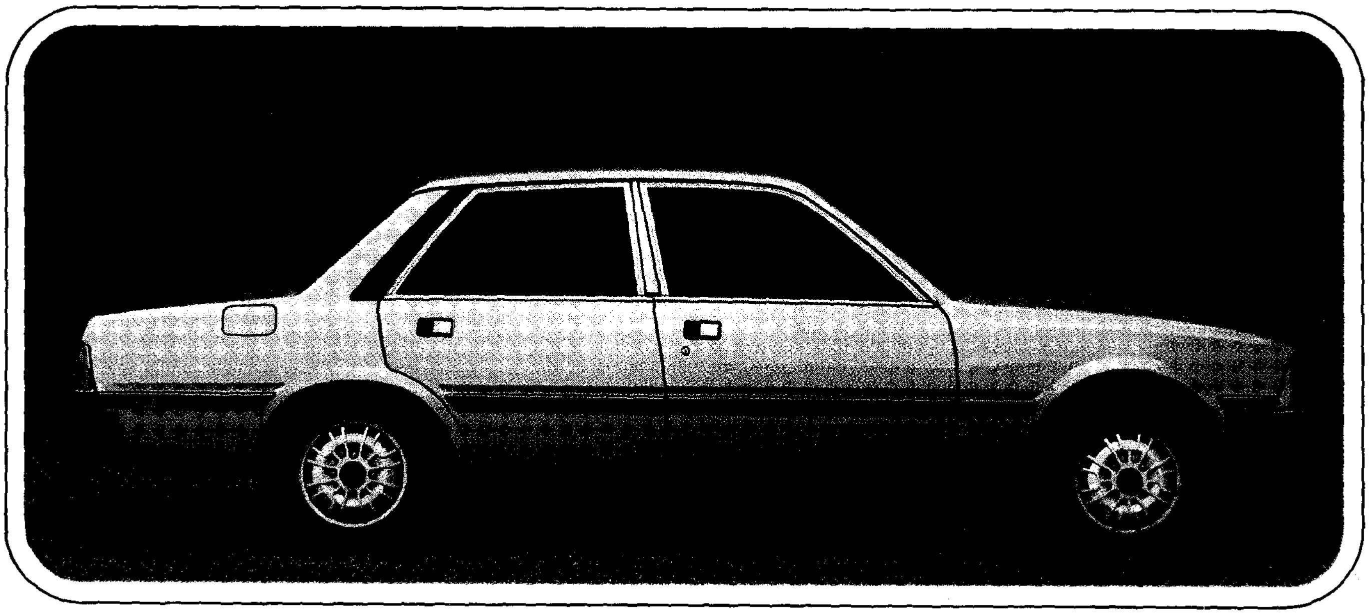

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The new 505 from Peugeot is truly a car that doesn't require any compromises.

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The 505 Diesel is equipped with a 4-speed manual transmission and delivers an impressive EPA estimated 35 mpg highway, and an estimated $\boxed{29}$ mpg.*

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Add to all that the fact that at Peugeot a car is built, not merely assembled. And tested individually.

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*Peugeot 505D, manual 4-speed transmission. Remember. Compare the boxed estimate to the estimated mpg of other cars. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions, trip length and condition of your car. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art, sixty of them—by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Brancusi, and others—installed in a new gallery off the fourth ramp of the museum's spiral. . . . ¶ Nine of Pol Bury's kinetic sculptures, which revolve with the aid of magnets and small motors. One of them was designed for the pool in the museum's rotunda. Through Saturday, June 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. Complementary exhibits are at Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St., and at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty sculptures and related drawings by Alexander Calder, Joseph Cornell, Donald Judd, and more than fifty other American artists which were given to the museum over the past twenty-five years by Howard and Jean Lipman. Through June 15. . . . ¶ Ten major paintings and a number of prints and drawings by John Sloan, whose work was in the Whitney Museum's inaugural exhibition, in 1931. Through June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor, Henri van de Velde, and Léon Spilliaert. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are gradually being installed on the fifth floor; about half are in place. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A show of figurative paintings, drawings, and prints by twenty-six artists (Lennart Anderson, Robert Bidner, Pat Mainardi, and Laura Shechter are four of them) who live near the museum. Through June 8. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: "Photographic Surrealism," a show that ranges from nineteenth-century photomontages to twentieth-century advertising prints. Among the photographers are Man Ray, Brassaï, Lucas Samaras, and Deborah Turbeville. Through July 13. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, William Maxwell, John Ashbery, Galway Kinnell, Josephine Miles, Grace Paley, and Vivian Fine. Also, paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by Jim Dine, Sam Francis, Buckminster Fuller, Marion Lerner Levine, and others. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Treasures from the Rietberg Museum"—i.e., sixty-six works of Asian art on loan from this Zurich collection noted for its holdings of large stone sculptures from India and China, as well as for bronzes, paintings, and other antiquities. Through June 22. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27. . . . ¶ A selection of the museum's architectural drawings, dating from the sixteenth century to the present, for projects that are grand in either scale or concept. Through Sunday, June 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese drawings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, most of them executed in either ink or watercolor, including twenty representative works by Hokusai. Through Sunday, June 1. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

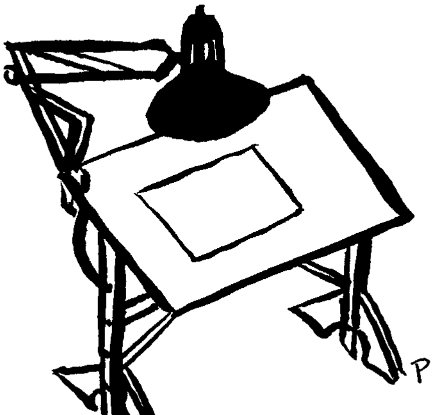
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque, gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Fifty-five English naïve paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Elegant Eighties," a costume show of fashions worn in the last century by well-to-do New Yorkers. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century drawings of Paris, on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth-century silver pieces designed and made by Tiffany & Co. Through Sunday, June 1. . . . ¶ A roundup of objects pertaining to thoroughbred racing in New York: paintings, prints, sculptures, and mementos. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Through Aug. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Betye Saar, the Los Angeles artist, is showing assemblages, some on view for the first time. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions by Ed Levine (construction) and Reese Williams (eighty-four panels using photographs and text), and a variety of works pertaining to a group show that took place in an empty swimming pool at C. W. Post College. Through June 21.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—David Antin (performance). Thursday, May 29, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Pauline Oliveros (music), Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8:30; manipulated photographs by Gerald Incandela, through Saturday, June 7.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, photographs, videotapes, sculptures, and other works by a number of artists, among them Roger Brown, Robert Gordy, John Tweddle, and Joel-Peter Witkin. Through June 15.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

"And David Wept"—An opera by Ezra Laderman and Joe Darion, based on the story of David and Bathsheba, conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by Dan Bredemann. In English. Jean Erdman provided the choreography. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 31, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 1, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The final "Beethoven 1980" concerts. Klaus Tennstedt conducting on Thursday and Friday, May 29-30, at 8, with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin. . . . ¶ Leonard Slatkin conducting on Tuesday, June 3, at 8, with Sidney Harth, violin; Lorne Munroe, cello; and Paul Jacobs, piano. . . . ¶ Eugene Ormandy conducting on Friday, June 6, at 8, with André Watts, piano.

Naumburg Orchestra—Jens Nygaard conducting a concert celebrating the orchestra's seventy-fifth anniversary, with Dickran Atamian, piano, and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, June 1, at 8. Free.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—At Avery Fisher Hall—Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus in the first two in a series of six concerts. Wednesday, June 4, at 8: A performance of the B-Minor Mass, with Carol Vaness, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 8: A Bach-Vivaldi program, with Fernando Valenti and Barbara Cadranel, harpsichord; Cynthia Richards Hewes, soprano; and Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor.

Metropolitan Ensemble of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Nathan Stutch, cello, and Jean Tung, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, June 7, at 3.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting. (Church of St. Luke-in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, June 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing an all-Brahms lieder program. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, May 28, at 8.)

Cappella Nova—Richard Taruskin directing a program of sacred choral music by Heinrich Isaac. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, June 1, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing a program of a-cappella music. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. 628-0420. Tuesday, June 3, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—Chamber music for a vocal quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, June 3, at 8.)

RECITALS

Zvi Zeitlin and Barry Snyder—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 28, at 8.)

Turan Mirza-Kamal—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 29, at 8.)

Henriette Kristhea—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 30, at 8.)

Allan Schiller—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 30, at 8.)

Classical Indian Music—Performed by Shivkumar Sharma, santoor; Hariprasad Chaurasia, flute; and Zakir Hussain, tabla. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, May 31, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson and David Garvey—Violin and piano, in a program of French music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 31, at 8:30.)

Alfred Hart—Violin, with Frances Bing, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, June 1, at 5:45.)

Richard Sher and Richard Goode—Cello and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday, June 2, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia conducting a program of music by Jacob Druckman, George Crumb, Anton Webern, Yehudi Wyner, and Martin Bresnick. With Nan Nall, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, June 2, at 8.)

Edward Auer—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, June 3, at 8.)

Richard Reid—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, June 3, at 8.)

Jeffrey Chappell—Piano. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Wednesday, June 4, at 8.)

Robert Mann and Emanuel Ax—The first of three concerts presenting the complete Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, June 5, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of contemporary chamber music by Charles Wuorinen, Bohuslav Martinu, Joseph Hudson, and George Crumb. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, June 5, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

Guarneri Quartet—The final concert in a series presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, June 7, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Music in Memory of Ernst Wallfisch—Sergiu Comissiona conducting members of the American Symphony Orchestra in an all-German program, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Luz Leskowitz and Sergiu Luca, violin; Zara Nelsova, cello; and Lory Wallfisch, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 31, at 7:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday, May 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8, and Sunday, June 1, at 2. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Tuesday through Thursday, June 3-5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh, Friday, June 6, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 7, at 2:05.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, May 29-31.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta—downstream this year. (New London. Saturday, June 7, starting at 5:15; varsity race at 6:45.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 28. The Edgemere Handicap, Sunday, June 1, and the Belmont, Saturday, June 7. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30, from Thursday, June 5, through Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 19.

Running—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to six thousand women participating, will start at eleven on Saturday, May 31, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. New England. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, June 4, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Ben Belitt reading from his own works. (Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St., at West End Ave. Friday, June 6, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

The Great Outdoors—On Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8, the Sun Ra Jet Set Omniverse Arkestra will give free concerts on Pier 16, at the South Street Seaport Museum, East River at Fulton Street. . . . ¶ The semi-annual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday and Sunday, May 31-June 1, and Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, May 29, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings by such artists as Turner, Corot, and Courbet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 10:15 and 2: Medieval, Renaissance, and later works of art, including pewter, glass, arms and armor, majolica, ivories, bronzes, furniture, and tapestries. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 3, at 10:15: Drawings from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, including works by Rembrandt, Géricault, and Delacroix. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 3, at 2: American historical autograph material, from the collection of the Elsie O. and Philip D. Sang Foundation. Among the items are a complete set of United States Presidential autographs and several letters of Mary Todd Lincoln. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 4, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings, many of them seventeenth-century Dutch works. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 31. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 10:15 and 2: Americana books and autographs, from the Harry Sonneborn Collection. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 31. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, May 30, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, including Tiffany lamps, Gallé glass, jewelry, and furniture. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 10 and 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, May 30.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: June 22.

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, June 8 (day doubleheader). Los Angeles, June 9-11 (night). San Francisco, June 13 (n), June 14 (at 7:05), and June 15 (day). Chicago, July 1 (n), and July 2 (d). Montreal, July 3 (n), July 4 (twi-night doubleheader), July 5 (at 7:05), and July 6 (d). Pittsburgh, July 10 (d). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, June 16-17 (night). California, June 18-19 (n). Oakland, June 20 (n) and June 21-22 (day). Boston, June 23-25 (n). Cleveland, June 27-28 (n) and June 29 (d).

Crew—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 3-6.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. June 12-15.)

Racing—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 17-20. . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 28.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos games on June 8 and 22, and July 2, 6, and 9.

Tennis—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 23-July 5.)

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 20. . . . ¶ America's Cup Preliminary Trials. (Newport. June 21-28.)

Music—Musica Sacra "Basically Bach," at Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), June 10, 13, 16, and 19. . . . ¶ The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 17 ("Rigoletto") and June 24 ("Carmen"). . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 21-Aug. 17. . . . ¶ The Guggenheim Concerts Band, in Damrosch Park, from mid-June to mid-July. . . . ¶ Tanglewood Festival, Lenox, Mass., June 26-Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival (Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, Roseland Ballroom, a Staten Island ferry, Saratoga Performing Arts Center, and Waterloo Village Stanhope, N.J., among other places), Jun 27-July 6. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Art Center, June 27-Aug. 28.

Dance—The Berlin Ballet, at the Metropolita Opera House, July 15-26.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to ope during the next several weeks: "Fearles Frank," a musical based on Frank Harris' autobiography "My Life and Loves." Davi Brown composed the music, Andrew Davie wrote the book and lyrics, and Niall Toibin i the star. . . . ¶ A revival of George S. Kaufma and Moss Hart's "The Man Who Came t Dinner," with Ellis Rabb in the title role. . . ¶ Richard Burton will return to his role a King Arthur in a revival of Lerner an Loewe's "Camelot." Kathleen McKearney Richard Muenz, and Paxton Whitehead wil also appear.

Other Dates—Second-quarter Federal, Ne York State, and New York City income-ta payments are due Monday, June 16. . . ¶ The first day of summer is Saturday, Jun 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Friday.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"L'Age d'Or" and "Un Chien Andalou." (No performances on Monday, June 2.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
May 28: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" and "Perceval."
May 29-31: "Orchestra Rehearsal" and "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000."
June 1-2: "Cousin Angelica" and "Newsfront."
June 3-4: "El Super" and "Tokyo Story."
June 5-7: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" and "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 29: "Being There" and "The Passenger."
May 30-June 5: "Simon" and "Saint Jack."
From June 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"All That Jazz."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 7 (tentative): "The Long Riders."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Friday the 13th."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Blood Feud."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Shining."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"All That Jazz."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Long Riders."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"The Long Riders."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 2: "Soupçon."
From June 3: "The Outsider."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Fantasia."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through June 5: "Norma Rae."
From June 6: "Dinner for Adele."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through May 29: "On the Nickel."
From May 30: "The Canterbury Tales."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Gong Show Movie."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Nude Bomb."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Friday the 13th."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Die Laughing."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Hollywood Knights."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through May 29: "The Black Stallion."
May 30-June 5: "Serial."
From June 6: "Being There."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Gong Show Movie."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

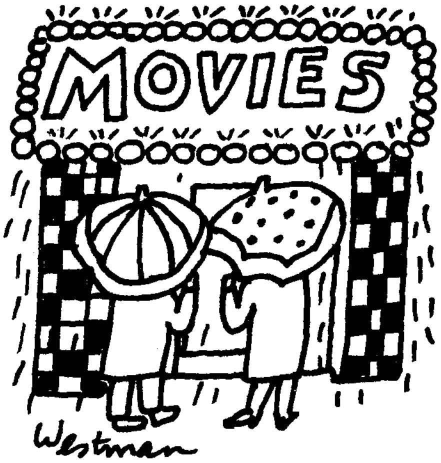
Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Shining."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Long Riders."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Tom Horn."
Theatre 2: "The Nude Bomb."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 7 (tentative): "The Marriage of Maria Braun."



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 23. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Black Stallion."
Theatre 2: "Meetings with Remarkable Men."
Theatre 3: Through June 5: "Wise Blood." From June 6: "Clair de Femme."
Theatre 4: Through May 29: "Best Boy." May 30-June 5: "Wifemistress." From June 6: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Fame."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Charles and Lucie."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through May 29: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From May 30: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Home Movies."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Till Marriage Do Us Part."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tom Horn."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Knife in the Head."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through May 29: "Being There."
From May 30 (tentative): "Apocalypse Now."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
Theatre 2: "Tom Horn."
Theatre 3: "Die Laughing."
Theatre 4: "The Black Stallion."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through June 5: "Being There."
From June 6: "Dinner for Adele."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through June 7 (tentative): "Coal Miner's Daughter."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 29: "The Black Stallion" and "Corvette Summer."
May 30-June 5: "Being There" and "Slow Dancing in the Big City."
From June 6: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 2: "Tom Horn." (†)
Theatre 3: Through May 29: "Little Darlings." From May 30: "The Nude Bomb." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)
Theatre 5: "Die Laughing." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Fist of Fear, Touch of Death."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)
Theatre 3: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 4: "Norma Rae." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"All That Jazz." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Long Riders." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Hollywood Knights." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Gong Show Movie." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through May 29: "Lady and the Tramp."
From May 30: "Dracula and Son."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Friday the 13th." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through May 29: "The Nude Bomb." (†)
From May 30: "Don't Go in the House."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 28: "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse" (1933), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Rudolph Klein-Rogge; and "The Horrible Dr. Hitchcock" (1962), in Italian, directed by Robert Hampton, with Robert Flemyng, Barbara Steele, and Teresa Fitzgerald.
May 29: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956), directed by Fritz Lang, with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and "In a Lonely Place" (1950), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Humphrey Bogart, Gloria Grahame, Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid, and Jeff Donnell.
May 30: "Deliverance" (1972), directed by John Boorman, with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox; and "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.
May 31-June 1: "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "The Misfits" (1961), directed by John Huston, with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift.
June 2: A program of four short films—"Night and Fog" (1955; in French), directed by Alain Resnais; "La Jetée (1964; in French), directed by Chris Marker; "La" (1978), directed by Philip Mark Tarley; and "Quiet Voices, Unclaimed Dreams" (1980), directed by Rick Shaine.
June 3: "The Drunken Angel" (1948), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and "Sasori-Cell Block #41" (1973), in Japanese, directed by Shunya Ito.
June 4: "Spirits of the Dead" (†); and "House of Wax" (1953), directed by André de Toth, with Phyllis Kirk, Vincent Price, Carolyn Jones, and Paul Picerni.
June 5: "If . . ." (1969), directed by Lindsay Anderson, with Malcolm McDowell; and "Zero for Conduct." (†)
June 6: "Pigpen" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "The Balcony" (1963), directed by Joseph Strick, with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, Jeff Corey, and Kent Smith.
From June 7: "Despair" (†); and "The Night

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Porter” (1974), directed by Liliana Cavani, with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 28: “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” (1923), a silent film, directed by Wallace Worsley, with Lon Chaney.

May 29: “Providence” (1977), directed by Alain Resnais, with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and “Wild Strawberries” (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

May 30: “Nosferatu, the Vampyre” (1979), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and “The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser” (1975; “Every Man for Himself and God Against All”), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.

May 31: “Last Tango in Paris” (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and “Roseland” (1977), directed by James Ivory, with Christopher Walken and Don De Natale.

June 1: “Wuthering Heights” (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and “Jane Eyre” (1944), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

June 2: “Dersu Uzala” (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa; and “Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors” (1964; “Wild Horses of Fire”), in Ukrainian, directed by Sergei Paradjanov.

June 3: “To Be or Not to Be” (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and “Nothing Sacred” (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger.

June 4: “The Thief of Bagdad.” (†)

June 5: “Macbeth” (†) and “Throne of Blood.” (†)

June 6: “The Innocent” (1976), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; and “La Grande Bourgeoise.” (†)

June 7: “The Story of Adèle H.” (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani; and “Love on the Run.” (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 29: “The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum” (1975), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; and “Coup de Grâce” (1976), in German and French, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich.

May 30-31: “Cruising” (1980), directed by William Friedkin, with Al Pacino, Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen; and “The Panic in Needle Park” (1971), directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Al Pacino and Kitty Winn.

June 1-2: “Specter of the Rose” (1946), directed by Ben Hecht, with Ivan Kirov, Viola Essen, Lionel Stander, Judith Anderson, and Michael Chekhov; and “An Evening with the Royal Ballet.” (†)

June 3: “I Confess” (1953), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne; and “Stage Fright” (1950), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, and Alastair Sim.

June 4-5: “The Age of the Medici” (1973), Roberto Rossellini's three-part film.

June 6-7: “Barbarella” (†); and “Flesh Gordon” (1974), directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste, with Jason Williams.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 29: “Andy Warhol's Frankenstein” (1974), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

May 30-June 5: “Phantom of the Rue Morgue” (1954), directed by Roy Del Ruth, with Karl Malden, Claude Dauphin, Patricia Medina, and Steve Forrest. In 3-D.

From June 6: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through May 31: “Now, Voyager” (1942), directed by Irving Rapper, with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and “The Razor's Edge” (1946), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power, and Anne Baxter.

June 1-2: “Fashions of 1934” (1934), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell, Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh; and “History Is Made at Night” (1937), directed by Frank Borzage, with Jean Arthur, Charles Boyer, and Colin Clive.

June 3-4: “The Son of the Sheik” (1926), a silent film, directed by George Fitzmaurice, with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky; and “The Garden of Allah” (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer.

June 5-7: “Beau Brummel” (1954), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Ustinov, and Robert Morley; and “Madame Bovary.” (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 28: “F for Fake” (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles; and “Citizen Kane” (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

May 29: “Something for Everyone” (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York; and “The Gay Deceivers” (1969), directed by Bruce Kessler, with Kevin Coughlin, Larry Casey, and Brooke Bundy.

May 30-31: “The Passenger” (†); and “Red Desert” (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.

June 1: “Seven Beauties” (†) and “Let's Talk About Men.” (†)

June 2: A program of cartoons by Tex Avery and Walter Lantz.

June 3: “Houdini” (1953), directed by George Marshall, with Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh; and “The Man from Beyond” (1922), a silent film, with Harry Houdini.

June 4: “The Crime of Monsieur Lange” (1935), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with René Lefèvre; and “The Human Beast” (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Simone Simon, Jean Gabin, and Fernand Ledoux.

June 5: “The Night of the Hunter” (1955), directed by Charles Laughton, with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, and James Gleason; and “Winter Kills” (1979), directed by William Richert, with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Tony Perkins.

June 6-7: “No Regret for Our Youth” (1946), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Susumu Fijita and Setsuko Hara; and “Floating Cloud” (1955), in Japanese, directed by Mikio Naruse, with Hideko Takamine.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 28: “The Guardsman” (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Roland Young, and Ann Dvorak; and “The Royal Family of Broadway” (1931), directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner, with Fredric March, Ina Claire, and Henrietta Crosman.

May 29: “Mildred Pierce” (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and “Possessed” (1947), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey, and Geraldine Brooks.

May 30-31: “Murder She Said” (1962) and “Murder at the Gallop” (1963), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

June 1: “The Scarlet Pimpernel” (†) and “The Son of Monte Cristo.” (†)

June 2: “The Visit” (1964), directed by Bernhard Wicki, with Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn, and Irina Demick; and “Gaslight” (1944), directed by George Cukor, with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.

June 3: “Rules of the Game” (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

June 4: "Bordertown" (1935), directed by Archie Mayo, with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay; and "Kid Galahad." (†)

June 5: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, and Leo G. Carroll; and "The Paradine Case" (1948), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd.

June 6: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "We're Not Dressing." (†)

From June 7: "The Thief of Bagdad" (†); and "Elephant Boy" (1937), directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltán Korda, with Sabu.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The auditorium will be closed through June 1. June 2 at 6: "Intermezzo" (1936), in Swedish, directed by Gustaf Molander, with Ingrid Bergman and Gösta Ekman; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 2 at 8:30: "Intermezzo: A Love Story" (1939), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Ingrid Bergman and Leslie Howard. . . . ¶ June 3 at 6: "Good Girl" (1979), directed by Phyllis Chinlund; and "Mikeshina" (1979), directed by Ron Ninio. . . . ¶ June 3 at 8:30: "Day of Wrath" (1943), in Danish, directed by Carl-Theodor Dreyer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 6 at 6: "King Kong" (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot, and Robert Armstrong. . . . ¶ June 6 at 8:30: A program of films by Al Wong. . . . ¶ June 7 at 6: "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ June 7 at 8:30: "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 1: Two programs of short films by Robert Breer—six films made between 1972 and 1978 will be shown May 28-30 at noon and May 31-June 1 at 3:30, and ten films made between 1960 and 1970 will be shown May 28-30 at 3:30 and May 31-June 1 at 12:30. . . . ¶ Starting June 3: Five videotapes by Bruce Nauman—"Violin Tuned D.E.A.D." (1968), shown at noon; "Wall/Floor Positions" (1968), shown at 1:15; "Revolving Upside Down" (1968), shown at 2:30; "Lip Sync" (1969), shown at 3:45 (and on June 3, at 6:30); and "Tony Sinking Into the Floor, Face Up and Face Down" (1974), shown at 5. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Two documentaries by Peter Davis—"Generations of Resistance" (1980) and "This Bloody, Blundering Business" (1975). Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Noren, Rossellini, Richter, Man Ray, Rice, Riefenstahl, Ruttmann, Sharits, Smith, Snow, Valentin, Vertov, and others. May 28-31 at 7 and 9; June 1 at 2 and 7; June 3 at 7 and 8:30; June 4-6 at 8; and June 7 at 2 and 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, June 2.)

Ali: Fear Eats the Soul (1974)—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Art; June 5-7.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Gramercy, Plaza, and Embassy 5.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 30, tentative.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. (Cinema Village; June 6-7.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 29. . . . ¶ New Yorker 1; through June 5. . . . ¶ Olympia; May 30-June 5. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting June 6.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin Ira Wohl. (3/10/80) (Quad Cinema; through May 29.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Quad Cinema, Guild, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through May 29.)

Blood Feud—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishings among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising Fascisti in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), and Giancarlo Giannini (as a blustering gangster, back from New York). The three vivid stars are observed in immense closeups, which are balanced by stunning panoramas of the sun-wasted countryside, but these pleasures appear to have distracted the director away from that special ludicrous and serious consideration of human difficulties that has distinguished her previous work. Wertmüller is always excessive, and this time she is excessively entertaining. In Italian. (3/3/80) (Eastside Cinema.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Cinema II; starting May 30.)

Charles and Lucie—A middle-aged Parisian couple is victimized by swindlers and bad luck, at last reaching the point where they must wander the highways wearing nothing but their love to keep them warm, but *les vrais misérables* are the moviegoers who must swallow this drab and treacly soufflé. With Daniel Ceccaldi and Ginette Garçin; directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Festival; through June 7, tentative.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, June 2.)

Clair de Femme—Yves Montand and Romy Schneider meet on a street in Paris and exchange miseries as if they were gifts. Much woebegone talk and little action, in a movie written and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (4/7/80) (Quad Cinema; starting June 6.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through May 29. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; through June 7, tentative.)

Corvette Summer (1978)—This film, which marked the directorial début of Matthew Robbins (and which he wrote with his partner, Hal Barwood, who was the producer), was released without much publicity, and very few people saw it. It's about a Southern California boy's love for an automobile: Kenny (Mark Hamill) scrounges parts from an automobile graveyard, and he and his high-school shop class build a shiny Corvette Stingray. On the night the class takes the car out for a trial run, it is stolen. The rest of the picture is Kenny's obsessive pursuit of the car, which he tracks to Las Vegas; the movie doesn't ridicule this quest and doesn't romanticize it—it treats Kenny's passion with gentle respect. The picture doesn't have a snappy enough rhythm, and the repartee is often too slow, and the story takes a bad turn just past midway by making a melodramatic villain out of a likable character. But until then it's generally fresh and friendly, and visually it has a lovely soft quality, with unusually pleasing camera placement. (The cinematography is by Frank Stanley.) As the hero, Hamill takes a little getting used to: this picture was made between "Star Wars" and "The Empire Strikes Back," after the car accident that disfigured him, and he

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also seems unsure of himself vocally; however, this disturbing element dwindles in importance when Annie Potts enters the story. As a teen-ager who's on her way to Vegas to become a hooker, she's charmingly funny in her distinctive, stylized way until the last ten minutes, when she is turned into a dingbat. The picture has other lapses of judgment—a gay chief villain, mushy music, and an over-eagerness to make banal points about corruption. With Eugene Roche, Kim Milford, and Philip Bruns. (Olympia; through May 29.)

Cousin Angelica (1974)—Carlos Saura's wonderful picture is the first film made in Spain from the position of the people who lost the Civil War. It happens in two interwoven epochs: the outbreak of the war and the seventies. José Luis López Vázquez plays both a boy and a middle-aged man. His beloved is Angelica (Maria Clara Fernández), first seen (in 1938) as a little girl in a sailor suit who is the child of Francoist parents, later (in the seventies) as a daughter of the original Angelica. Happiness billows through this picture. In Spanish. (Art; June 1-2.)

Despair (1979)—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (3/19/79) (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting June 7.)

Die Laughing—With Robby Benson and Linda Grovenor, directed by Jeff Werner. (Loews New York 1, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

Dinner for Adele—With Michal Docolomansky, Olga Schoberova, and Rudolf Hrusinsky; directed by Oldrich Lipsky. In Czech. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D. W. Griffith, and New Yorker 1; starting June 6.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

An Evening with the Royal Ballet (1965)—Precarious filming, at Covent Garden, of "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty," along with a totally triumphant "Le Corsaire," preserving the Fonteyn-Nureyev partnership at its peak. (Cinema Village; June 1-2.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: "A Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffly, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Ziegfeld; through June 7, tentative.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Coronet; through June 7, tentative.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer (1971)—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color, and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with this sort of facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdity. In French. (Art; May 28.)

Friday the 13th—With Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; directed by Sean Cunningham. (Beekman, and R.K.O. Cinerama I. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through June 7, tentative.)

The Gong Show Movie—Directed by, and with, Chuck Barris. (Gemini 1, U.A. East, and National.)

La Grande Bourgeoise (1977)—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). Luck flickers around the apparently blessed Murris, children of a great scholar (played by Fernando Rey). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. Bolognini has made an intellectually exquisite film. In French and Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 6.)

The Hollywood Knights—With Tony Danza, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1.)

Home Movies—Brian De Palma (who directed "Carrie" and several other vigorous, hyperbolic films) has enrolled some of his students at a Sarah Lawrence College film workshop in the making of this dopey cut-rate farce about sex, ugly parents, and filmmaking—which may account for its air of self-congratulatory amateurism and its fitful but mostly just irritating charm. With Keith Gordon, Nancy Allen, Vincent Gardenia, and Kirk Douglas (hamming horribly as an egocentric, with-it professor). (5/19/80) (Little Carnegie; through June 7, tentative.)

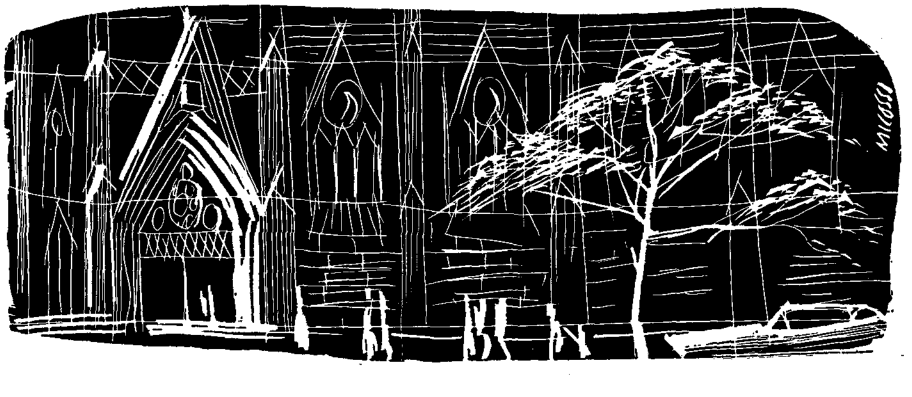
Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000 (1976)—A whirling political comedy about the seventies' lunatic fringe of people in their twenties and thirties, each with his own answers to the problems of society. The film, a play of ideas with the laconic irony of Renoir's "Boudu Saved from Drowning" and Buñuel's "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," stays suspended in the air, spinning—a marvellous toy, weightless, yet precise and controlled. The director, Alain Tanner, and his co-writer, John Berger, are willing to entertain possibilities for social rebirth even if they're cracked or pickled. It's a romantic, mystic, utopian comedy—an Easter fable, with a dialectical bunny. Set in Geneva (the birthplace of Rousseau); with Miou-Miou, Jean-Luc Bideau, and Raymond Bussières. In French. (Art; May 29-31.)

Kid Galahad (1937)—By 1937, Bette Davis had earned something better than the role of Fluff, girl friend to a fight manager (Edward G. Robinson), but the movie was directed by Michael Curtiz, and though it has few dimensions it has pace and "entertainment value." Wayne Morris is the bellhop turned fighter, whom Fluff christens Kid Galahad; Humphrey Bogart is the bad guy; and Jane Bryan plays Robinson's sister. With Harry Carey, the ineffable Veda Ann Borg as the Redhead, and, for the finale, a Warners' operatic shootout in which Robinson and Bogart kill each other. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4.)

Knife in the Head—A sociopolitical thriller from West Germany about a scientist who is physically and psychically incapacitated when he is accidentally shot in the head during a scuffle between radical leftists and the police, and is then further victimized by the cynical efforts of left and right to exploit him during his excruciating recovery. The picture, which was directed by Reinhard Hauff, eventually wears us down with its relentlessly earnest exploration of all the ironies and moral dilemmas of the case, but it is worth seeing for the extraordinary sustained performance of Bruno Ganz as the stricken and degraded patient, who gains a new sense of himself, against all the odds, as he creeps back to life. With Angela Winkler and Carla Egerer. In German. (4/28/80) (Cinema Studio 1.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2.)

Let's Talk About Men (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four: a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent.



Wertmüller is not a women's-lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, she is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. In Italian. (Thalia; June 1.)

THE LONG RIDERS—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. We have seen all this before, but Walter Hill's straightforward direction and the picture's elegant camerawork (by Ric Waite) and design (by Jack T. Collis) make it fresh again and stirring indeed. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys—and their group efforts are just about the best thing in this American beauty, which droops a bit only in its final scenes. With Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, 86th St. East, and Forum. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through June 7, tentative.)

LOVE ON THE RUN (1979)—A film in François Truffaut's autobiographical Antoine Doinel series ("The 400 Blows," "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board"). Doinel is, as ever, played by Jean-Pierre Léaud, who is now—unbelievably—twenty years older than the boy in "The 400 Blows." His presence on screen—the film is photographed by the great Nestor Almendros—is both reviving and moving. Truffaut has a great affinity with Jean Renoir; every foot of film he makes perpetuates the distinctness of being a Frenchman. In French. (4/9/79) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 7.)

MACBETH (1971)—Roman Polanski shows us such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The well-acted production is a bloody melodrama that reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. With Jon Finch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

MADAME BOVARY (1949)—Fancy-dress version, starring Jennifer Jones. If you hadn't read the book, you really couldn't guess what it was about from this film, though the scriptwriter, Robert Ardrey, uses the framing device of Flaubert (James Mason) on trial for corrupting morals by having written it. This M-G-M production was advertised with the slogan "Whatever it is that French women have, Madame Bovary has more of it!," and Jennifer Jones looks surfeited with clothes and handsome leading men—Louis Jourdan and Alf Kjellin (who appears here under the name Christopher Kent) among them, while Van Heflin plays her dull husband. The director, Vincente Minnelli, stages an impressive romantic ball, but the whole movie is hopelessly over-scaled. With Gladys Cooper, Paul Cavanagh, Eduard Franz, Gene Lockhart, George Zucco, and John Abbott. (Also made as "Unholy Love" in 1932, and by Jean Renoir in 1934.) (Regency; June 5-7.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2. . . . ¶ Waverly; through June 7, tentative.)

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan), and discussions of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest

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who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when are the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. And, most important of all, it isn't likable. With Irm Hermann and Hanna Schygulla. In German. (Art; June 5-7.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Newsfront—A salute to the men who made movie newsreels in Australia back in the forties and fifties. Directed by Phillip Noyce, who has had the wit to use lots of actual newsreel footage. (6/11/79) (Art; June 1-2.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through June 5.)

The Nude Bomb—Don Adams as Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86. Directed by Clive Donner. (Gemini 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through May 29. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting May 30.)

On the Nickel—Some earnest intentions may have gone into this fictionalized excursion among the winos of the Los Angeles skid row, but the movie, which was written and directed by Ralph Waite (who also appears as one of the derelicts), is so gummily sentimental that it only seems to make us party to their further degradation. With Donald Moffat, Penelope Allen (as a gallant bag lady), and Hal Williams. (5/12/80) (Cinema II; through May 29.)

Orchestra Rehearsal—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (8/27/79) (Art; May 29-31.)

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The Outsider—With Sterling Hayden, directed by Tony Luraschi. (Baronet; starting June 3.)

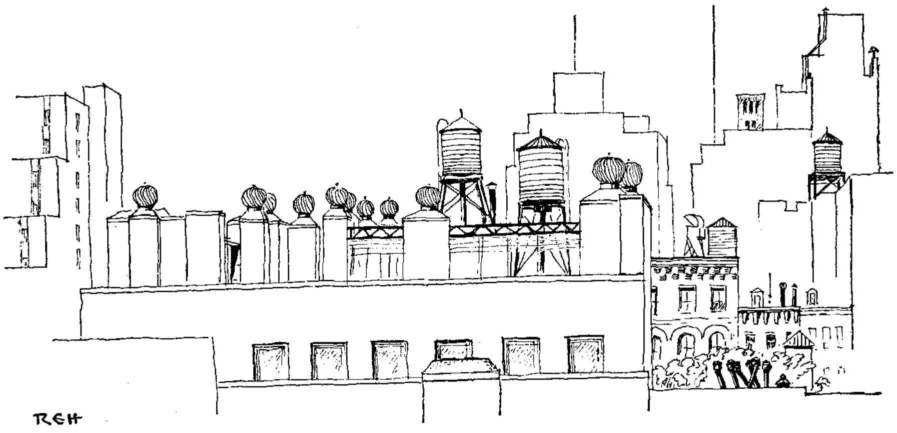
The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 29. . . . ¶ Thalia; May 30-31.)

Perceval (1978)—Directed by Eric Rohmer. In French. (Art; May 28.)

Saint Jack (1979)—A film made by Peter Bogdanovich and set in 1971 in Singapore, where an American called Jack Flowers, played by Ben Gazzara (of the Actors' Studio), scrapes a stingy living promoting business for a Chinese ship-chandler's firm; off duty, he is a pimp with dreams of running the poshest whorehouse in the world. Denholm Elliott, as an accountant, acts with focus and alertness. The script is by Howard Sackler, Paul Theroux, and Mr. Bogdanovich. (5/7/79) (St. Marks Cinema; May 30-June 5.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon, looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. An Alexander Korda production. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 1.)

Serial—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (72nd Street East; May 30-June 5.)



Seven Beauties (1976)—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (Thalia; June 1.)

The Shining—With Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Sutton, Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion Center.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (St. Marks Cinema; May 30-June 5.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City (1978)—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn), who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News.* This is a feminine fantasy (written by Barra Grant), yet it's inspired by the tough-guy-with-a-soft-heart school of journalism, and the film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner. It never once lands on target, and almost all the actors seem to be impaled by the camera. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky"), are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. The ballerina, who has a prissy little-girl voice, talks to her parakeet, whose name is Orville Wright, and when she's loosening her muscles she thrashes around passionately to Carole King's "I Feel the Earth Move Under My Feet"—she's the Patti Smith of ballet, pouring sweat and suffering ecstatically for her art. You don't get scenes like this in every movie. (11/20/78) (Olympia; May 30-June 5.)

The Son of Monte Cristo (1940)—The plight of the Balkan Grand Duchess (Joan Bennett), with the swordplay by Louis (crooked smile) Hayward and George Sanders. Rowland V. Lee directed the traffic in the secret passageways. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 1.)

Soupçon—Married love and some unmarried lovemaking in contemporary Paris, with Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois. Amusingly written and directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, who gained fame with "Cousin, Cousine." In French. (4/21/80) (Baronet; through June 2.)

Spirits of the Dead (1969)—Three Poe stories, directed by Federico Fellini, Louis Malle, and Roger Vadim. The Fellini is nothing much for him, which is to say ten times more interesting than most—fluently comic, sober, barbed, with Terence Stamp playing a sulky English actor who has a style in high diatribe. The Vadim is absurd; the Malle rather repellent, with two jolly sequences about cutting out hearts. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 4.)

El Super—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto, a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle-age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. Roberto is played by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato. In Spanish. (7/23/79) (Art; June 3-4.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1924)—Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a lavish Arabian Nights spectacle, designed by William Cameron Menzies and directed by Raoul Walsh. It's slow, dreamy, magically pretty, and enduringly enjoyable. With Anna May Wong, Julanne Johnston, Noble Johnson, and Snitz Edwards. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—Sixteen years later: Enormous, spacious sets in brilliantly clear Maxfield Parrish colors. Sabu is the boy thief who befriends Ahmed (John Justin), the prince who has been blinded and has had his kingdom usurped by the evil magician, the Grand Vizier Jaffer (Conrad Veidt). Though Justin is a wan embodiment of virtue, Veidt sparkles with villainy. Best of all is the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram as the Djinni of the bottle; this Djinni is not only giant-sized but giant-voiced, with a big roaring, threatening laugh and a grin that suggests trouble. (He also has a Southern accent.) As the heroine, June Duprez—with her pouty mouth and sensual, edgy diction—is an unusual enough choice to catch one's interest. But the script, by Miles Malleson and Lajos Biro, lacks enchantment, and the dialogue throughout is distressingly ordinary. This adds to the film's other problems—the uneven rhythms and the occasional dead spots. Yet considering how many directors took turns on this picture (Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan are all credited, and Zoltán Korda and William Cameron Menzies, who are credited only as associate producers, also had their hands in it, as did Alexander Korda), it's surprising how well it holds together, and how good-natured it is. The Miklos Rozsa score is intrusive and mood-shattering. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 7)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The soundtrack pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 5.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part (1974)—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Cinema 3.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema I.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Art; June 3-4.)

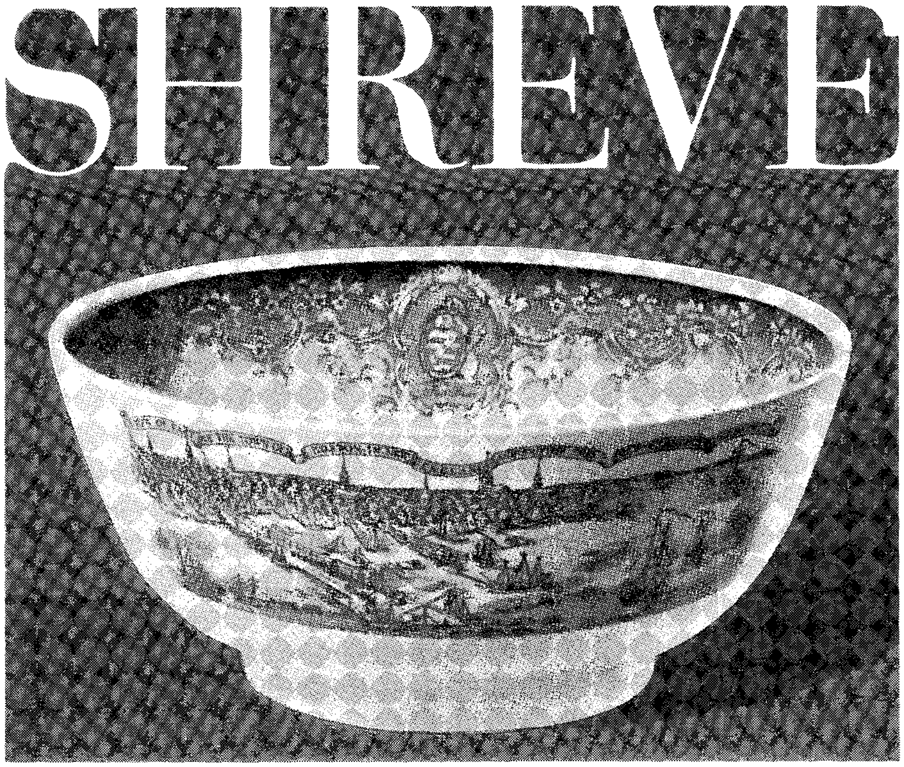
Tom Horn—With Steve McQueen, directed by William Wiard. (Reviewed in this issue.) (R.K.O. 86th St., Paramount, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; the spoiled heiress is Carole Lombard; he doesn't bat her around the way the hero of Lina Wertmüller's shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 6.)

Wifemistress (1979)—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; May 30-June 5.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Quad Cinema; through June 5.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 5.)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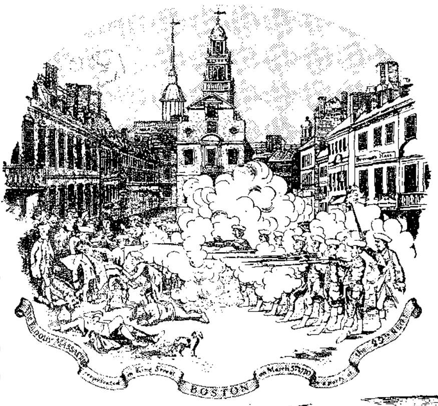

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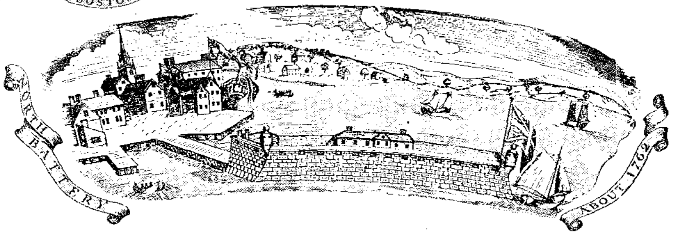

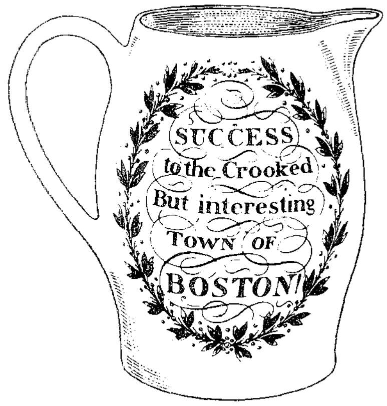

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

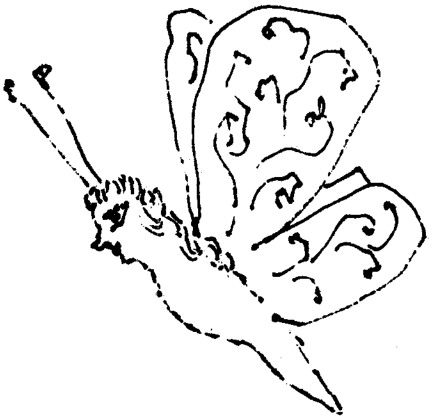
ONE of the most striking features of the news these days is an absence. Since the disastrous mission to release the American hostages in Iran, coverage of the hostages, which once blanketed the news columns and the airwaves almost to the exclusion of any other news, has evaporated. In an instant, the frantic urgency about their release dissipated, and they seemed to disappear from the face of the earth. Gone were the interviews with their friends and relatives, gone the impromptu delegations of clerical would-be peacemakers, and gone the whole sideshow of eccentric free-lance meddlers, including the congressman who went to Iran to conduct his own negotiations and the American Indian who wanted to mix up his cause with the highly publicized hostage question. Gone, too, were reports of the "rising impatience" of the American people, which was thought to have so much to do with the decision to launch the rescue mission, and which was supposed to play such an important role in the fluctuating popularity of the various Presidential candidates, according to the polls. Now the time that was said to be "running out" politically for the Carter Administration if the issue was not resolved has lengthened again, and appears to stretch out into the indefinite future. The spotlight of news coverage, having swung away from the wreckage of the ill-conceived rescue attempt and the resignation of Secretary of State Vance, followed Secretary of State Muskie on his recent trip to Vienna to confer with our allies and with the Soviets. For a time, it seemed that by getting a new Secretary of State the President had brought in a whole new world situation as well—an impression that was not confirmed by events. Also, by some legerdemain of public relations the illusion was created that one Administration had been interred with the failed mission and another born; it was as though the Presidential election had already taken place and Senator Muskie had somehow come out the winner.

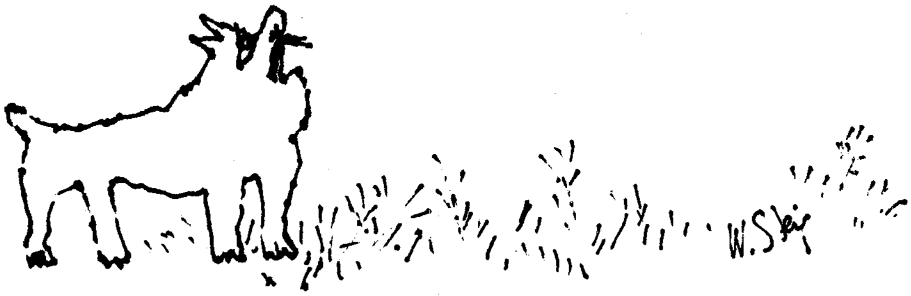
The moment of change came when the President made his incomprehensible statement that world affairs had become more "manageable" after the failed mission, thus freeing him from his vow to stick to business in the White House and refrain from campaigning for reëlection as long as the hostages were being held in Iran. The news organizations, which so often follow the President's lead, fell in step with him this time, too, and inaugurated their policy of ignoring the hostages. They may have been responding to public fatigue with the issue as well as to Presidential wishes. In recent times, there has been a tendency for a single issue to dominate the news for a period and then suddenly drop from sight, in obedience to a rhythm of public attention which seems to belong more in the world of entertainment than in the world of international affairs. "Blockbuster" issues come along in chaotic succession—now a papal visit, now an act of Soviet aggression, now the eruption of a volcano—and the more frenzied the coverage is, the more profound is the oblivion that ensues. The events in question, of course—say, the famine in Cambodia or the plight of the Vietnamese boat people—have a pace of their own and, typically, long outlast the moment when the public's appetite for the story shifts to satiety and disgust. In part, however, the news media may have abandoned the hostage issue because of a well-founded, if largely unarticulated, suspicion that their own disproportionate coverage of it, together with the Presidential campaign, had generated the terrifying vortex of political pressure that brought on the tragic rescue mission and came near to dragging the nation into a catastrophe. To that extent, they are now rectifying what they may see as a mistake. In fact, the whole country, which had permitted itself to be driven into a state of unnecessary and unhelpful excitement over the issue, was sobered up by the deaths of the eight servicemen during the mission. As a result, though it is no doubt true that more modest coverage of the hostages' plight will better serve both them and the nation, the average watcher of the news, who at one moment was invited to occupy his thoughts with nothing but the hostages and the next moment was asked to forget all about them, is left with a feeling that he has been used.

• •

Rehearsal

TO choreograph a full-length ballet and dance one of its leading roles at the same time requires a kind of double vision, the endurance of a marathon runner, and the persistence of a politician. And when all those qualities come packaged in a ninety-three-pound Russian blonde who knows exactly what she wants, the process of creation can be a lively affair. These thoughts occurred to us recently during a dress rehearsal of the American Ballet Theatre's new production of "La Bayadère," a lavish Indian fairy tale choreographed by Natalia Makarova, who is the reigning ballerina in the world today. The plot of "La Bayadère" concerns a beautiful temple dancer (*une bayadère*) who dies when the warrior she loves marries the rajah's daughter and who then returns as a "shade" to haunt the couple. The music, composed by Ludwig Minkus, is light, tuneful, and occasionally circusy. And the choreography, which was





originally set by the nineteenth-century French-born master Marius Petipa, has been almost completely redone, in the Petipa style, by the indomitable Miss Makarova. One famous act—"The Kingdom of the Shades"—has survived in the ballet repertoire almost as Petipa composed it, and is danced by several Western companies. Scenes from the other acts, which contain fragments of Petipa's work embedded in steps composed by later Russian choreographers, are preserved in a version danced by Leningrad's Kirov Ballet. But the final act, which ends in a Götterdämmerung of destruction and death, hasn't been seen anywhere in its entirety since 1919.

We arrived at the Metropolitan Opera early one afternoon last week to find the warrior (Anthony Dowell) returning from a tiger hunt onstage while his *bayadère* (Miss Makarova, dressed in a spangled white bodice, a white chiffon skirt, and a pointed Indian headdress with a short white veil) watched the action from an aisle in the darkened auditorium. The set was an elaborately carved Indian-temple façade, and the main prop was an enormous stuffed tiger, which was carried on by four turbaned bearers. As priests in gray cotton robes and temple dancers in pale-lavender costumes—short-sleeved spangled blouses and chiffon skirts—filled the stage, Miss Makarova delivered a steady stream of instructions, in her unique mixture of Russian, English, and ballet French, to assistants who were seated at the lighting desk. (In Russian, she said, "*Eto ne tot zhest*"—"That's not the right gesture." In English and French, she said, "Where is jungle drop? What is light doing back there? Why is fire white? Watch, girls—must be more plastic. Croisé, croisé. Leetle more plié. Please, girls on stage left. Step to side out of priest light.") As she talked, Miss Makarova used the back of a seat as a barre and ran through a series of warmup exercises, beginning with slow leg extensions and deep knee bends, and ending with a series of high kicks, one of which nearly caught a scurrying assistant under the chin. ("Sorry, darling, I must do out here or I get cold.") A few minutes later, Miss Makarova dashed down the aisle and reappeared onstage, where she danced a sinuous adagio solo that combined traditional ballet steps with some angular, vaguely Indian arm movements. Then she stepped forward, clapped her hands, and peered across the footlights at her conductor, John Lanchbery. "Jack, I make leetle pause here"—she half turned, on one foot—"and then when I wave arms over fire, can you be a leetle slower?"

Mr. Lanchbery, a cheerful, bearded Englishman with bushy eyebrows and a booming voice, nodded briskly and told her that he'd look for an eye signal for the pause. "Let's do it again, to get the timing right," he said.

The act moved on through a lyrical pas de deux for the *bayadère* and the warrior, a violent quarrel between the *bayadère* and the rajah's daughter, and the death of the *bayadère*, who is poisoned by a snake hidden in a basket of flowers.

When the rehearsal ended, we joined Miss Makarova in her dressing room, where we found her enveloped in a mint-green caftan, smoking a cigarette, and giving notes to various members of the production staff. To a costume assistant: "The turquoise chiffon costumes are a leetle shocking. Could we spray to make color more subtle?" To a prop man: "Why you go to cheap Indian store to find this terrible wicker jug for me to carry? Can you find something better?" To PierLuigi Samaritani, the set designer: "Opium-smoking couch with three peacocks is too bright gold. Could you spray it darker?"

Mr. Samaritani, a small, calm, bearded man, murmured that it was a problem of stage light, not of color. "I can paint it darker tomorrow, if you wish," he said, "but first I would like to see if we can do something with the light."

"What *has* happened to lighting?" asked Miss Makarova, turning to face him with a steely look in her black-rimmed blue-gray eyes.

"Almost nothing," replied Mr. Samaritani. "In the first act, there were many mistakes of cues."

"We must fix," Miss Makarova said grimly, "or I stop rehearsal, stop orchestra, stop *everything*. You want to be in my place? To dance on that stage in that light? Is absolutely terrible!"

Mr. Samaritani replied that he planned to work the next day with the lighting designer, who seemed to be following his own ideas. "But the time is very short for lighting," he said. "That is the problem."

"Lighting designer is confused," said Miss Makarova, with a dazzling smile. "You must fix."

When everybody had left, we asked Miss Makarova what had attracted her to "La Bayadère" in the first place.

"I saw it from gallery when I was student, and fell in love with romantic story and beautiful choreography," she said. "Then, at Kirov, I danced three different roles in ballet—a shade, rajah's daughter, and *bayadère*. When I came here, I looked at company and thought pure Kirov classicism, which is 'Bayadère' style, would be very good for them, because they have a lot of very eclectic things in their repertoire.

So I did 'Shades' act first, in 1974, and now we do complete ballet."

"What are the main elements of the Kirov style that you are trying to teach the company?" we asked.

"Main problems here are port de bras and épaulement," replied Miss Makarova. "Dancers have never learned what is correct way to hold arms. It's like some modern artists' painting. First you must know what are correct academic movements and then you can make yourself *uncorrect* but beautiful. Like Picasso and Kandinsky, you must learn academic base and then depart from it."

She rose to her feet in a swift, graceful movement and extended her right leg in an imaginary barre exercise. "Épaulement, which gives you correct shoulders and back line, is more difficult to teach professional dancer. At Kirov, we learn very young in school. For us, it means don't be too flat to public. Always be slightly sideways, even in class. When you start movement straight in front, you look, you turn slightly to side. This gives you expression of detachment. Other thing I try to teach is continuity. You should never break phrase, in music or in dancing. Inside yourself, when you dance, you have to be in continuous movement; you don't drop a movement and then start again. This is foundation of Kirov legato style, which Americans find difficult to manage. Your dancers are very fast, very brilliant, but they don't always understand essence of dancing, which is how to move smoothly from one place to other. I think about these things now because I work on them a lot with corps to give classical style. On day of performance, I stop and isolate myself and try to think only about *me*."

Royalty

THE other morning, Their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert and Princess Paola of Belgium, here to celebrate the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the independence of Belgium, were expected at a quarter past nine in the lower plaza of the McGraw-Hill Building to see "The New York Experience," a film about how truly awful but truly wonderful it is to live in New York. At twenty-five minutes past nine, Their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert and Princess Paola had not arrived, and the publicity man for Trans-Lux, owners and operators of the film, was beginning to get nervous, because the film ran for a full hour, and at eleven o'clock three hundred schoolchildren were scheduled to see the show. Standing alone at the foot of the escalator, looking up quickly every time he heard footsteps approaching, he said, "If they are really late, I don't know what we are going to do." He also said, "Ah, the vicissitudes of publicity. The TV people were to be here, but they're stuck in New Jersey. They had it on their books. I was on the phone with them this morning. But now they're in New Jersey." And he said, "I hear that the Prince and the Princess are staying at the Waldorf, and that the city didn't even give them a police escort around town. Can you imagine? Royalty and no police escort!"

At half past nine, the publicity man looked up and saw twenty men, each wearing a dark suit, each with a little red-and-white card indicating that he represented the Belgian press, come down the escalator, and the publicity man sighed and shook his head. In the next fifteen minutes, a woman carrying a large shopping bag, a man wearing a golfing shirt, two women chatting in French, and a man wearing a pin-striped suit with a woman wearing a blue dress came down the escalator, and each time the publicity man sighed and shook his head. Then, at a quarter to ten, he looked up and saw a man followed by a large group of people come down the escalator. He said, "This must be the Prince." And it was.

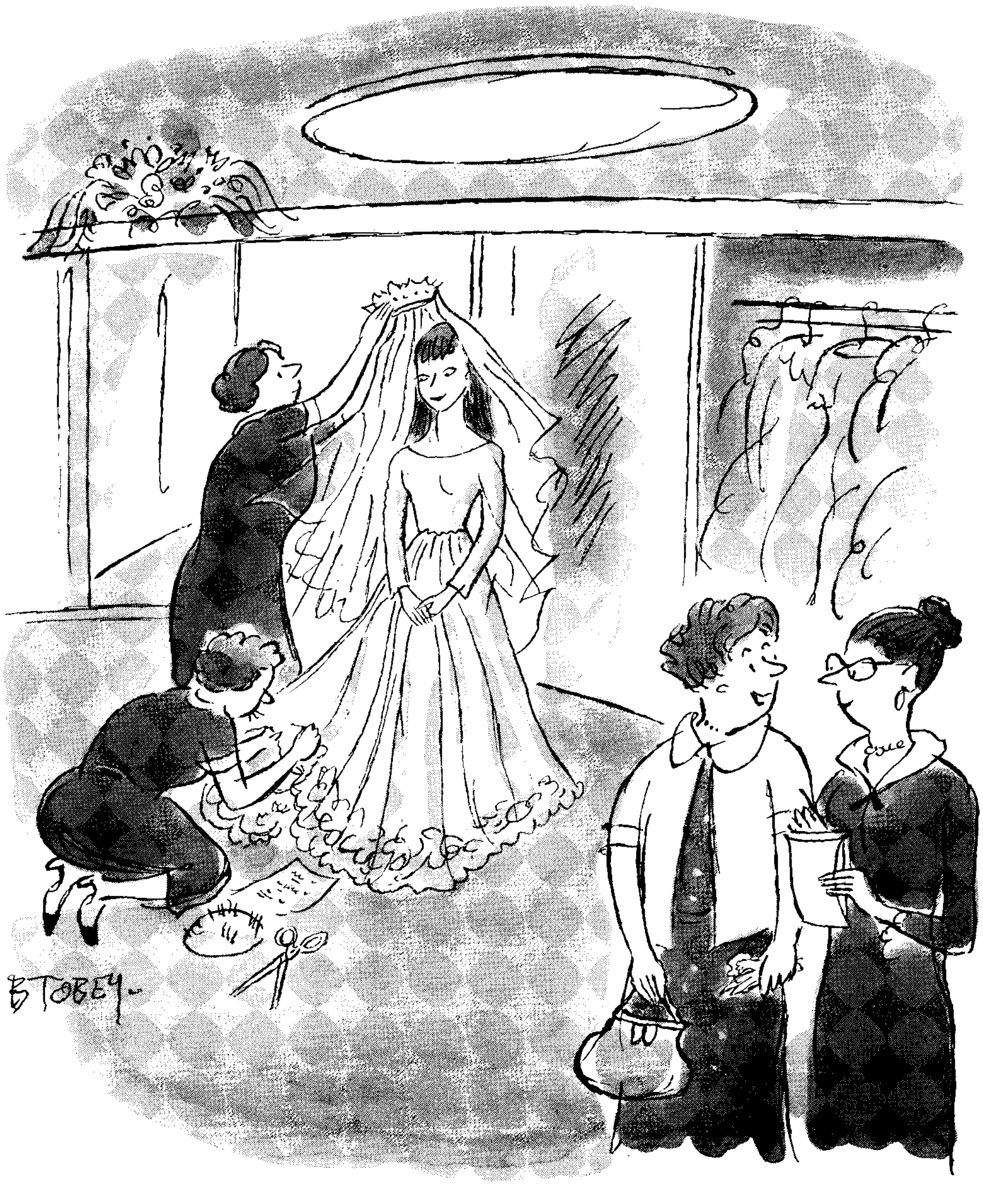
The publicity man held out his hand, tipped forward slightly, and said to the Prince, "Welcome, Your Highness."

The Prince and the publicity man shook hands, and then the Prince started to move on.

"Where is the Princess?" asked the publicity man.

"Alas," said the Prince, "the Princess could not come."

"Oh," said the publicity man. "I am sorry." His face fell a tiny, tiny bit. But then, catching himself, he said,



"I want her first marriage to be a beautiful one."

"Well, if you'll just come over here, I would like to have a picture of you standing in front of this poster." The poster advertised "The New York Experience."

Nine Gatherings in a Mind

THE Picasso show at the Museum of Modern Art fills forty-eight rooms and three floors and then some, fills the building to bursting, and floods the minds of visitors, who find—unexpectedly, in many cases—that what they are reacting to is not nine hundred and ninety paintings, drawings, collages, doodles, sketches, nailed-together things, welded-together things, costumes, murals, and plates but just one human mind, adding to its abilities and extending its perceptions nonstop and with total enjoyment over a span of seventy-eight years. One mind and two hands. The Museum has changed itself and most of its rules to house this mind for a summer. What still seems familiar? The guards' gray uniforms, the Maillol nude leaning back languorously over the pool in the Sculpture Garden, the smell of tunafish salad at lunchtime in the Penthouse Restaurant, on the sixth floor. Anything else? No. From now until September 16th, it's not MOMA, the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West Fifty-third Street. It's MOP, the Museum of Picasso, 8 West Fifty-fourth Street. The entrance is through the Sculpture Garden; the Calder mobile that hangs at the head of the stairs in the main building has been taken down; and the permanent collection is gone from the second floor. (The Brooklyn Museum has taken in a hundred and twenty-four paintings for the summer; the Metropolitan Museum is sheltering fifty more.) The second floor is a momentary shock—it's like a house that you used to live in and that has been bought by people with different tastes. You think, That corner looks wrong without Magritte in it, and doesn't the Douanier Rousseau belong over there? For a moment and a flicker. The strong thought that holds you and keeps leading you around corners and into room after room is of Picasso. You think, What the *hell* will he think of next?

The show opened officially last Thursday, May 22nd, and the Museum expects somewhere between eight hundred thousand and a million two hundred thousand people to see it—as many people as ordinarily visit the Museum in a year. And—another newness—fifty thousand people went to the show even before it opened, during nine days of previews. Multiple openings, old hat at the Metropolitan Museum by now, are an unprecedented accession for the Modern. The working press, those who have lent works, the artist's family, the Museum trustees, the top brass at I.B.M. and their guests (I.B.M. is putting up a fifth of the two million dollars it will cost to present the show), the various categories of members (some members give the Museum a thousand dollars a year apiece, some thirty-five dollars), honored guests, and people who just couldn't wait and found a way not to—this throng gathered for the nine days of previewing and was, by and large, overwhelmed by what it saw.

Nine strolls through a mind:

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13th and 14th: press previews. Midday. Coffee in white china cups and small Danish available in the garden. Small, talkative crowds—from eight to twenty people in any one room, who make themselves feel at home by talking.

"He kept everything he ever did, you know. He never burned anything."

"That's because nothing it occurred to him to try ever embarrassed him. It was just interesting, or new, or something he could do."

"Well, you can see. If he thought of something, he immediately went and found out whether it would work and if he could do it. He didn't just say, 'That's something it might be interesting to try sometime—if I get the time.' "

"The only thing he had was time."

"If you were visiting him, you couldn't put anything down on a table for a minute—when you came back, it would be part of a sculpture."

"Really just thrilling."

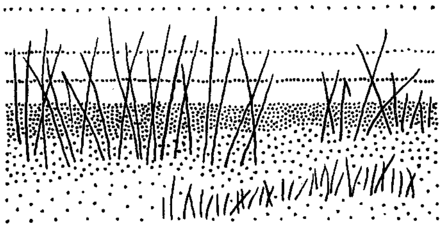
"You can see that he got up in the morning, had breakfast, and went to work. Look—it's a life that's here, not just art."

"It's so very immediate, he worked so very quickly, almost like photography."

"Well, he painted moments."

"He never lost anything, he just gained, added on new things."

Thursday, May 15th: special evening preview for lenders, heirs, trustees, honored guests. Black tie, stunning dresses, open bars in the garden. A lively mob.



"It's so beautiful."

"Look at that—ohhh!" (Indrawn breath.)

"Look at that—aaah!" (Outbreath.)

"Pmnchkt." (Short kiss.)

"Call me—I have an answering machine now."

"Greetings, greetings."

"A staggering show."

"*Charmant. Irrésistible.*"

"For me, it's like a dream. I'm finding out about my own eyes."

"He didn't waste a minute, did he?"

"He doesn't make our life easy. He makes us think about how much we're all sitting on our behinds. Don't you agree?"

"It's all very well to say the cottage is right in East Hampton, but how close is it to Dean & DeLuca?"

"They say the crowd of handsome young men around Diane Keaton in the garden is almost as big as the crowd of handsome young men around Paloma Picasso."

"I'm going to come back."

Friday, May 16th: more honored guests, and patrons, sustaining members, and supporting members (from a thousand dollars a year to two hundred and fifty a year). Blue blazers, ties, print dresses. Rooms murmurous and quiet, mostly empty, like a hotel out of season. You can hear footsteps and laughter and the ding of elevator bells. A guard hums.

"Oh, God, his people are so ful of strength."

"It's almost frightening what a mind can do when it lets in everything it can see."

"He didn't shut his eyes to anything."

"I need a hamburger."

"Look at the grasshopper on he finger in that one. *There.* Do you se it? You don't see it at first."

"Look at that one—her body coul be that of an older woman, but he eyes are babies' eyes. That's how h gets a whole life into one person."

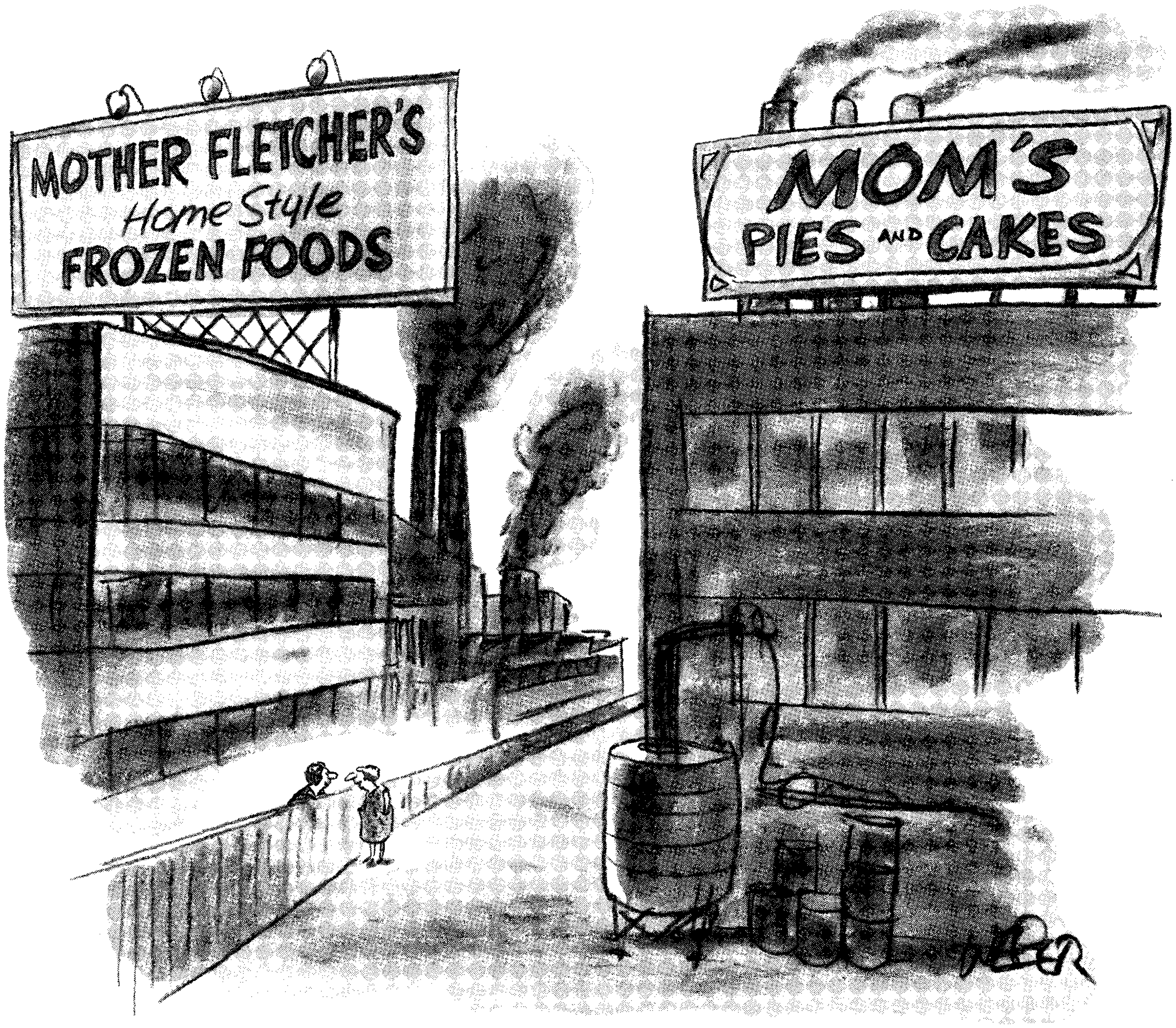
"Look at that one. It's like a poem.'

Saturday, May 17th: contributin fellows (a hundred dollars a year) Midday at the new Garden Café, uppe terrace of the Sculpture Garden. Roas beef on pump, potato chips, iced tea Tab. Shirtsleeves—expensive shirts. I the distance, "The Marines' Hymn,' from a band marching on Fifth Avenue in the Armed Forces Day parade.

"I'm taking a break."

"I'm waiting for my wife."

"I'm so lucky—in a week I'll be ir



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Portugal for the summer, and I might have missed it."

"It's so good to see it now—particularly after the seventies, when people seemed so afraid to try."

"Did you see the man holding the sheep?"

"Did you see the three stick women?"

"Did you see the carnival?"

"This iced tea is good."

"He could draw like an angel."

"But the colors—so luscious, so 3-D."

"And the balance on each piece of paper or canvas—so Chinese."

"And the light."

Sunday, May 18th: participating members and married resident, non-resident, and foreign members (from sixty to forty dollars a year.) Nine o'clock—an hour before closing time. The ground floor almost empty; a guard lifting up a leg and massaging an ankle. The second and third floors very crowded; slower circling, a hum, like that of bees around an azalea bush. Some slow-motion jostling. Corduroy, Levi's, pearls, sports jackets, raincoats, a crying baby. People carrying a piece of newspaper—the Sunday *Times* Arts and Leisure Section guide to the show.

"Stand right here. We're the same distance he was when he painted it."

"This is very exciting, I've seen so many prints of it."

"This way, please. Exhibition continues this way."

"Tomorrow is a working day—did Picasso ever say that? Or did he always say that?"

"And when you order soft-shell crabs, you get four on a plate. Scrumptious."

"Look at the people all around you for a moment. Don't think about it. See? Picasso put down what eyes actually see. He didn't make anything up."

"We'd better leave now. I feel almost like crying."

Monday, May 19th: family and dual members (fifty a year). Tuesday and Wednesday, May 20th and 21st: single resident, non-resident, and foreign members (thirty-five a year). Very full, all three days, inside and out. Lines along Fifty-fourth Street in two directions. People in going-to-the-office clothes. Babies, crying and smiling. Sweat glistening on brows. A warm, slow-moving, eddying amassment, like water in a big Chesapeake Bay tidal creek in July.

"You know, I always sort of thought of him as flashy and overrated."

"I just realized. I've been walking around for an hour, and for half an hour I've been just a pair of eyes on legs. I look like what I'm looking at."

"I just realized. When you get close enough to a girl to kiss her, your focus changes. Her eyes wander all over her face, but she's beautiful."

"I feel tired."

"I feel relaxed."

"I feel inspired."

"I'm coming back."

YARD SALE

As things turned out, Floyd had no choice but to spend the summer with me in East Sandwich. To return home to find his parents divorced was awkward; but to learn that they had already held their yard sale would be distinctly shaming. I had been there and seen my sister's ghastly jollity as she disposed of her old Hoover and shower curtains and the chair she had abandoned caning; Floyd Senior, with a kind of hostile generosity, turned the whole affair into a potlatch ceremony by bestowing his power tools on his next-door neighbor and clowning amid his junk with the word "freebie." "Aunt Freddy can have my life jacket," he crowed. "I'm not your aunt," I said, but I thanked him for it and sent it via the local church to Bangladesh, where I hoped it would arrive before the monsoon hit Chittagong. After the yard sale, they made themselves scarce—Floyd Senior to his Boston apartment and his flight attendant, Edith to the verge of a nervous breakdown in Cuttyhunk. I was glad to be deputized to look after little Floyd, and I knew how relieved he would be, after two years in the Peace Corps in Western Samoa, to have some home cooking and the sympathetic ear of his favorite aunt. He, too, would be burdened and looking for buyers.

At the Hyannis airport, I expected a waif, an orphan of sorts, with a battered suitcase and a heavy heart. But Floyd was all smiles as he peered out of the fuselage, and when the steps were lowered and he was on them, the little plane actually rocked to and fro: Floyd must have put on seventy-five pounds. A Henry Moore Muppet of raw certainty, he was dark, with hair like varnished kapok and teeth gleaming like Chiclets. He wore an enormous shirt printed with bloated poppies, and the skirtlike sarong that Margaret Mead tells us is called a lavalava. On his feet were single-thong flip-flops, which, when he kicked them off—as he did in the car, to sit cross-legged on the bucket seat—showed his toes to be growing in separate directions.

"Wuppertal," he said, or words to that effect. There was about him a powerful aroma of coconut oil and a rankness of dead leaves and old blossoms.

"Greetings," I said.

"That's what I just said."

"And welcome home."

"It doesn't seem like home anymore."

We passed the Colonial-style (rough-hewn logs, split-rail fence, mullion windows) Puritan Funeral Home, Kopper Krafters, the pizza joints, and it occurred to me that this part of Route 132 had changed out of all recognition. I thought, Poor kid.

The foreknowledge that I would be led disloyally into loose talk about his father's flight attendant kept me silent about his parents' divorce. I asked him about Samoa; I was sure he was aching to be quizzed. This brought from him a snore of approval and a native word. I mentioned his sandals.

He said, "My mother never wears sandals. She's always barefoot!"

I determined upon delicacy. "It's been a hard year."

"She says the craziest things sometimes."

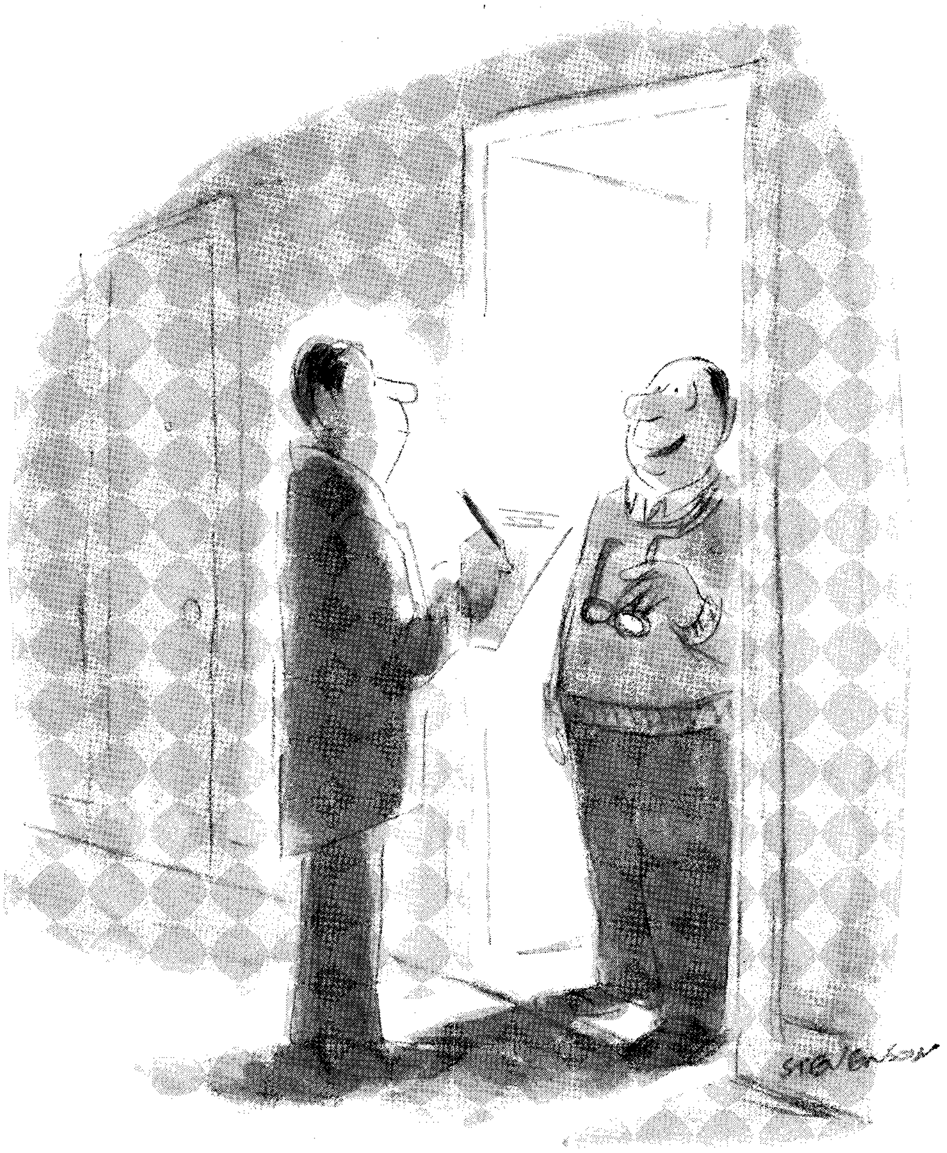
"Nerves."

Here was the Hyannis Drive-In Theatre. I was going to point out to him that while he had been away, they had started holding drive-in church services on Sunday mornings—an odd contrast to Burt Reynolds in the evenings, the sacred and the profane in the same amphitheatre. But Floyd was talking about his father.

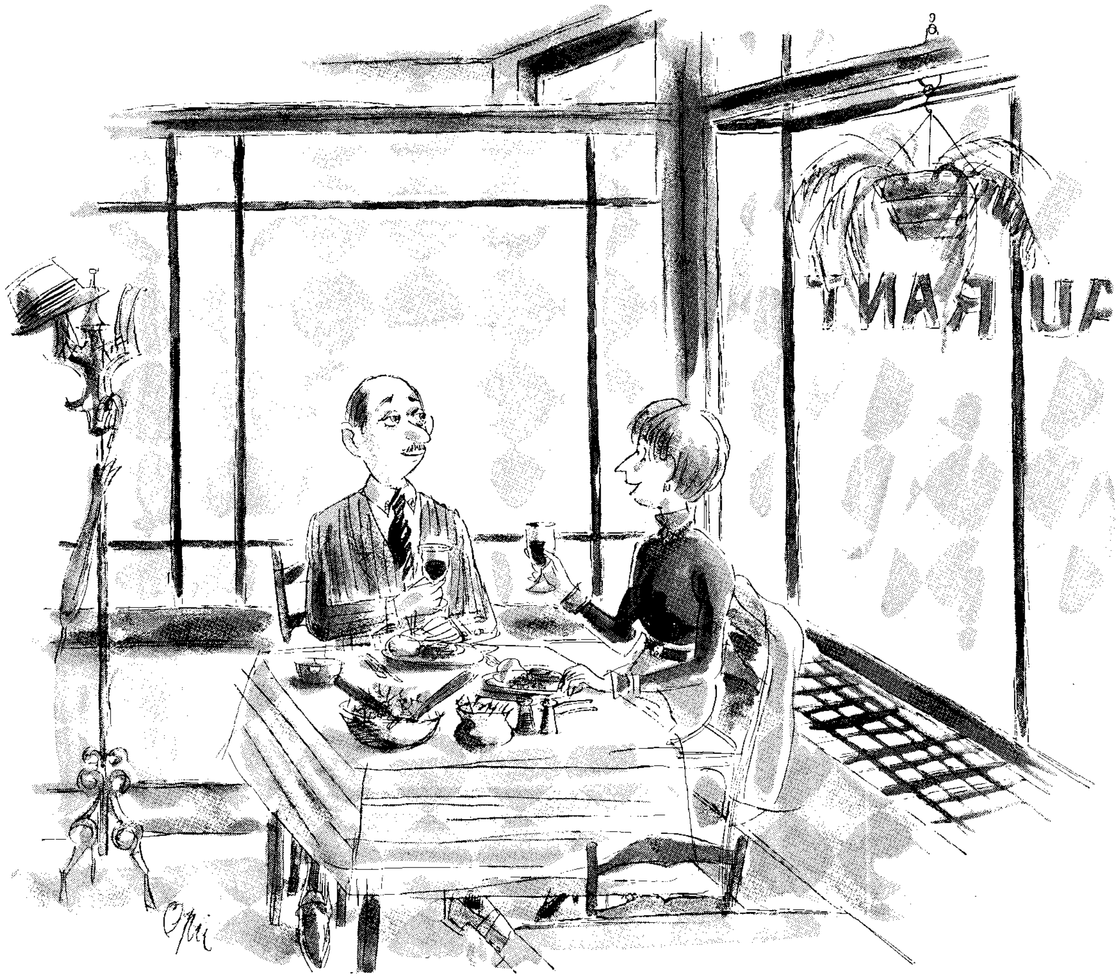
"He's amazing, and what a sailor! I've known him to go out in a Force Nine gale. He's completely reckless."

Aren't the young downright, I thought. I did not say anything about the life jacket his old man had given me; I was sure he had done it out of malice, knowing full well that what I had really coveted was the dry pinewood sink lost in the potlatch.

"Floyd," I said, with a shrill note of urgency in my voice—I was frantic to drag him off the topic I knew would lead him to his parents' fractured marriage—"what about Samoa?"



"Before I tell you who I'm for, perhaps you'd be interested to hear a little something about how my political thinking has evolved over the years."



"Yes, Albert, you do have the soulful eyes of Giancarlo Giannini, but, believe me, the resemblance begins and ends there."

"Sah-moa," he said, moving his mouth like a chorister as he corrected my pronunciation. So we have an emphatic stammer on the first syllable, do we? I can take any amount of well-intentioned pedantry, but I drew the line at condescension from someone I had known as an ashen-faced tot. It was so difficult for me to mimic this unsayable word that I countered with "And yet, I wonder how many of them would get Haverhill right?"

We passed Shoot Flying Hill Road. Floyd did not move from his Buddha posture. "Actually, he's wicked right-wing, and very moralistic about things. I mean, deep down. He hates change of any kind."

"You're speaking of—?"

"My father."

Your psychiatrists say grief is a great occasion for rationalizing. Still, the Floyd Senior I knew was indiscernible through this coat of whitewash. He was the very engine of change. Though my sentence was fully framed, I didn't say to his distracted son, That is a side of your father I have not been privileged to observe.

"Mother's different."

"How so?"

"Confident. Full of beans. Lots of savvy."

And beside herself in Cuttyhunk. Perhaps we do invent the friends and even the parents we require, and yet I was not quite prepared for what Floyd said next.

"My sister's pretty incredible, too. I've always thought of myself as kind of athletic, but she can climb trees twice as fast as me."

This was desperate: he had no sister. Floyd was an only child. I had an overwhelming desire to slap his face, as the hero does in B movies to bring the flannel-mouthed fool to his senses.

But Floyd had become effusive. "My sister . . . my brother . . . my grandmother"—inventing a fictitious family to make up for the one that had collapsed in his absence.

I said, "Floyd, dear, you're going to think your old auntie is horribly literal-minded, but I don't recognize your family from anything you've said. Oh, sure, I suppose your father *is* conservative—the roué is so often a puritan underneath it all. And vice versa. Joseph Smith? The Mormon prophet? What was it—fifty wives? 'Whenever I see a pretty woman, I have to pray for grace,' he said. *His* prayers were answered! But listen, your mother's had a dreadful time. And, um, you don't actually have any brothers or sisters. Relax. I know we're under a little strain, and absolutely bursting with Samoa, but—"

"In Samoa," he said, mocking me with the half sneeze of its correct pronunciation, "it's the custom to join a local family. You live with them. You're one of them."

"Much as one would join the Elks around here?"

"It's wicked complicated."

"More Masonic—is that it?"

"More Samoan. You get absorbed, kind of. They prefer it that way. And they're very easygoing. I mean, it takes four words to say 'bastard' in Samoan."

"With so little traffic on the roads, there's probably no need to hurry. Sorry. I see your point. But isn't that taking the extended family rather far? What about your parents?"

"He thatches roofs and she keeps chickens."

"Edith and Floyd Senior?"

"Oh, them" was all he said.

"But you've come home!"

"I don't know. Maybe I just want to find my feet."

Was it his turn of phrase? I dropped my eyes and saw a spider clinging to his ankle. I said, "Floyd, don't move—there's a creature on your foot."

He pinched it lovingly. "It's only a tattoo."

That seemed worse than a live spider, which had the merit of being able to dance away. I told him this, adding, "Am I being fastidious?"

"No, ethnocentric," he said. "My

mother has a mango on her knee."

"Not a banjo?" When I saw him wince, I said, "Forgive me, Floyd. Do go on—I want to hear everything."

"There's too much to tell."

"I know the feeling."

"I wouldn't mind a hamburger," he said suddenly. "I'm starving."

Instead of telling him I had cassoulet waiting for him in East Sandwich, I slowed down. It is the fat, not the thin, who are always famished; and he had not had a hamburger in two years. But the sight of fast food woke a memory in him. As he watched the disc of meat slide down a chute to be bunned, gift-wrapped, and clamped into a small Styrofoam valise, he treated me to a meticulous description of the method of cooking in Samoa. First, stones were heated, he said, then the hot stones buried in a hole. The uncooked food was wrapped in leaves and placed on the stones. More hot stones were piled on top. Before he got to the part where the food, stones, and leaves were disinterred, I said, "I understand that's called labor-intensive, but it doesn't sound terribly effective."

He gave me an odd look and excused himself, taking his little valise of salad to the drinking fountain to wash it.

"We always wash our food before we eat."

I said, "Raccoons do that!"

It was meant as encouragement, but I could see I was not doing at all well.

Back at the house, Floyd dug a present out of his bag. You sat on it, this fibre mat. "One of your miracle fibres?" I said. "Tell me more!" But he fell silent. He demurred when I mentioned tennis, and at my suggestion of an afternoon of recreational shopping he grunted. He said, "We normally sleep in the afternoon." Again I was startled by the plural pronoun and glanced around, half expecting to see another dusky islander. But no—Floyd's was the brotherly folk "we" of the native, affirming the cultural freemasonry of all Polynesia. And it had clearly got into his bones. He had acquired an almost catlike capacity for slumber. He lay for hours in the lawn hammock, swinging like a side of beef, and at sundown entered the house yawning and complaining of the cold. It was my turn to laugh: the thermometer on the deck showed eighty-one degrees.

"I'll bet you wish you were at Trader Vic's," I said over the cassoulet, trying to avert my ethnocentric gaze as Floyd nibbled the beans he seized with his fingers. He turned my Provençal cuisine into a sort of astronaut's pellet meal.

He belched hugely, and guessing that this was a ritual rumble of Samoan gratitude, I thanked him.

"Ironic, isn't it?" I said. "You seem to have managed marvellously out there in the Pacific, taking life pretty much as you found it. And I can't help thinking of Robert Louis Stevenson, who went to Samoa with his sofas, his tartans, his ottoman, and every bagpipe and ormolu clock from Edinburgh in his luggage."

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"Mount Holyoke," I said. "There wasn't any need for Stevenson to join a Samoan family. Besides his wife and his stepson, there was his stepdaughter and her husband. His wife was a divorcée, but she was from California,

LAST NIGHT TRAIN

In that slick and newfangled coach we go slam-banging
On rackety ruin of a roadbed, past caterpillar-
Green flash of last light on deserted platforms,
And I watch the other passenger at this
Late hour—a hundred and eighty pounds of
Flesh, black, female, middle-aged,
Unconsciously flung by roadbed jerks to wallow,
Unshaped, unhinged, in
A purple dress. Straps of white sandals
Are loosened to ease the bulge of contrasting bare instep.
Knees wide, the feet lie sidewise, sole toward sole. They have walked
So far. Head back, flesh snores.
I wonder what she has been doing all day in N.Y.

My station at last. I look back once.
Is she missing hers? I hesitate to ask, and the snore
Is suddenly snatched into eternity.

The last red light fades in distance and darkness like
A wandering star. Where the brief roar just now was,
A last cricket only is audible. That lost
Sound makes me think, with quickly suppressed
Nostalgia, of
A country lane, late night, late autumn—and there
Alone I stood, part of all.
Alone, I now stand under the green station light,
Part of nothing but years.

I stare skyward at uncountable years beyond
My own little aura of pale-green light—
The complex of stars is steady in its operation.
Smell of salt sedge drifts in from seaward,
And I think of the joy of swimming, naked and seaward,
In starlight forever.

By habit, I put hand in pocket, find keys there.
Bemused, I stare at them, and gradually
Grow aware of their preciousness. I discover
The blessedness of the world. Ah, Time! Why so short?

I look up the track toward Bridgeport. I feel
Like blessing the unconscious wallow of flesh-heap
And white sandals unstrapped at bulging of instep.

I hear my heels crunch on the gravel, making
My way to the parked car.

—Robert Penn Warren

• •

"I'll be in the den, contemplating the bust of Homer."

• •

which explains everything. Oh, he brought his aged mother out, too. She never stopped starching her bonnets, so they say."

"Tusitala," said Floyd.

"Come again?"

"That was his title. 'Teller of Tales.' He read his stories to the Samoans."

"I'd love to know what they made of 'Weir of Hermiston.' " It was clear from Floyd's expression that he had never heard of the novel.

He said gamely, "I didn't finish it."

"That's not surprising—neither did Stevenson. Do much reading, Floyd?"

"Not a lot. We don't have electricity, and reading by candlelight is really tough."

" 'Hermiston' was written in Samoa. What if it was written by candlelight? Wouldn't it be an act of the greatest homage to the author to read it that way?"

"I figured it was pointless to read about Samoa if you live there."

"All the more reason to read it, since it's set in nineteenth-century Scotland."

"And he was a *palagi.*"

"Don't be obscure, Floyd."

"A white man."

Only in the sense that Pushkin was an octoroon or Othello a soul brother, I thought, but I resisted challenging Floyd. Indeed, his saturation in the culture had made him indifferent to the bizarre. I discovered this when I drew him out. What was the food like after it was shovelled from beneath the hot stones? On Floyd's report it was uninspired: roots, leaves, and meat, sweated together in this subterranean sauna. What kind of meat? Oh, all kinds; and with the greatest casualness he let it drop that just the week before, he had eaten a flying fox.

"On the wing?" I asked.

"They're actually bats," he said. "But they call them—"

"Do you mean to tell me that you have eaten a bat?"

"You act as if it's an endangered species," he said.

"I should think Samoans are if that's part of their diet."

"They're not bad. But they cook them whole, so they always have a strange expression on their faces when they're served."

"Doesn't surprise me a bit. Turn up their noses, do they?"

"Sort of. You can see all their teeth. I mean, the bats."

"What a stitch!"

He smiled. "You think that's interesting?"

"Floyd, it's matchless."

Encouraged, he said, "Get this—we use fish as fertilizer. Fish!"

"That's predictable enough," I said, unimpressed. "Not far from where you are now, simple folk used to put fresh fish on their vegetable gardens as fertilizer. Misguided? Maybe. Wasteful? Who knows. Such was the nature of subsistence farming on the Cape three hundred years ago. One thing, though—they knew how to preach a sermon. Your agriculturalist is so often a God-fearing man."

This cued Floyd into an excursion on Samoan Christianity, which sounded to me thoroughly homespun and basic, full of a good-natured hypocrisy that took the place of tolerance.

I said, "That would make them—what? Unitarians?"

Floyd belched again. I thanked him. He wiped his fingers on his shirtfront and said it was time for bed. He was not used to electric light: the glare was making him belch. "Besides, we always go to bed at nine."

The hammering some minutes later was Floyd rigging up the hammock in the spare room, where there was a perfectly serviceable double bed.

"We never do," I called.

FLOYD looked so dejected at breakfast, toying with his scrambled egg and sausage, that I asked him if it had gone cold. He shrugged. Everything was hunky-dory, he said in Samoan, and then translated it.

"What do you normally have for breakfast?"

"Taro."

"Is it frightfully good for you?"

"It's a root," he said.

"Imagine finding your roots in Samoa!" Seeing him darken, I added, "Carry on, Floyd. I find it all fascinating. You're my window on the world."

But Floyd shut his mouth and lapsed into silence. Later in the morning, seeing him sitting cross-legged in the parlor, I was put in mind of one of those big lugubrious animals that look so homesick behind the bars of American zoos. I knew I had to get him out of the house.

It was a mistake to take him to the supermarket, but this is hindsight; I had no way of anticipating his new fear of traffic, his horror of crowds, or the chilblains he claimed he got from air-conditioning. The acres of packaged foods depressed him, and his reaction to the fresh-fruit department was extraordinary.

"One fifty-nine!" he jeered. "In Samoa, you can get a dozen bananas for a penny. And look at that," he said, handling a whiskery coconut. "They want a buck for it!"

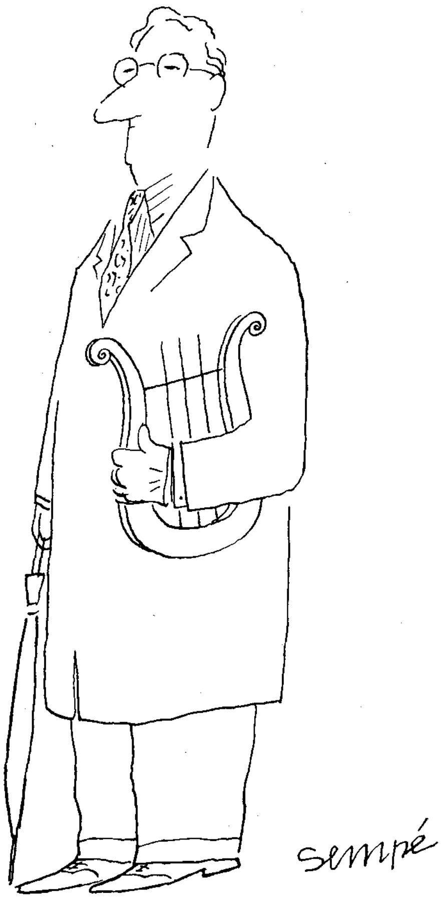
"They're not exactly in season here on the Cape, Floyd."

"I wouldn't pay a dollar for one of those."

"I had no intention of doing so."

"They're dangerous, coconuts," he mused. "They drop on your head. People have been known to be killed by them."

"Not in Barnstable County," I said, which was a pity, because I felt like aiming one at his head and calling it an act of God.



He hunched over a pyramid of oranges, examining them with distaste and saying that you could buy the whole lot for a quarter in a village market he knew somewhere in remote Savai'i. A tray of mangoes, each fruit the rich color of old meerschaum, had Floyd gasping with contempt: the label stuck to their skins said they were two dollars apiece, and he had never paid more than a nickel for one.

"These cost two cents," he said, bruising a grapefruit with his thumb, "and they literally give these away," he went on, flinging a pineapple back onto its pile. But his disbelief was nothing compared to the disbelief of shoppers, who gawped at his lavalava. Yet his indignation at the prices won these people over, and amid the crashing of carts I heard the odd shout of "Right on!"

Eventually I hauled him away, and past the canned litchis. ("They grow on trees in China, Floyd!") I became competitive. "What about split peas?" I said, leading him up and down the aisles. "Scallops? Indian pudding? Dreft? Clorox? What do you pay for dog biscuits? Look, be reasonable. What you gain on mangoes you lose on maple syrup!"

We left empty-handed. Driving back, I noticed that Floyd had become even gloomier. Perhaps he realized that it was going to be a long summer. I certainly did.

"Anything wrong, Floyd?"

He groaned. He put his head in his hands. "Aunt Freddy, I think I've got culture shock."

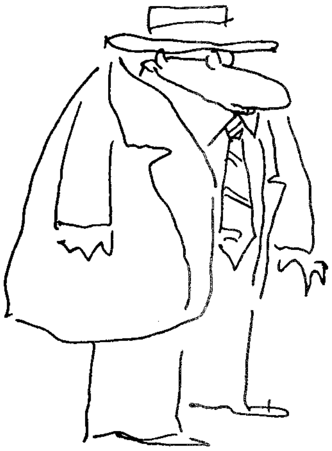
"Isn't that something you get at the other end? I mean, when the phones don't work in Nigeria or you find ants in the marmalade or the grass hut leaks?"

"Our huts never leak."

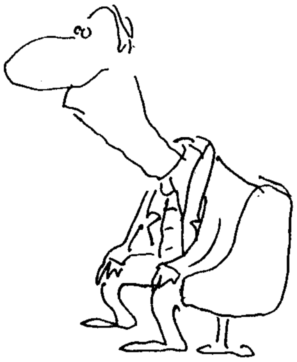
"Of course not," I said. "And look, this is only a *palagi* talking, but I have the unmistakable feeling that you would be much happier with your own family, Floyd."

We both knew which family. Mercifully, he was gone the next day, leaving nothing behind but the faint aroma of coconut oil in the hammock. He never asked where I got the price of the Hyannis-Apia airfare. He accepted it with a sort of extortionate Third Worlder's wink, saying, "That's very Samoan of you, Aunt Freddy." But I'll get it back. Fortunately, there are ways of raising money at short notice around here. —PAUL THEROUX

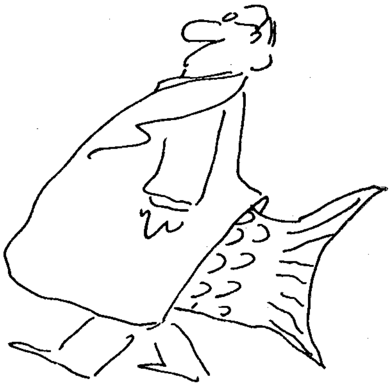
EXCESSES



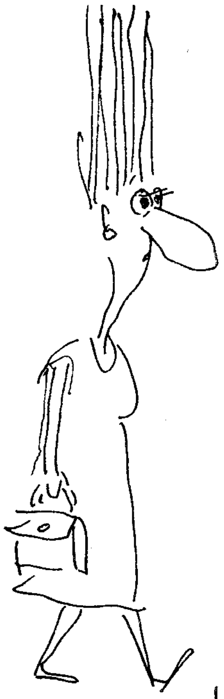
NEWS, WEATHER, AND SPORTS



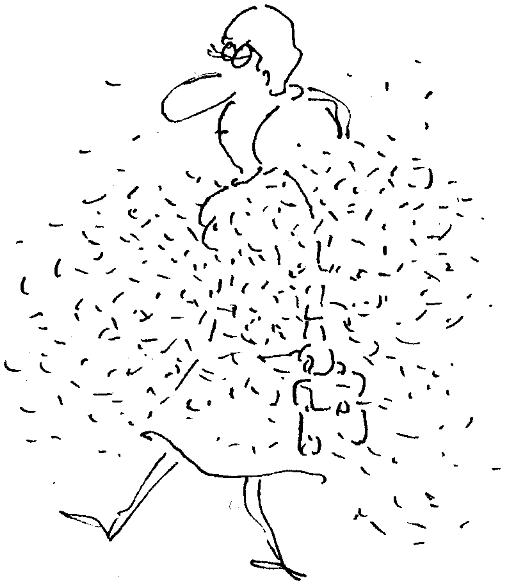
Foreign-Language Films



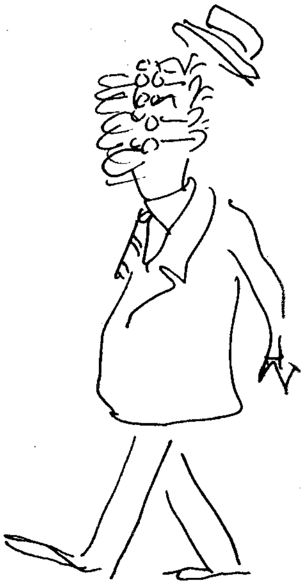
Bouillabaisse



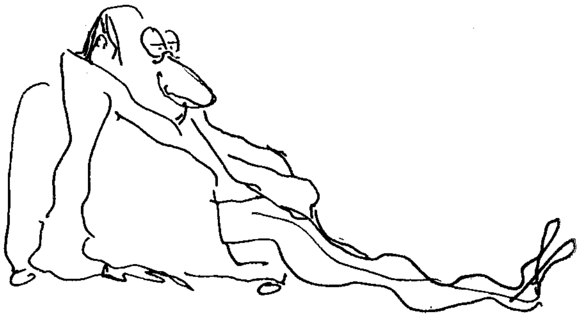
SPINE Tinglers



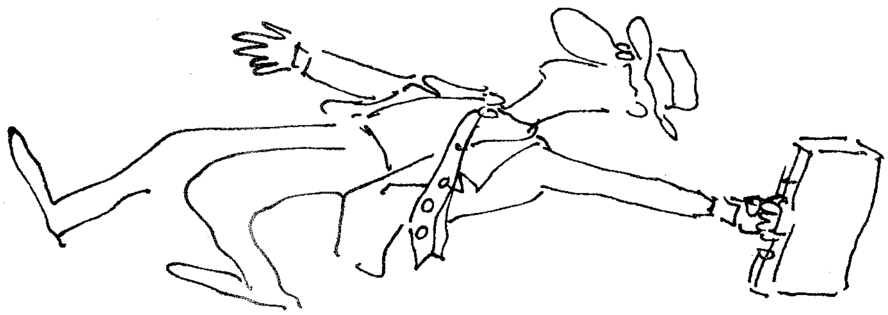
CATS



Kettledrumming



EASY Listening



Limbo

GRAVITY

MY favorite jacket was bought at L. L. Bean. It got from Maine to Atlanta, where an ex-boyfriend of mine found it at a thrift shop and bought it for my birthday. It was a little tight for him, but he was wearing it when he saw me. He said that if I had not complimented him on the jacket he would just have kept it. In the pocket I found an amyl nitrite and a Hershey's Kiss. The candy was put there deliberately.

In the eight years I've had it, I've lost all the buttons but the top one—the one I never button because nobody closes the button up under the collar. Four buttons are gone, but I can only remember how the next-to-last one disappeared: I saw it dangling but thought it would hold. Later, crouched on the floor, I said, "It stands to reason that since I haven't moved off this barstool, it has to be on the floor *right here*," drunkenly staring at the floor beneath my barstool at the Café Central.

Nick, the man I'm walking with now, couldn't possibly fit into the jacket. He wishes that I didn't fit into it, either. He hates the jacket. When I told him I was thinking about buying a winter scarf, he suggested that rattails might go with the jacket nicely. He keeps stopping at store windows, offering to buy me a heavy sweater, a coat. Nothing doing.

"I'm going crazy," Nick says to me, "and you're depressed because you've lost your buttons." We keep walking. He pokes me in the side. "Buttons might as well be marbles," he says.

"Did you ever play marbles?"

"Play marbles?" he says. "Don't you just look at them?"

"I don't think so. I think there's a game you can play with them."

"I had cigar boxes full of marbles when I was a kid. Isn't that great? I had marbles and stamps and coins and *Playboy* cutouts."

"All at the same time?"

"What do you mean?"

"The stamps didn't come before the *Playboy* pictures?"

"Same time. I used the magnifying glass with the pictures instead of the stamps."

The left side of my jacket overlaps the right, and my arms are crossed tightly in front of me, holding it closed. Nick notices and says, "It's not very cold," putting an arm around my shoulders.

He's right. It isn't. Last Friday afternoon, the doctor told me I was going to have to go to the hospital on Wednesday, the day after tomorrow, to have a test to find out if some blockage in a fallopian tube has been causing the pain in my left side, and I'm a coward. I have never believed anything in "The Bell Jar" except Esther Greenwood's paranoid idea that when you're unconscious you feel pain and later you forget that you felt it.

He's taken his arm away. I keep tight hold on my jacket with one hand and put my other hand around his wrist so he'll take his hand out of his pocket.

"Give me the hand," I say. We walk along like that.

The other buttons fell off without seeming to be loose. They came off last winter. That was when I first fell in love with Nick, and other things seemed very unimportant. I thought then that during the summer I'd sew on new buttons. It's October now, and cold. We're walking up Fifth Avenue, just a few blocks away from the hospital where I'll have the test. When he realizes it, he'll turn down a side street.

"You're not going to die," he says.

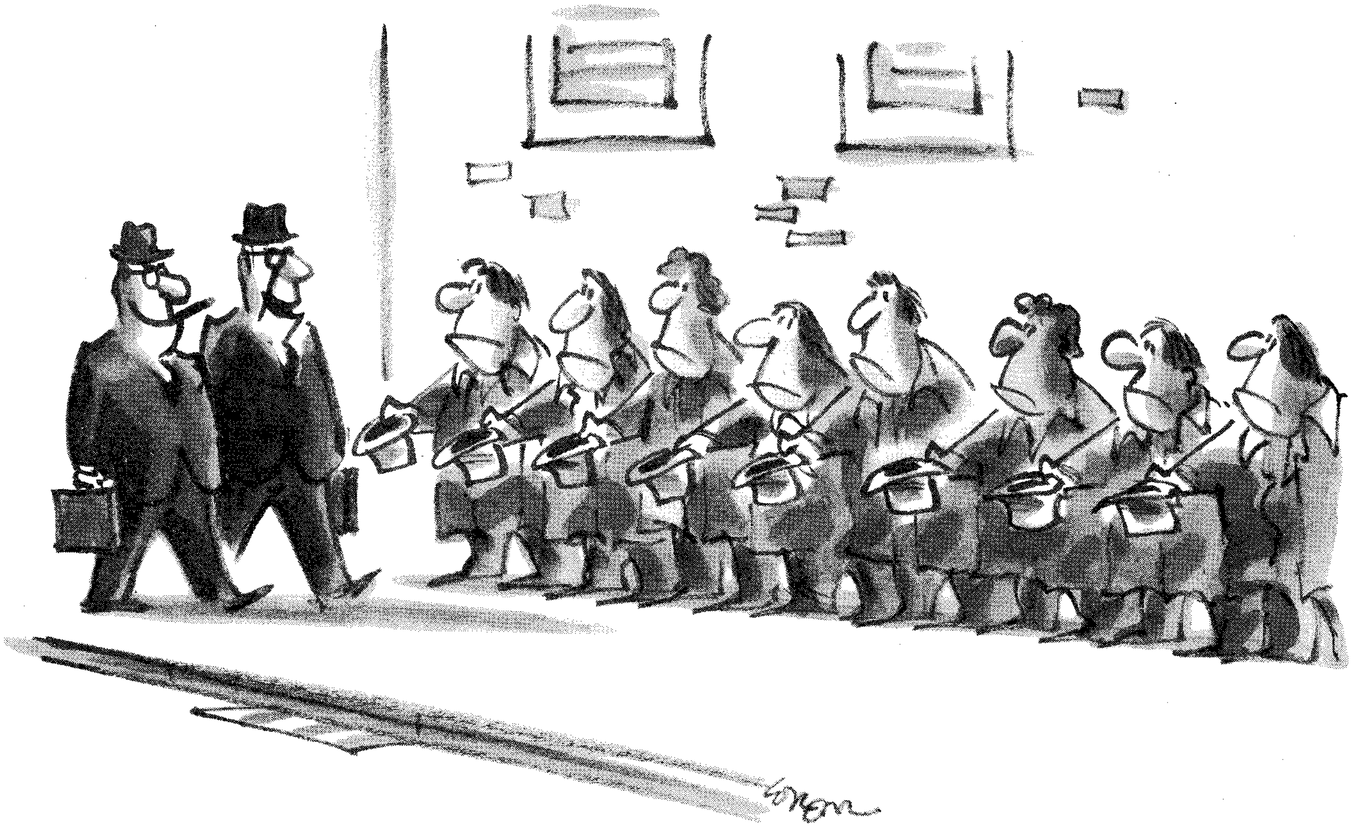
"I know," I say, "and it would be silly to be worried about anything short of dying, wouldn't it?"

"Don't take it out on me," he says, and steers me onto Ninety-sixth Street.

"At this newspaper, Gifford, we prefer to use exact quotes. Or, if we summarize what a person says, we don't summarize it as 'Ya-da-da-da-dah'!"

THERE are no stars this evening, so Nick is talking about the stars. He asks if I've ever imagined the thoughts of the first astronomer turning the powerful telescope on Saturn and seeing not only the planet but rings—smoky loops. He stops to light a cigarette.

The chrysanthemums planted down the middle



"Ah! The long-predicted recession at last."

• •

of Park Avenue are just a blur in the dark. I think of de Heem's flowers: move close to one of his paintings and you see a snail curled on the wood, and tiny insects coating the leaves. It happens sometimes when you bring flowers in from the garden—a snail that looks and feels like pus, climbing a stem.

Last Friday, Nick said, "You're not going to die." He got out of bed and moved me away from the vase of flowers. It was the day I had gone to the doctor, and then we went away to visit Martin for the weekend. (Ten years ago, when Nick started living with Barbara, Martin was their next-door neighbor on West Sixteenth Street.) Everything was lovely, the way it always is at Martin's house in the country. There was a vase of phlox and daisies in the bedroom, and when I went to smell the flowers I saw the snail and said that it looked like pus. I wasn't even repelled by it—just sorry it was there, curious enough to finger it.

"Martin's not going to know what you're crying about. Martin doesn't deserve this," Nick whispered.

When touched, the snail did not contract. Neither did it keep moving.

FACT: her name is Barbara. She is the Boulder Dam. She is small and beautiful, and she has a hold on him even though they never married, because she was there first. She is the Boulder Dam.

Last year we had Christmas at Martin's. Martin wants to think of us as a family—Nick and Martin and me. His real family is one aunt, in New Zealand. When he was a child she made thick cookies for him that never baked through. Martin's ideas are more romantic than mine. He thinks that Nick should forget Barbara and move, with me, into the house that is for sale next door. Martin, in his thermal slippers and knee-high striped socks under his white pajamas, in the kitchen brewing Sleepytime tea, saying to me, "Name me one thing more pathetic than a fag with a cold."

Barbara called, and time stretched out like Martin's joke Christmas stocking that grew endlessly as walnuts were dropped in, apples, oranges. Cold oranges after the Christmas dinner. Martin pouring champagne. Nick talking to Barbara on the phone. Martin blew out the candles, and the two of us were sitting in the dark, with Nick standing at the phone and looking over his shoulder into the suddenly darkened corner, frowning in confusion.

Standing in the kitchen later that night, Nick had said, "Martin, tell her the truth. Tell her you get depressed on Christmas and that's why you get drunk. Tell her it's not because of one short phone call from a woman you never liked."

Martin was making tea again, to sober up. His hand was over the burner, going an inch lower, half an inch more . . . "Play chicken with him," he whispered to me. "Don't you be the one who gets burned."

A LADY walks past us, wearing a blue hat with feathers that look as if they might be arrows shot into the brim by crazy Indians. She smiles sweetly. "The snakes are crawling out of Hell," she says.

In a bar, on Lexington, Nick says, "Tell me why you love me so much." Without a pause, he says, "Don't make analogies."

WHEN he is at a loss—when he is lost—he is partly lost in her. It's as though he were walking deeper and deeper into a forest, and I risked his stopping to smell some enchanted flower or his finding a pond and being drawn to it like Narcissus. From what he has told me about Barbara, I know that she is deep and cool.

Lying on the cold white paper on the doctor's examining table, I tried to concentrate not on what he was doing but on a screw holding one of the four corners of the flat, white ceiling light.

As a child, I got lost in the woods

once. I had a dandelion with me, and I used it, hopelessly, like a flashlight, the yellow center my imaginary beam. My parents, who might have saved me, were drunk at a back-yard party as I kept walking the wrong way, away from the houses I might have seen. I walked slower and slower, being afraid.

Nick makes a lot of that. He thinks I am lost in my life. "All right," I say as he nudges me to walk faster. "*Everything's* symbolic."

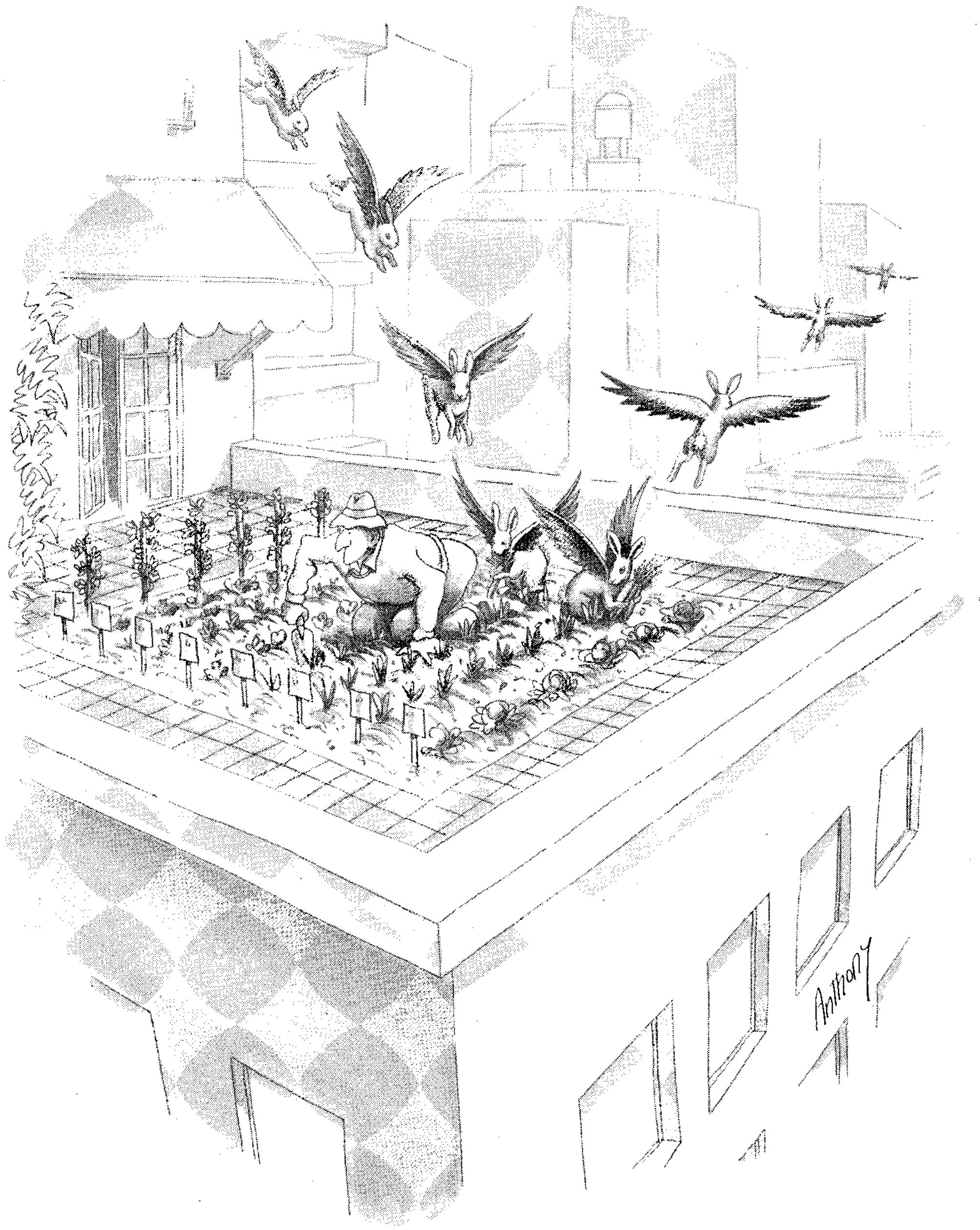
"How can you put me down when you make similes about everything?"

"I do not," I say. "The way you talk makes me want to put out my knuckles to be beaten. You're as critical as a teacher."

THE walk is over. He's even done what I wanted: walked the thirty blocks to her apartment, instead of taking a cab, and if she's anxious and looking out the window, he's walked right up to the door with me, and she'll see it all—even the kiss.

It amazes him that at the same time variations of what happens to Barbara happen to me. She had her hair cut the same day I got mine trimmed. When I went to the dentist and he told me my gums were receding slightly, I hoped she'd outdo me by growing fangs. Instead, when my side started to hurt she got much worse pains. Now she's slowly getting better, back at the apartment after a spinal-fusion operation, and he's staying with her again.

Autumn, 1979. On the walk we saw one couple kissing, three people walking dogs, one couple arguing, and a cabdriver parked in front of a drugstore, changing from a denim jacket to black leather. He pulls on a leather cap, throwing the jacket into the back seat and driving away, making a U-turn on Park Avenue, headed downtown. One man looked at me as if he'd just found me standing behind the counter of a kissing booth, and one woman gave Nick such a come-on look that it made him laugh before she was even out of earshot.



"I can't stand it," Nick says.

He doesn't mean the craziness of New York.

HE opens the outside door with his key, after the kiss, and for a minute we're squeezed together in the space between locked doors. I've called it jail. A coffin. Two astronauts, strapped in on their way to the moon. I've stood there and felt, more than once, the lightness of a person who isn't being kept in place by gravity, but my weightlessness has been from sadness and fear.

Barbara is upstairs, waiting, and Nick doesn't know what to say. I don't. Finally, to break the silence, he pulls me to him. He tells me that when I asked for his hand earlier, I called it "the hand."

His right hand is extended, fingers on the bone between my breasts. I look down for a second, the way a surgeon must have a moment of doubt, or even a moment of confidence, looking at the translucent, skin-tight rubber glove: his hand and not his hand, about to do something important or not important at all.

"*Anybody* else would have said 'your hand,'" Nick says. "When you said it that way, it made it sound as if my hand was disembodied." He strokes my jacket. "You've got your security blanket. Let me keep all the parts together. On the outside, at least."

Disembodied, that hand would be a symbol from Magritte: a castle on a rock, floating over the ocean; a green apple without a tree.

Alone, I'd know it anywhere.

—ANN BEATTIE

●

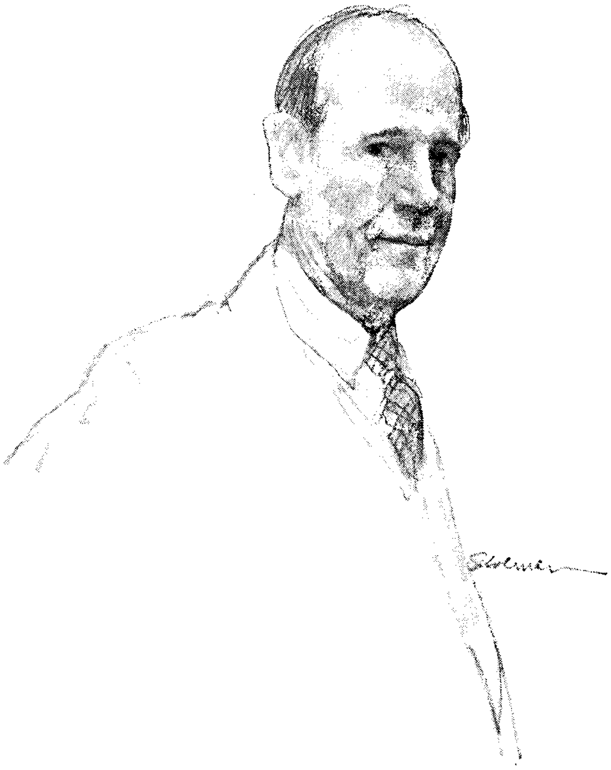
THE GREAT LIGHT WAY

In this workshop Mr. Goure will go into *how to* attain super consciousness and how to understand your total being including Astral, Soul, Mastership, Creator, etc. There will be given an understanding of male-female balance and a look into the *Tree of Life.* There will also be a complete how to and demonstrations of New Age Sex. Each participant should bring a pen and notebook to be able to capture and retain the important points that will be covered.—*Spring Program of the Yes Educational Society, Washington, D.C.*

We'll be there, notebook in hand.

PROFILES

EYE OF THE STORM—I



David Dunlop Newsom

SHORTLY before three o'clock in the morning of last November 4th, a Sunday, David Dunlop Newsom, the United States Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs, was awakened at his home, in the Cleveland Park area of Washington, by a telephone call from the duty officer at the Department of State's Operations Center, which handles cable and telephone messages from our diplomatic offices abroad. Newsom, who had gone to bed early the night before, looking forward to what he hoped would be a day off—only his second in more than two months—was informed that Elizabeth Ann Swift, the Deputy Political Counsellor at the American Embassy in Teheran, had just telephoned the news that the Embassy was under siege by a large mob of demonstrators screaming anti-American slogans, and that several hundred of them had entered the chancery—the main building—after climbing the wall of the Embassy compound and removing bars from a basement window. Newsom hurriedly got dressed and drove to the Department, and there, from the Operations Center, directly across a corridor from his own office, he talked to Miss Swift. She, along with about sixty other Americans—officers and employees of the Embassy—and five foreign workers, had taken refuge two hours earlier on the second floor of the chancery, a two-story structure that is the largest among more than a dozen in the compound, which is roughly the size of ten city blocks. He learned that the Embassy security officer, who had gone outside to try to negotiate with the attackers, and four Marine guards, who had been unable to disperse the mob with tear gas, were being held hostage. (The Marines did not try to use their sidearms, and most of their other riot-control weapons, including shotguns, were under lock and key in the chancery; the policy of the State Department is not to employ firearms to defend an embassy under attack but only to hold off the attackers, primarily with tear gas, long enough to permit the destruction of documents.) Three top-ranking members of the Embassy staff, including L. Bruce Laingen, the chargé d'affaires, had been on their way to the Embassy from the Foreign Ministry, a few blocks away, when the attack began, at about 10:30 A.M. Teheran time, and all three had now returned to the Foreign Ministry. Both Laingen and Miss Swift had telephoned the office of Foreign Minister Ibrahim Yazdi, who, with Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan, had just returned from a trip to Algeria. The Americans had received previous promises from the Iranians that, in the event of an emergency, security forces would immediately be dispatched to the Embassy. But none had arrived to reinforce or replace fifteen local-police guards, who had been on duty but had now melted into a gathering crowd of three or four thousand.

Two hours later, after the attackers—a number of whom were armed—had tried to set fire to the chancery, they surged onto the second floor and took most of the remaining Americans and the foreign employees hostage. An hour after that, a last group of eleven Americans, who had locked themselves in a vault and had been busy destroying as many classified documents and secret codes as they could, surrendered, and just before 5 A.M. Washington time the telephone connection between the Operations Center and Miss Swift went dead. By then, however, two other lines—one to Laingen, at the Iranian Foreign Ministry, and the other to Kathryn Koob, a cultural affairs officer at the International Communications Agency, three miles from the Embassy—had been set up. In Washington, Newsom had by then been joined by several other ranking members of the Department, including Ben Read, the Under-Secretary for Management, and Harold Saunders, the Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs. At five o'clock, Secretary of State Cyrus R. Vance, who had returned home only nine hours earlier from a trip to Korea, was told over the phone what was taking place. At six-thirty, Newsom went home, but only for a shower and breakfast; he returned to the Department about nine. He was on the telephone to Laingen and Miss Koob much of the day, and at one point Laingen, who, in what amounted to protective custody, was sitting in an office near that of Minister Yazdi, quoted Yazdi as saying, "We hope to have all of them out by morning." Newsom went home for dinner, and then returned once more to the Department, where he stayed until midnight to take charge of the first shift of a hastily reactivated Iran Working Group, or task force, that had initially been established a year before to deal with the critical situation in Iran and had been inactive since April.

OVER the subsequent months of abortive attempts to obtain the release of the hostages, and as new efforts were begun to find a solution, Newsom has devoted much of his time to the Iranian crisis, which is unique in the history of American diplomacy, and which he and other veteran Foreign Service Officers regard as the most difficult challenge they have ever confronted. It has also proved to be one of

FROM MELVILLE'S STUDY

(At Arrowhead Farm, on the Outskirts of Pittsfield)

Between these windows and the sprawl of Mount Greylock,
The whale-backed, snowy bulk of Mount Greylock,
Certain fence rows suggest certain words
Across the early-spring fields.
It may be necessary to lower a boat
To row out to retrieve those words,
And after our trip back, along the soggy roads
Between here and Pittsfield, between here and the unattainable whale,
To hammer together a legend or two.
Else
    What are we doing here?
What are we doing in these bleak
Barren New England pastures,
With the rest of the fields of the country
Stretching westward, and the pastures of the sea
Stretching beyond forever?

—William Knapp

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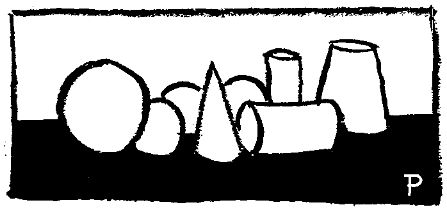
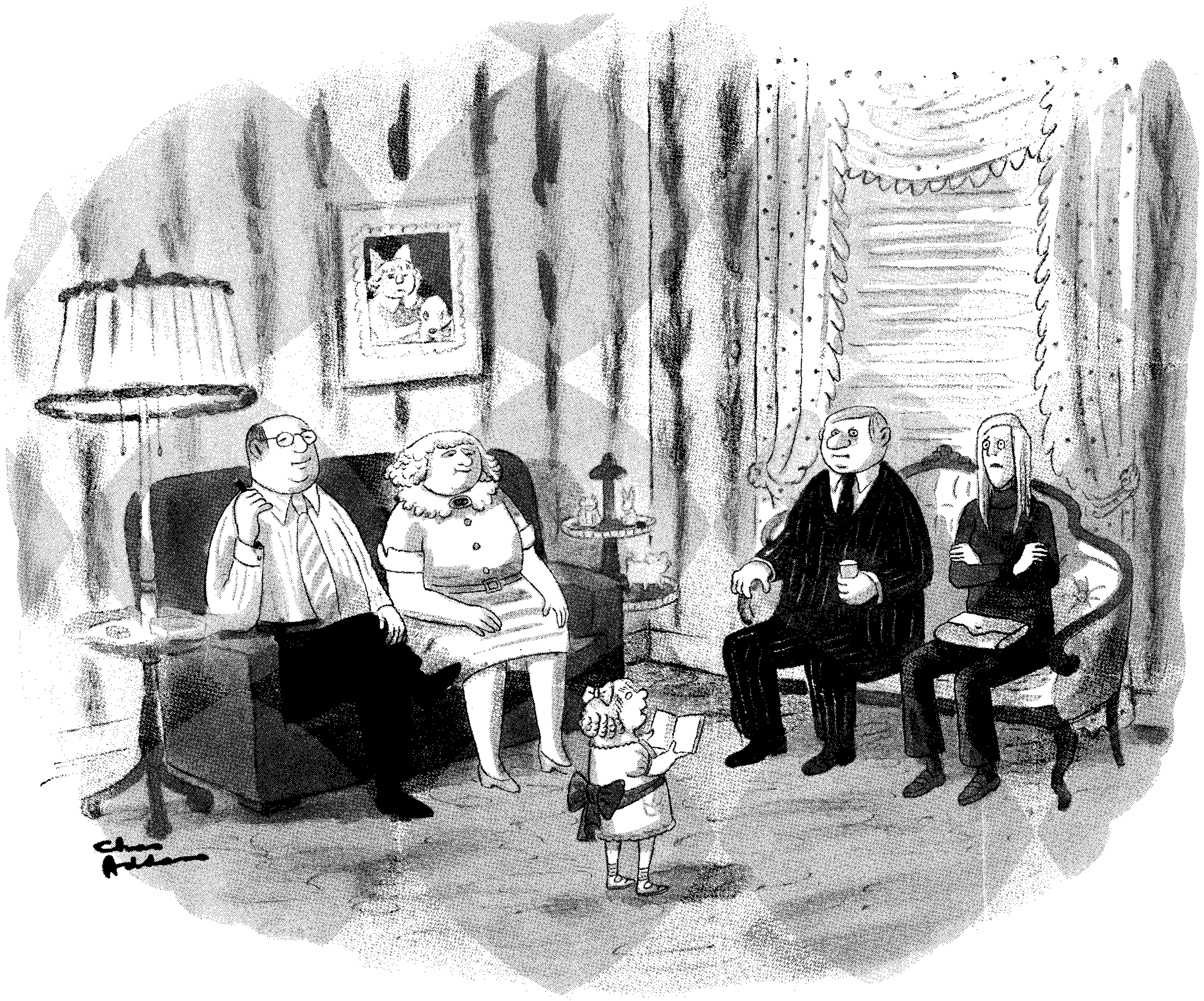
the most anguishing and agonizing experiences that the nation has ever suffered, and its ramifications and its aftermath, including inevitable congressional investigations into how and why the crisis took place and how it has been handled by the State Department, the Pentagon, and the White House, are likely to have far-reaching effects on the character and conduct of American foreign policy, which have been subject to increasing criticism.

What made the Iranian situation so difficult to contend with from the outset was chiefly the discordant nature of the revolution that followed the overthrow of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, who left his country in mid-January, 1979, and, after taking refuge, successively, in Egypt, Morocco, the Bahamas, and Mexico, was admitted to the United States on October 22nd for emergency medical treatment, which continued until December 15th; then, in accordance with arrangements made by the Department and the White House, he left for Panama, where he remained until March 23rd. He then returned to Egypt for further treatment and surgery, and probably to stay. The Shah's nearly two months' presence in this country, first in a New York hospital and then in one in Texas, brought to a head the anger of the Iranians against the United States, which had restored him to Iran's Peacock Throne in 1953, in a coup engineered in part by the Central Intelligence Agency, and which, through seven Presidential Administrations, had solidly supported him, militarily and otherwise, as our most dependable Middle East ally. The seizure of the Embassy and the hostages, which was followed by a demand from the captors—apparently consisting mostly of well-organized militant Islamic university students—that the Shah be returned to face trial in Iran, could conceivably have taken place even if he had not been allowed into the United States, but it is doubtful whether in that event the crisis would have been so emotional or would have gone on so long. During the two weeks between the Shah's arrival in New York and the Embassy attack, anti-American feelings in Iran rose strongly, being repeatedly stirred up by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the eccentric, xenophobic, but politically shrewd seventy-nine-year-old Muslim zealot who was leading the revolution; he now declared that "all our problems come from America" and that "it is, therefore, up to the dear pupils, students, and theological students to expand with all their might their attacks against the United States and Israel, so they may force the United States to return the deposed and criminal Shah." In an interview in the compound of the Embassy the day after the seizure, one of the student leaders told a reporter that the attack had been planned for ten days, explaining, "The need to do something was felt more than ever, which is quite evident in the speeches of the Imam [Ayatollah Khomeini] in the past week or couple of weeks." He added that after a message from Khomeini on the morning of November 4th "the Muslim student believers in the way of the Imam decided . . . to take a revolutionary step in the right channel; that is to say, against America and its interests and in the interests of the oppressed masses of society."

For Newsom and other government officials who had concentrated on the Iranian problem since the revolution broke out, in the summer and fall of 1978, the Shah was the troublesome main protagonist of the convoluted drama; but deciding what to do about him and determining what sort of formula could be devised to satisfy the Iranians' current demand for some retributive action or procedure against him constituted only one part of their concern. Some of them felt that it should have been the major part, but the primary source of their frustration, which many observers came to believe had been invited by allowing the Shah to enter this country, was their so far unavailing effort to obtain swift release of the hostages. As the weeks went by, their almost obsessive actions assumed a Kafkaesque pattern, because of the maddening inability to establish contact with anyone in the Iranian government who had the power to negotiate or who could, in a larger sense, serve as a channel through which the United States might preserve some sort of workable relationship with Iran. The principal figures involved were the Ayatollah himself, who remained blindly obdurate in his hatred of the Americans, blaming them for a multitude of sins on the basis of their long support of the Shah; and the hostages' captors, who were even more vitriolically anti-American and almost equally unapproachable for purposes of negotiation. In time, it became apparent that Khomeini and the captors were not only dependent upon each other but were using each other for their own separate political purposes, over and above their paramount xenophobia, and in this sense were hostage to each other. Between them were the Revolutionary Council—dominated by the clergy—and members of the Iranian bureaucracy, some of whom also sat on the council; but they, too, were all but inaccessible to the American officials. Consequently, the State Department and the White House had to improvise constantly, seeking friendly third parties—foreign diplomats, for instance, and United Nations officials, and private individuals with special access to Iranians—who might have some influence over the country's amorphous leadership or could at least relay messages between Washington and Teheran. To make things more difficult, government officials under Khomeini—





“‘Il Penseroso,’ by John Milton.”

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and particularly whoever held the office of Foreign Minister—were regularly replaced, and no one of them seemed to be sufficiently independent either of the embittered and remote Ayatollah or of the students and their leaders; unable to render decisions, these secular officials were incapable of keeping avenues open for discussion that might have provided a solution. In addition, Iran, as it sought to define and consolidate its disparate and often uncontrollable revolution and set its economic house in order, was undergoing an intense internal struggle over the concept and the content of its new Islamic constitution, while a series of tribal rebellions and separatist threats nurtured by long-standing religious and regional grievances was contributing to the growing chaos.

The prolonged Iranian crisis has had repercussions throughout the Muslim world, much of which was already in a state of turbulence. Among the continuing factors involved in this turbulence were a widespread emotional reaction against the Western powers, especially the United States, and a deepening, though often inchoate, religious and ideological contest involving various Islamic groups and forces, among them fundamentalist religious elements—exemplified by Khomeini, with his determination to create an Islamic state—and more up-to-date leaders, favoring less strict codes of conduct and a more lenient approach to secular authority. As producers of a large share of the world’s oil, whose price they continually raised, the Muslim nations of the Middle East maintained a degree of economic leverage over the West and over Japan—a leverage that members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, or OPEC, used as a political weapon. The intense, interwoven conflicts in the Middle East, including the still unresolved Arab-Israeli conflict and sporadic religious and civil violence in Lebanon, created conditions of instability that by late 1979 had spread to the Horn of Africa and then to South Asia. There Afghanistan fell into the throes of an Islamic revolt that threatened to spill over into neighboring Pakistan, and just after Christmas—when the impasse over the hostages in Iran was in its eighth week—this rebellion led the Soviet Union to dispatch the first of almost a hundred thousand troops across the Russian-Afghan border, in the most blatant Soviet military action since the 1968 move to counter a liberalization movement in Czechoslovakia. Although Afghanistan was already under some degree of Russian influence, the invasion, in fact, marked

"I used to be into truth, beauty, and art, but now I'm into mileage."

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the first armed Soviet assault on an ostensibly independent nation since 1945, and it had a shock effect in both Pakistan and Iran—areas historically regarded in the West as targets of the Russians in their search for a warm-water port. More than any episode except the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 and the Cold War crisis in Berlin in 1948, when the Russians blockaded the city and the Americans, aided by the British, responded with a huge airlift, the Soviet attack on Afghanistan heightened geopolitical tensions between the two big powers. It diminished, at least temporarily, the already dubious prospect of détente and the chances for ratification of the SALT II agreement, and created the likelihood of a stepped-up arms race that could include most of the European nations, China, and Japan as well as the United States and Russia.

IN attempting to deal with these complex, interrelated matters, the United States found itself in a situation in which the freeing of the hostages was only one motif in a delicate tapestry of diplomacy. By dispatching two carrier task forces, ultimately totalling thirty-eight ships, to the Indian Ocean and the Arabian Sea; by hastily beginning a search for new base facilities in the area; by freezing Iran's assets and imposing limited sanctions and a trade embargo—hesitantly endorsed by our allies—against the Iranians; and by seeking to isolate Iran further by getting as many other countries as possible, including Muslim countries and other members of the Third World, and also the International Court of Justice, to denounce the seizure of the hostages as a gross violation of international law—by taking all these steps, Washington reacted resolutely to the Iranian crisis, yet its sense of helplessness only increased. Over a period of several months, President Carter succeeded in obtaining a degree of national unity that had perhaps not been equalled since the attack on Pearl Harbor, in December of 1941, and that had certainly been absent throughout the Vietnam War and the post-Vietnam period. But the longer the hostages were held, and the more apparent it became that the fanatic anti-American manipulators of the crisis—particularly Khomeini and the militant student captors—were operating not only out of an emotional frenzy of their own, induced by what may be aberrant judgments, beliefs, and values, but also out of a hard, cold logic based on their revolutionary anger and their determination to seek revenge for past American sins of omission and commission, the harder it became for the United States to figure out what to do next. As the gap in comprehension widened, as anti-American activity was stepped up in a number of other Muslim countries, with our Embassies in Pakistan and Libya attacked, and the former destroyed by fire, and as the Russians responded to the fundamentalist Muslim challenge in their own way with the invasion of Afghanistan, the patience of the public and of the Carter Administration grew ever thinner. In an election year, the matter of the hostages inevitably became a political issue, and President Carter and all the people working with him to resolve the problem, including those at the State Department concerned with Iran, began to be assailed in some circles for not taking tougher measures to free the hostages, such as the establishment of a naval blockade of Iranian ports. Meanwhile, unknown to the public, the Pentagon had from the outset been working on plans to seize the Embassy by force in a commando operation, and the President, becoming increasingly desperate as the diplomatic options waned, was veering more and more to such a possible solution, whatever its risks. These, as it turned out after the raid had been attempted and had failed, included the resignation of Secretary Vance.

As the Soviet attack on Afghanistan provoked a strong worldwide response—including an overwhelming vote of condemnation in the General Assembly of the United Nations, the curtailment by the United States and its allies of grain shipments and of the transfer of technology to Russia, and the limiting of diplomatic representation and cultural contacts with the Soviet Union—the crisis in Iran took on an added seriousness in the growing atmosphere of a new Cold War. Washington buzzed with new strategies and concepts to meet the threat—the nature and circumstances of which were in most respects quite different from those of the Cold War that had continued through the late forties and the early fifties. Then the lines had been sharply drawn, both in Europe and in East Asia, and the challenges had been clearly defined. Now the condition of the world was, by comparison, indeterminate and unsettled, defying resolution. The number of nations had almost trebled, and most of the newer and weaker ones were undergoing internal trials that in many instances provoked revolutions and counter-revolutions, whose effects caused fervid nationalistic and religious emotions to spread across borders and stimulated friction among the larger powers—powers that no longer maintained ascendancy over their former colonial areas but could still intervene

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"Your point is well taken. It's rotten, but it's well taken."

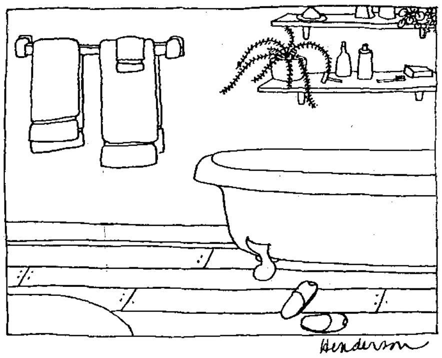
with weapons and money to protect or promote their own interests. Such small entities as North and South Yemen, in the Arabian Peninsula, and Cambodia, in Southeast Asia, became proxy arenas, adumbrating a larger threat of war. The spillover effects from one region of violence to another increased, in southern Africa as well as in the Middle East and in Southeast Asia. Mercenaries, armed tribal separatists, and guerrilla partisans, motivated by a variety of passions and politics, and either being utilized by neighbor nations for their own protective or opportunistic purposes or acting as surrogates of the major powers, played important roles in the expansion and overlapping of arcs of conflict. The big powers, impelled in part by their desire to obtain influence in the Third World and to build up their own alliances, responded to the growing violence and anarchy in ways that brought them closer to confrontation with each other. The Russian decision to attack Afghanistan must have been taken with full awareness that the action risked arousing the opprobrium of nearly all other nations, including some of those which the Soviet Union had most assiduously cultivated. Washington responded quickly—too quickly, some observers felt—by offering Afghanistan's neighbor Pakistan fresh supplies of arms, though this move required special legislation to circumvent an embargo that President Carter had placed on such assistance in April, 1979, when it was discovered that the Pakistanis were engaged in activities that seemed about to result in the explosion of a "nuclear device." Pakistan at first welcomed but then rejected the new offer of aid, because it was seriously concerned about the effect that American aid would have not only on Russia but also on India. For diplomats in the State Department, it became more difficult than ever to formulate decisive policies while avoiding a larger conflict in the Middle East and on the Indian subcontinent. The need for careful, clear diplomacy was greater than it had been at any other time since the end of the Second World War, but, unfortunately, this kind of diplomacy often seemed to be inhibited by divided responsibilities and a lack of cohesion in the cumbersome American policymaking machinery.

As the Political Under-Secretary, which is the highest-ranking State Department post normally held by a Foreign Service Officer, David Newsom, who is sixty-two years old and is tall and thin, with a schoolmasterish look that belies a lively humor, has a reputation for remaining calm and collected during a crisis. His job includes advising the Secretary of State and the Deputy Secretary on the full range of foreign affairs and foreign issues that affect American interests. This entails alerting the Secretary to situations or events that are likely to require his special attention, and collecting the necessary background information from the sixteen functional bureaus within the Department, and from other sources in the United States and abroad. It is in Newsom's office, where four assistants and four secretaries are ordinarily on rotating duty for fourteen hours a day seven days a week, that all important incoming cables and intelligence and other reports, from every part of the world, are received and read. After meeting with the Secretary and the Deputy Secretary each morning to consult on what is happening and obtain instructions concerning the action to be taken—action that has often been determined on the basis of Newsom's judgment—the Political Under-Secretary lays out his schedule for the day, during which he works closely with the Department's fourteen assistant secretaries and with the bureau chiefs in collecting whatever further facts he needs. Frequently, Newsom establishes the mechanism for handling a critical situation—as he did, for example, in the case of the government's initial mediation efforts in Nicaragua; in the case of the discovery by satellite of a Russian brigade on maneuvers in Cuba; and in the creation of a new special office for handling refugee matters. Sometimes he takes charge of a continuing crisis for as long as is necessary, as he has done with Iran. He also directly supervises the operations of the geographic bureaus and of two of the largest functional ones—the Bureau of Intelligence and Research and the Bureau of International Organizations—and resolves any disputes involving them and certain other bureaus, such as those that deal with humanitarian matters, with politico-military problems, and with economic affairs. As the senior Foreign Service Officer, he oversees the Department's personnel system and its manifold problems, including such difficult matters as foreign-service morale and affirmative action involving the recruiting and placement and promotion of blacks and other minorities. He participates in the appointment of ambassadors, assistant secretaries, and their deputies. Finally, it is part of his responsibility to meet a steady stream of visitors, including resident ambassadors; to maintain close association with influential congressmen, before whose committees he frequently testifies; and to represent the Department at some of the White House meetings of the Policy Review Committee and the Special Coördinating Committee—important interdepartmental groups that are summoned whenever they are needed to help make and execute foreign policy. Throughout the Iran crisis, the S.C.C. has met almost every day, to deal with that and other critical situations, and Newsom has been at the White House for two hours most mornings and has sometimes gone back in the afternoon.

Several times a year, Newsom is likely to travel abroad on a trouble-shooting or fact-finding mission of one kind or another. In July of 1978, he visited Teheran and talked to the Shah, who had spoken of his plans to "liberalize" his regime and to hold elections, even if they caused trouble—because, Newsom later quoted him as saying, "I want to pass on a modern political as well as technological state to my heir." While Newsom had found heightened tensions in Teheran, he had felt that the Shah was still a very strong force in the country, and John Forbes, a staff assistant who was along on the trip, afterward remarked, "The Shah seemed to be genuine to us, and that was the American assessment at the time—no one realized the dedication of his opponents, how much the man was hated, and how much he had lost touch with the situation in Iran." Newsom and Forbes had stayed in Teheran for three days, talking to other government officials, and on that same trip they had spent several days in Pakistan, a day in India, and a day in Afghanistan; in fact, they were the first official American visitors to Kabul, the Afghan capital, since the left-wing coup the previous April, which resulted in the murder of President Mohammed Daud, and had brought to power the pro-Soviet regime of Nur Mohammed Taraki. Last September, Taraki, in his turn, was overthrown in a coup led by his Prime Minister, Hafizullah Amin, who proved too independent to suit the Russians and was himself overthrown and killed in yet another coup, late in December, in the course of the Soviet invasion, which was followed by the installation as President of the more pliant former Deputy Prime Minister, Babrak Karmal, who, in effect, is a Soviet puppet.

AFTER returning to Washington from his trip abroad in the summer of 1978, Newsom had dealt regularly with the shifting situation in Afghanistan as well as with the unravelling one in Iran. On February 14, 1979, at almost the same hour of the morning at which he was awakened nine months later with the news of the seizure of the Embassy in Teheran, he got a call from the Operations Center informing him that a cable received from the American Embassy in Kabul contained the startling news that Ambassador Adolph Dubs had been abducted in his car and was being held hostage in a downtown hotel by unknown kidnappers. When Newsom was told that Anthony Quainton, the director of the Department's Office for Combatting Terrorism, was on his way to the center, he asked that Quainton call him as soon as possible. About half an hour later, however, the duty officer called back to say not only that the Dubs situation looked worse but that there was further trouble—the Embassy in Teheran was under terrorist attack, and the sound of gunfire had been heard over the phone. Newsom dressed and drove to the Department, and just as he arrived at the Operations Center a telephone call from Teheran informed him that about two hundred terrorists, believed to be left-wing guerrillas, were coming over the wall of the Embassy compound and attacking the chancery. A few minutes later, the phone connection to Teheran went dead, but after eight minutes a call was received from the United States Military Command in Europe reporting that the Teheran Embassy had been occupied by terrorists.

Several minutes after that, over a weak phone connection that had been established with Kabul, word came that Ambassador Dubs had been shot and killed. Newsom recently said of that hectic night, "There were no details yet about the murder of Dubs, and after three o'clock we mostly tried to establish contact with Teheran through the Embassies of various other nations, including the British, French, German, and Swedish. We phoned their Embassies here in Washington with urgent requests for them to ask Teheran for news about what was happening to the Americans. We also got in touch with newspapers and news agencies and with ham radio operators and asked their help. While we were doing this, our Embassy in Kuwait telephoned to say that it was in contact with Teheran, where some of our people had locked themselves in the communications vault, and for several hours Kuwait provided the only way we could find out what was happening in Iran." Through a conference call, contact was also maintained with the White House situation room and with the Pentagon, which, at five o'clock in the morning, passed along a message from the United States Military Assistance Advisory Group in Kermanshah, Iran, that armed forces supporting Ayatollah Khomeini had gained control of the Embassy in Teheran from the leftist terrorists, but there was still no word about the Americans in the chancery. A few minutes later, President Carter called the center; William Rope, who is in charge of it, briefed the President; and the President then spoke with Secretary Vance, who had arrived at the center not long after Newsom. Shortly after seven on that unromantic St. Valentine's Day morning, the center got word through Kuwait that the Embassy personnel in Iran were safe in the compound. Vance, Newsom, and other officials who had been anxiously hovering around the telephones and telex machines thereupon went home, but both Newsom and Vance came back two hours later to take up a regular day's work.



A FEW days after the unsettling events of that February 14th, I made the first of more than a dozen trips to Washington to watch Newsom at work and get a fresh view, after spending many years abroad, of the complicated foreign-policymaking process here at home. Though the Iranian situation was to dominate Newsom's attention—and, consequently, mine—over the ensuing months, he was engaged in a multitude of other matters as well, including revolutions in Africa and in South and Central America, arrangements concerning Indo-Chinese refugees, and events and situations elsewhere in South Asia. Newsom had arranged for me to be given a security clearance that allowed me to sit in on some of the meetings he conducted and to read many of the classified papers that crossed his desk, and when I arrived at his office the first day Richard Jackson, one of

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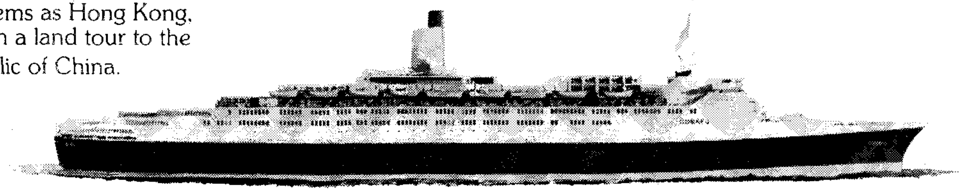

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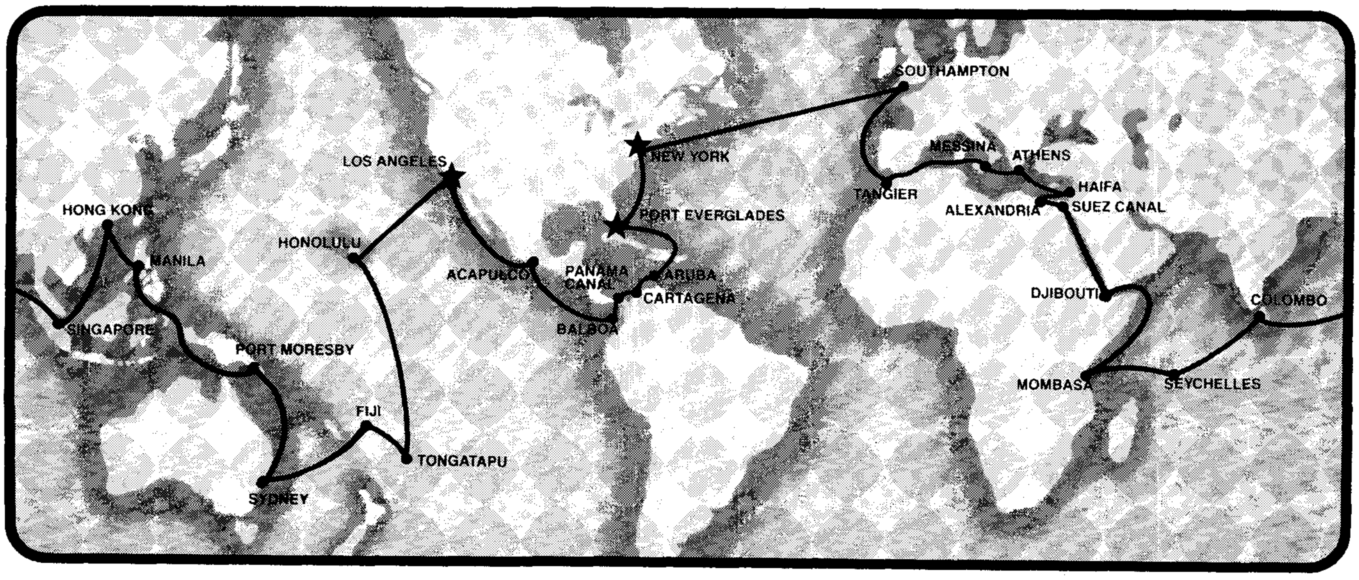

the staff assistants, handed me a huge pile of material and suggested that I browse through it in order to acquaint myself with what was going on in the world at the moment.

One of the first messages I read dealt at length with the murder of Ambassador Dubs. Signed by J. Bruce Amstutz, Dubs' deputy, it gave a chronological account of the killing, telling how American officials in Kabul had been unable to prevent the Afghan police and their Soviet advisers from making an assault on the room in the Hotel Kabul where Dubs was held, and engaging in a shootout with four terrorists who had stopped Dubs' car at 8:45 A.M. Kabul time and had directed his chauffeur to drive to the hotel. American officials had tried to persuade the Afghans and the Russians—who had quickly appeared on the scene—to negotiate with the terrorists, who wanted one of their leaders in prison to be released. Amstutz recounted how the Americans had vainly pleaded with the Afghan police and with a Soviet security officer to do nothing until word was received from Washington about how to proceed. (The United States government's general policy on dealing with terrorists, including hijackers as well as kidnappers, is not to accede to their demands but to negotiate as cautiously as possible.) At 12:50 P.M., however, a quarter of an hour before the time that the Afghans and the Russians believed the terrorists to have set as their deadline, the attack began. Just before members of the Afghan police who had stationed themselves outside the hotel room and in the street opened fire, said Amstutz, three Soviet advisers appeared on a balcony opposite the hotel and gave hand signals to the police snipers below. The firing of automatic weapons and rifles had lasted just forty seconds when the same Russians signalled for it to end. When the Americans entered the hotel room, they found Dubs' body, with multiple bullet holes in it, lying next to a wardrobe. Two of the four terrorists who had seized him were also dead; another was arrested and later shot; and the fourth died in a hospital.

The killing of Dubs, who was a Russian expert and was among the most popular and respected American diplomats, was the fifth murder of an American ambassador by terrorists in the nineteen-seventies. Newsom afterward told me that while the Americans did not want to accuse the Russians of "responsibility or complicity" in the Dubs murder, the government felt that the Soviet advisers in Kabul had "not been helpful" in trying to avoid it. He said that Deputy Secretary Warren Christopher had made a diplomatic protest to this effect to the Soviet Ambassador in Washington, Anatoly Dobrynin, and that Dobrynin, while denying any responsibility, had expressed condolences. Eventually, in reply to a demarche by Christopher requesting a full accounting of the role that the Soviet advisers in Kabul had played in the attack, Dobrynin denied they had played any role or that they bore any responsibility for the death, and labelled the American assertions "groundless." Soviet advisers, he said, were present at the scene solely to evacuate Russian citizens who were staying at the hotel. He pointed out that the Afghans had denied taking any advice from the Russians, and had assumed full responsibility for the killing, which they said had resulted from "actions of the enemies of the people of Afghanistan."

During my first day in Newsom's office, the question of our future relationship with Afghanistan came up in telephone conversations that Newsom had with David Aaron, who is Deputy Assistant for National Security Affairs at the White House. Newsom and Aaron, a onetime Foreign Service Officer himself, have established a close working relationship that bridges some of the differences and reduces some of the tensions that arise between the State Department and the National Security Council, headed by Zbigniew Brzezinski. As a rule, the Department sees matters in the context of the sensitivities and limitations of diplomacy, while the advisers in the White House, having an eye to the domestic scene as well, see a need for more clearly visible action. Yet the Department, though it generally acts with care and caution, believing that its members should not be "seized with" every issue, as diplomats are wont to say, has on occasion adopted a bolder and tougher position than that of the White House.

On the question of Dubs' murder in Afghanistan, the White House and the Department agreed that while the Russians appeared to be culpable there was little prospect that they would acknowledge culpability. What remained was the question of how to handle the American bilateral aid program for Afghanistan, which during fiscal 1979 amounted to fourteen million eight hundred thousand dollars—considerably less than what the Russians had pledged to the Afghan regime.

When Aaron telephoned Newsom, he asked what Newsom thought about this program and about relations with Afghanistan as a whole.

"We should cut

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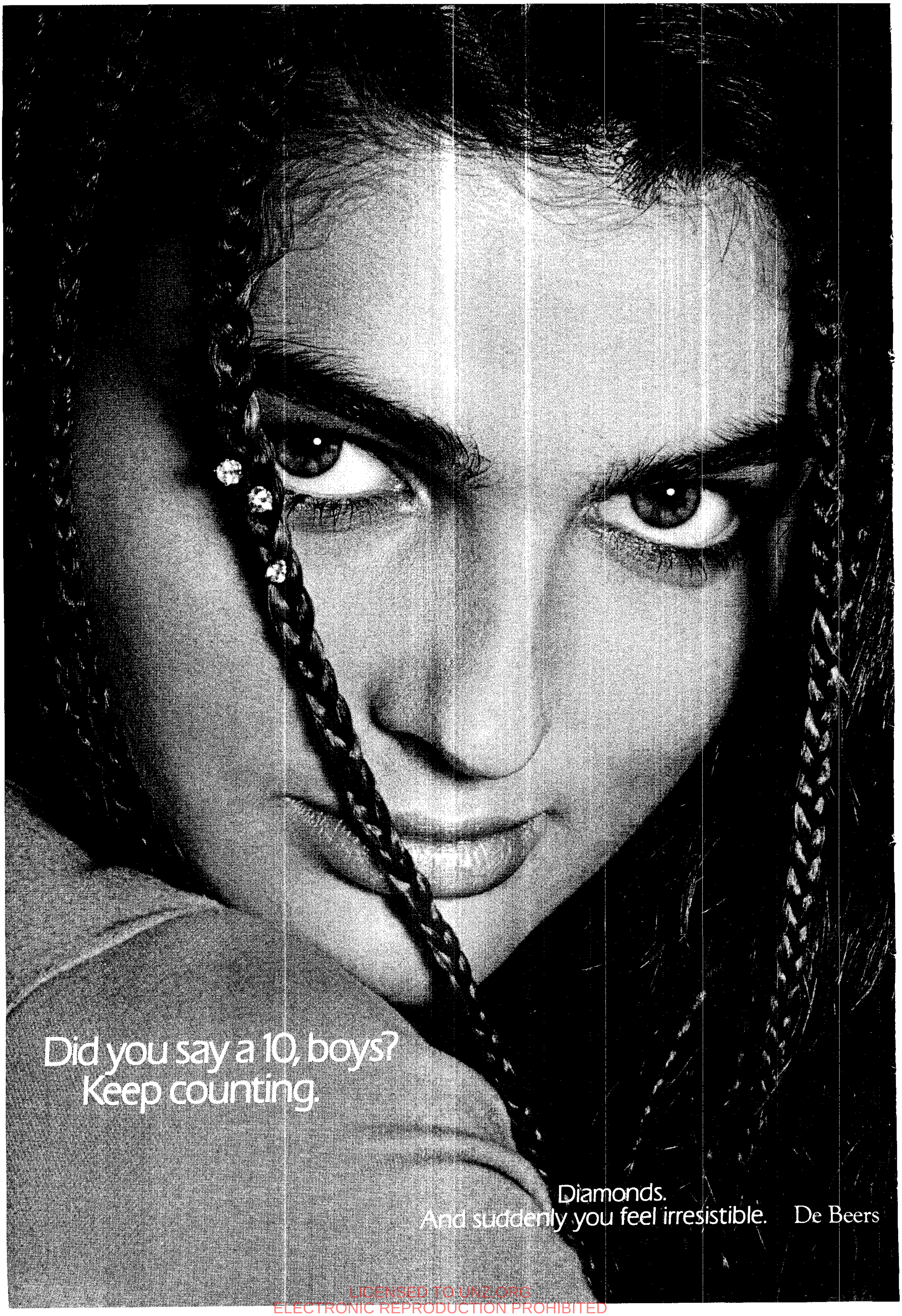
Did you say a 10, boys?
Keep counting.
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And suddenly you feel irresistible.
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back on aid and delay the appointment of a new ambassador to Kabul," Newsom replied. "My own feeling, though, is that we shouldn't do anything abruptly. There are some advantages in keeping a presence there as long as possible. Let's let them make the next move. We can withdraw some of our programs, including our health projects. If we had a military program, the situation would be more complicated."

As things turned out, the aid to Kabul that was still in the pipeline—it amounted to about twelve million dollars' worth—was terminated on a gradual basis, and when the Russian invasion took place the pipeline was abruptly turned off. The majority of the American dependents in Afghanistan were withdrawn after the Dubs murder, but most of the Embassy staff, numbering forty, was left in Kabul. Then, after the Soviet incursion, it was cut in half, and subsequently it was reduced by several more. As Newsom had suggested, no replacement for Dubs was appointed.

After several other phone calls, Newsom spent some time reading the morning cable file, and I continued going through the heavy back file that Jackson had given me. Much of the material being dealt with during the time I spent around the Department concerned developments in Iran, and since Iran had absorbed a major part of Newsom's attention for some time, I asked him to tell me more about his role in connection with it. "I've been in charge of the Department's Iran Working Group, which meets daily in one form or another to review the operational problems—the evacuation of our nationals, the status of Foreign Military Sales shipments, oil, and so on," he said. "When the economy in a country grinds to a halt like that, you're faced with a whole raft of problems." From the outset of the Iran crisis, there had been a great amount of controversy about it within the Carter Administration—chiefly between the State Department and the National Security Council. Shortly after Christmas of 1978, Newsom had been asked to form another group, an interagency one, to help resolve the differences. Carter and Vance had decided that because the Iranian issues were manifold and the N.S.C. and the Special Coördinating Committee in the White House, which was chaired by Brzezinski and Aaron, had a great many policy aspects of the Iranian situation to deal with, there was a need for a separate body to work on day-to-day operational matters. This new group included representatives of all the concerned agencies in the government—the Department of Defense, the Commerce Department, the Central Intelligence Agency, and, of course, the State Department—and it totalled about forty members, most of them from State. Realizing that the organization was large and unwieldy, Newsom had made a special point of admonishing members at the outset not to speculate to the press, but after the group's second meeting, early in February, Marvin Kalb, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, reported that American officials believed that the new Iran government, headed by Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiar, which had been established by the Shah before he left the country, on January 16th, "will fall, probably in the next day or so." Kalb's information, which proved to be correct, had apparently come from someone in the State Department, and the lid blew off in the White House, where Brzezinski had supported almost all of the Shah's actions, including the Bakhtiar appointment, in the face of doubts expressed by Vance, Ambassador William Sullivan, in Iran, and just about everyone in the Department. The view at State, propounded particularly by Sullivan, was that the Shah should have been pushed much earlier into forming a more broadly based regime, and that once the crisis occurred the best policy was to work out a deal between the Paris-based Islamic movement, headed by Ayatollah Khomeini, and the leaders of the military, before the latter forces disintegrated. A day after the leak occurred, President Carter summoned Vance, Newsom, and fifteen other State Department officials to the White House and, after praising Vance personally and the Department's work in general, warned that if there were any more leaks the guilty officials would be fired. Members of the White House staff later said that Carter was as angry as they had ever seen him. Soon after that, the interagency group was abandoned, and a smaller body to work on strategy and tactics, consisting of Newsom and a handful of Middle East experts, was established within the Department.

NEW ACCOUNTS
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"This is my friend. He's going to deposit fifty thousand dollars, so that I can get a color TV."

• •

"I fully understood the President," Newsom told me. "At the heart of his meeting with us was the idea that once decisions are made those on his team should be of one voice—that you accept those decisions, and don't engage publicly in altercations and arguments over alternatives. This was an active issue during the Vietnam War—what your responsibility should be in situations where you may not be in full agreement with United States policy. There were some who believed that in Iran the system of the sixties should have been followed—that you listen to your conscience and go public and air your differences. My feeling, which some take issue with, is that it does no good. You damage the credibility of the Foreign Service with whoever happens to be President, and that simply makes the Secretary of State's job more difficult. If we're going to have the respect of the Presidency for which we're working, we must express our views honestly during the decision-making process, but once the decision is made then that's it."

Newsom suggested that we walk across the hall to the Operations Center, where Henry Precht, the Department's country director for Iran, was supervising the Iran Working Group. Its dozen or so officers and secretaries were assigned to different watches. A smaller Afghanistan task force and one on Chad, set up when rival political forces in that African country had started to fight, endangering the lives of Americans there, had been suspended. With three crises going on simultaneously, each requiring extra personnel and special logistics, the center's capacities had been strained to the limit. The most difficult single crisis it had ever handled, however, had been the one in Guyana in the fall of 1978, when nine hundred and nine American members of the People's Temple committed mass suicide on the orders of their leader, the Reverend Jim Jones.

Newsom asked Precht about the situation in Teheran following the St. Valentine's Day events, and Precht said that it wasn't too bad—that about eighty-five per cent of business offices there had reopened.

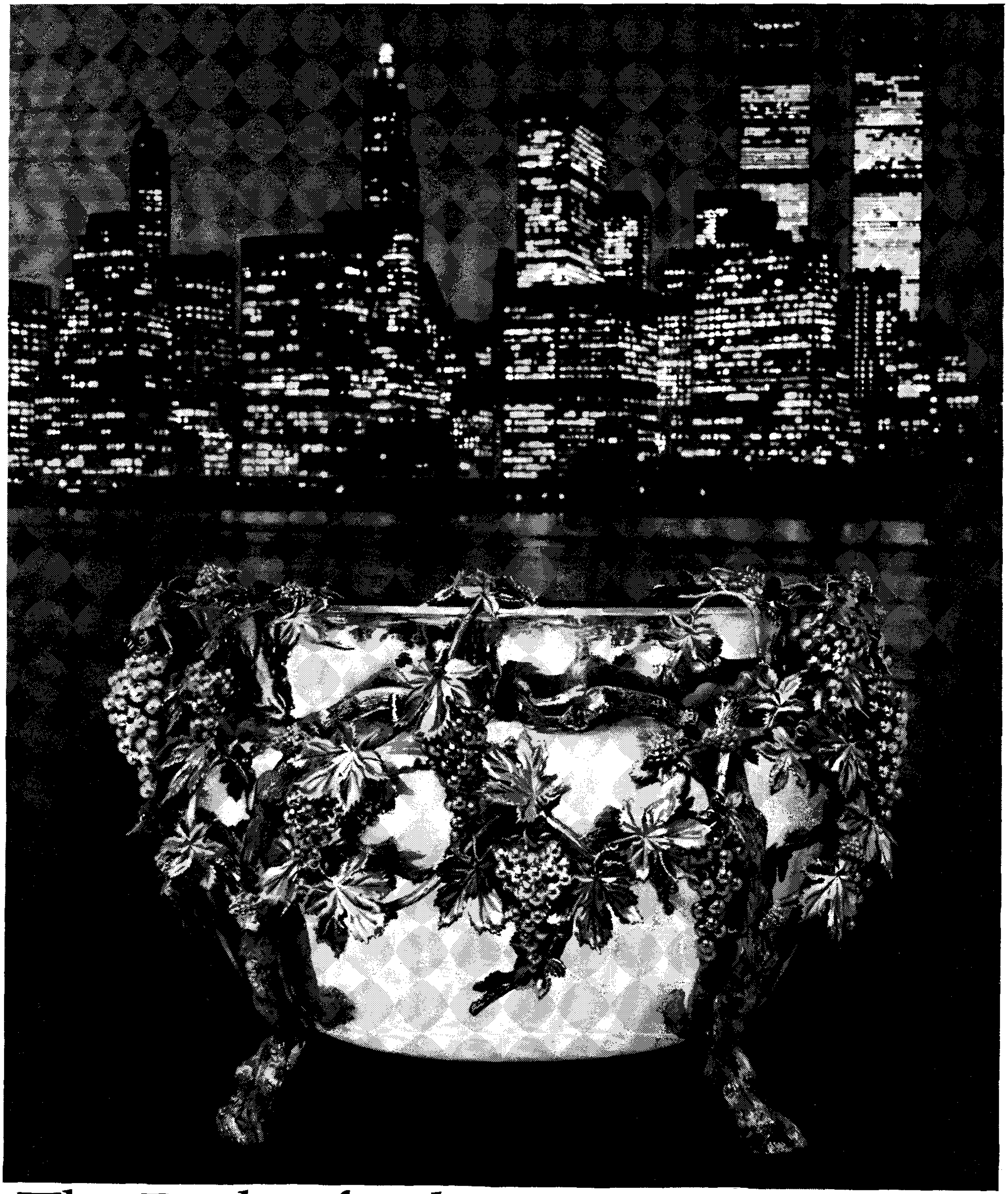
"Any gangs still on the streets?" Newsom asked.

"Still some, and some are armed, and there's a fair amount of vandalism," Precht said. "The banks are open, but there's a shortage of cash. There's a general lack of authority in government offices."

We returned to Newsom's office, where he reflected further on the Iranian situation and how it had unfolded: "Governments can get locked into a policy sometimes, accepting a set of assumptions as unchallengeable. Those responsible then have a vested interest in the success of that policy. If it's not a success, they feel that it becomes a reflection on their judgment and their political reliability. The Shah certainly had limitations as an individual, and it was a weakness of our intelligence system that these weren't sufficiently stressed, particularly his failure to realize that he had lost the support of important segments of his society—the middle class, the people in the bazaars, and others. The American concept of friendship is involved here, too—of standing up for one's friends. As things weaken, you can continue the policy established and reiterate support for the man you've been backing, or you can search for alternatives. It was made clear to us that the cohesion of the armed forces was slipping. Then Bakhtiar came in. A lot depended on the transfer of the armed forces' allegiance to the new constitutional government—to Bakhtiar and the new council. We considered it to be in our interest to help encourage that. We might have tapered off instead, but that would have been interpreted as no confidence in Bakhtiar. The basic problem, as I look back on it, is not that we should have stopped supporting the Shah sooner but that at some point in December we should not have rejected the alternative of trying to foster a relationship between Khomeini and the armed forces, which was what Ambassador Sullivan was recommending. It was the general feeling in the State Department that we could have moved to encourage such a dialogue, but we ran into a difference of assessment." Newsom did not pinpoint the difference, but it was clear that it emanated from the White House.

Khomeini, in the first week of October, 1978, had moved from exile in Baghdad, the capital of Iraq, to a private house in a suburb of Paris, and was effectively directing the revolution from there by tape recorder and cassette, and giving almost daily interviews to members of the world press. Largely at Sullivan's urging, a political officer from the American Embassy in Paris ultimately did make contact with Khomeini's entourage and spoke with Ibrahim Yazdi, who, after Khomeini took over, would serve for ten months as Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister. Sullivan had advised that someone should speak directly with Khomeini, and Theodore Eliot, the Inspector General of the Department of State, who had once served in Iran, was chosen by Secretary Vance to carry out the assignment. Sullivan had gone as far as to obtain the approval of the Shah for such a meeting, but at the last minute it was cancelled by Brzezinski, on the ground that it would be interpreted as an attempt to undermine the Shah. Ironically, as Sullivan afterward said, when he told the Shah that this projected meeting with Khomeini had been called off the Shah reacted with "stunned incredulity," and asked, "How can you expect to have any influence with these people if you won't meet with them?" In a talk I later had with Sullivan, when he had returned to Washington and retired from the Foreign Service in dismay over the confusion and lack of direction of the Carter Administration's foreign policy, exemplified in particular by its policy in Iran, he told me that he had been sending warnings since November, 1978, that "we better stop worrying about the Shah and start thinking of what will happen next." He went on, "I never did get an answer to my cables. My point was that we had to talk to Khomeini and keep the military intact. I was encouraged, finally, to make contacts with the armed forces, but the policy in Washington was not to get the military and Khomeini together but to keep them apart. Bakhtiar could make a deal, but not Khomeini. If we had been in touch with Khomeini earlier, it might have turned things around." Brzezinski later maintained, in a conversation I had with him, that "it wouldn't have made any difference anyway."

Sullivan feels that his task had been made harder all along by what he believed to be Brzezinski's domination and manipulation of policy on Iran—a condition enhanced by the fact that Vance was immersed in the Egyptian-Israeli negotiations. In November, 1978, Brzezinski had asked the Iranian Ambassador in Washington, Ardeshir Zahedi, to go to Teheran to appraise the situation. Both thought that the armed forces, with a complement of four hundred thousand men, could be



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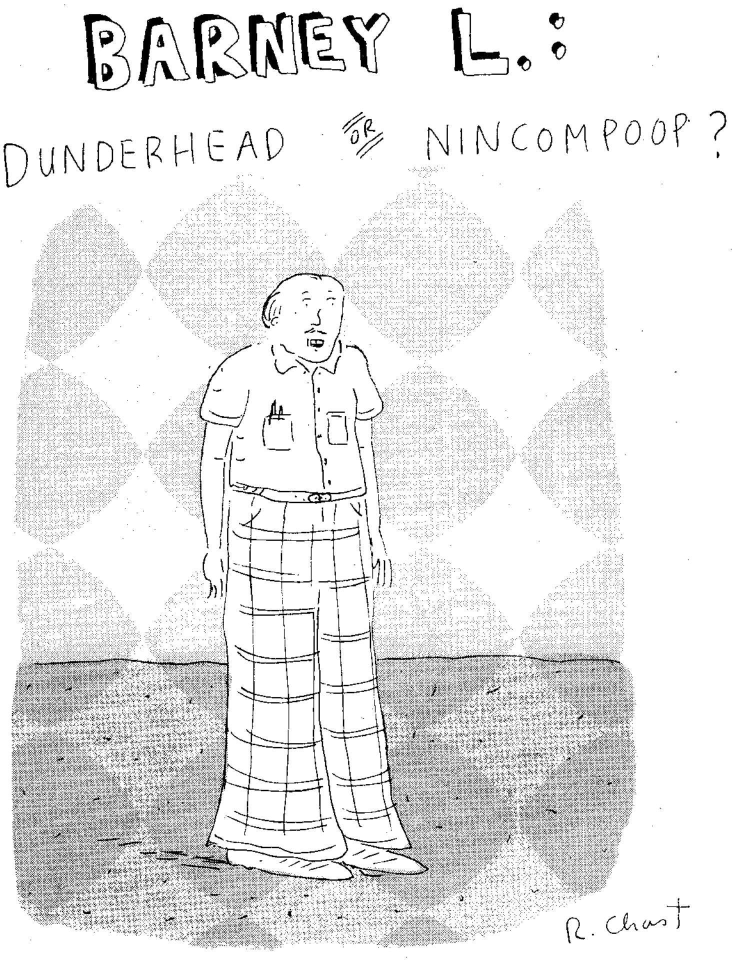
held together and could save the Shah; and, not unexpectedly, Zahedi, who had political ambitions of his own, and wanted to become Iran's Prime Minister, returned to Washington with an optimistic report, which ran counter to Sullivan's continuing pessimism. In December, President Carter had asked former Under-Secretary of State George Ball to study the situation, but Ball had surprised Carter and Brzezinski by coming up with an evaluation that was a lot closer to what Newsom and others in the State Department believed than to Brzezinski's own views. Along with Sullivan, Ball had sensed that the end was approaching for the Shah and that the only thing that might save him in the short run was the quick establishment of a strong Council of Notables, the theory being that this would pave the way for a coalition government and the Shah would fade out of the picture as gracefully as possible, though he might retain his title of Commander in Chief of the armed forces, and the Pahlavi dynasty in principle could have been maintained. By this time, however, the Shah was deeply depressed and virtually incapable of taking any action on his own—and was further immobilized by the medication he was taking for his lymph-gland condition—and he may have approved of such a plan in the belief that this was what Washington wanted him to do, or he may have been simply gambling for time. In any event, the plan fell through, largely because of conflicting views in Washington about what ought to be done about the Shah.

Late in December, the White House decided to send Air Force General Robert Huyser, the deputy commander of United States Forces in Europe, to Teheran to try to keep the increasingly restless armed forces there intact. Huyser, a respected military man who had little political experience and was regarded by the State Department as miscast in this assignment, arrived early in January of 1979, just as the Shah appointed Bakhtiar his Prime Minister. The top leaders of the armed forces were in a nasty mood by now. Some of them were ready to fly to Paris and make a deal with Khomeini, while others wanted to take to the streets and engage in an open confrontation with the rising pro-Khomeini mobs. Huyser's task, which he carried out in long, secret meetings with them, was to avert a confrontation of any kind, and particularly to prevent what would be tantamount to a coup against Bakhtiar. Sullivan, for his part, wanted to get the top generals to leave the country, and preserve whatever integrity the armed forces had left by letting younger officers take over, so that at some future date they might play a role in what he foresaw as a long and tortuous revolution. By remaining in Iran, the discontented generals sealed their own doom: Eventually, most of them were executed by the Khomeini regime. Huyser left Iran on February 5th, ostensibly having maintained the armed forces intact even after the Shah's mid-January departure, but six days later the Bakhtiar regime collapsed after several days of bitter fighting, and as the armed forces withdrew to barracks the way was paved for Khomeini to take over the government, or what was left of it. Huyser and Sullivan, despite their different perceptions of what should have been done to preserve the integrity of the armed forces, or what was left of them, had gone to see the Shah together a day or two before his departure, primarily to determine exactly when he would be leaving. By that time, Washington had reinforced its decision to support Bakhtiar, though many observers felt that his chances of surviving in the face of the gathering Khomeini revolution were virtually nil.

KHOMEINI had arrived in Teheran on February 1st—the first time he had been in the country since 1964, when the Shah exiled him. Upon his return, he was welcomed by a huge demonstration, involving several hundred thousand people. Sullivan feared the worst. There had already been several demonstrations in front of the American Embassy, and crowds were surging through the city, out of control. Sullivan later told me, "The crisis peaked on February 9th, when a group of Air Force technicians came into confrontation with the Imperial Guard at the airbase. The military then began to break up, and part of the Air Force went into opposition to the government. On the eleventh, nineteen Americans on my staff were trapped in a building that was under attack in town. As the Bakhtiar government was falling, there was another report of an impending military coup, but by then the armed forces command was fragmenting and collapsing, and most of the troops stayed in their barracks, waiting to see what would happen. On the twelfth, I finally got my people out of the building, with the help of some of the mullahs and ayatollahs, but the situation was now precarious. In the middle of all this, I got a call from Newsom and Christopher, who told me that Brzezinski wanted to know whether it was still possible for the armed forces to bring off a coup. I told them I thought it was a bit late in the game for that. I also realized that by now we had no defenses at the Embassy—there were no Iranians we could depend on—and I called my people together. A constant stream of pro-Soviet and anti-American propaganda was pouring forth from 'clandestine' radios



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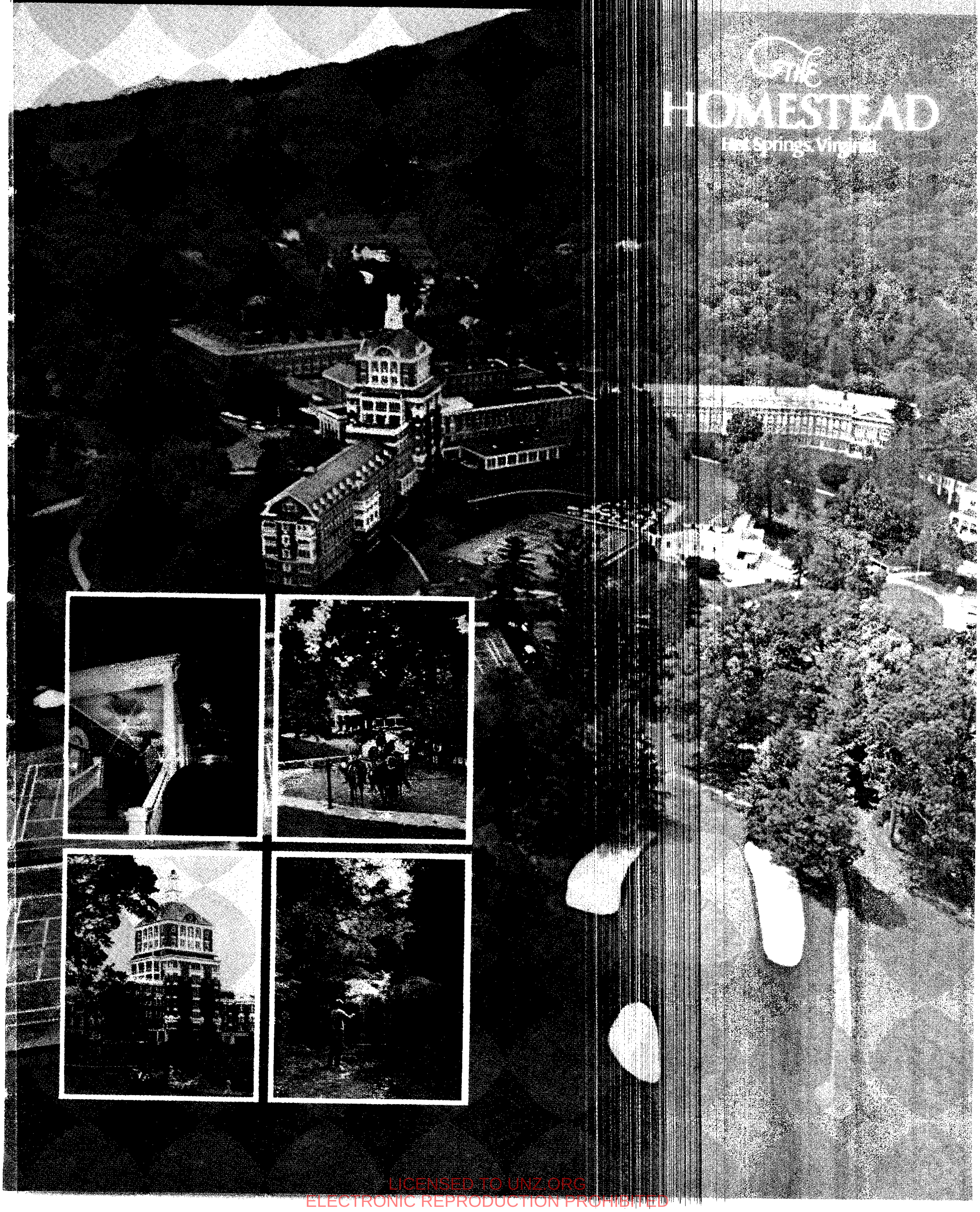
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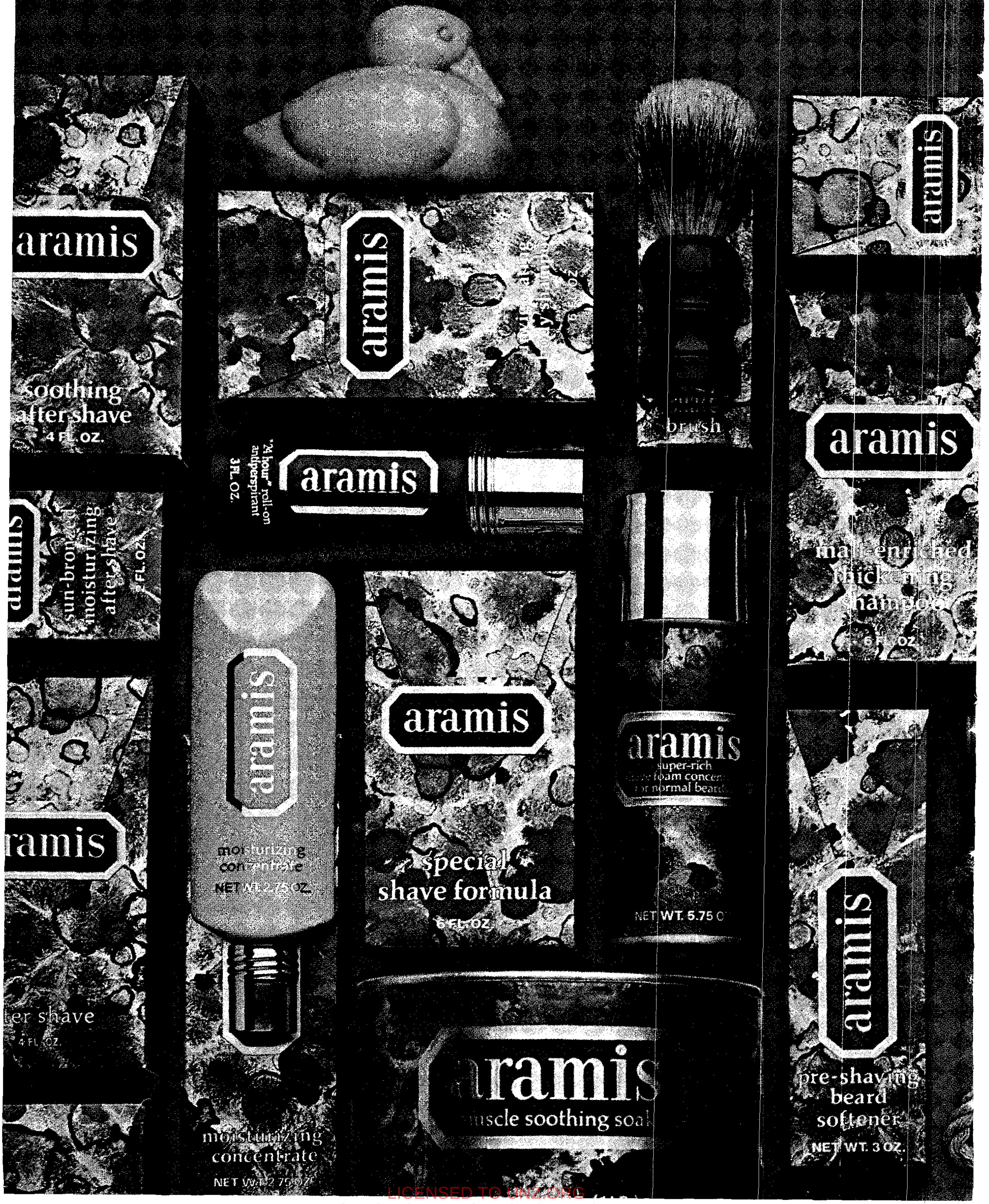
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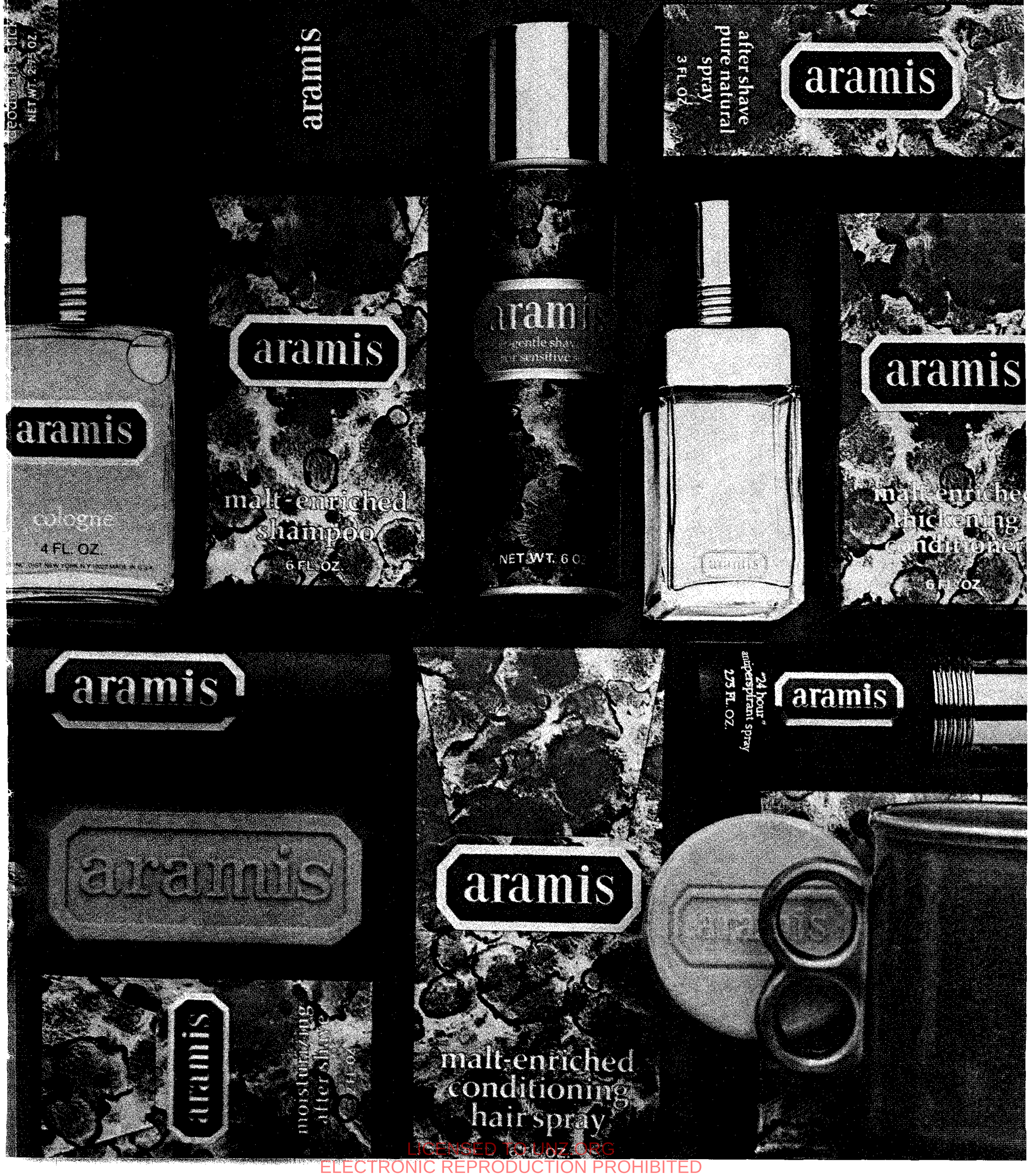
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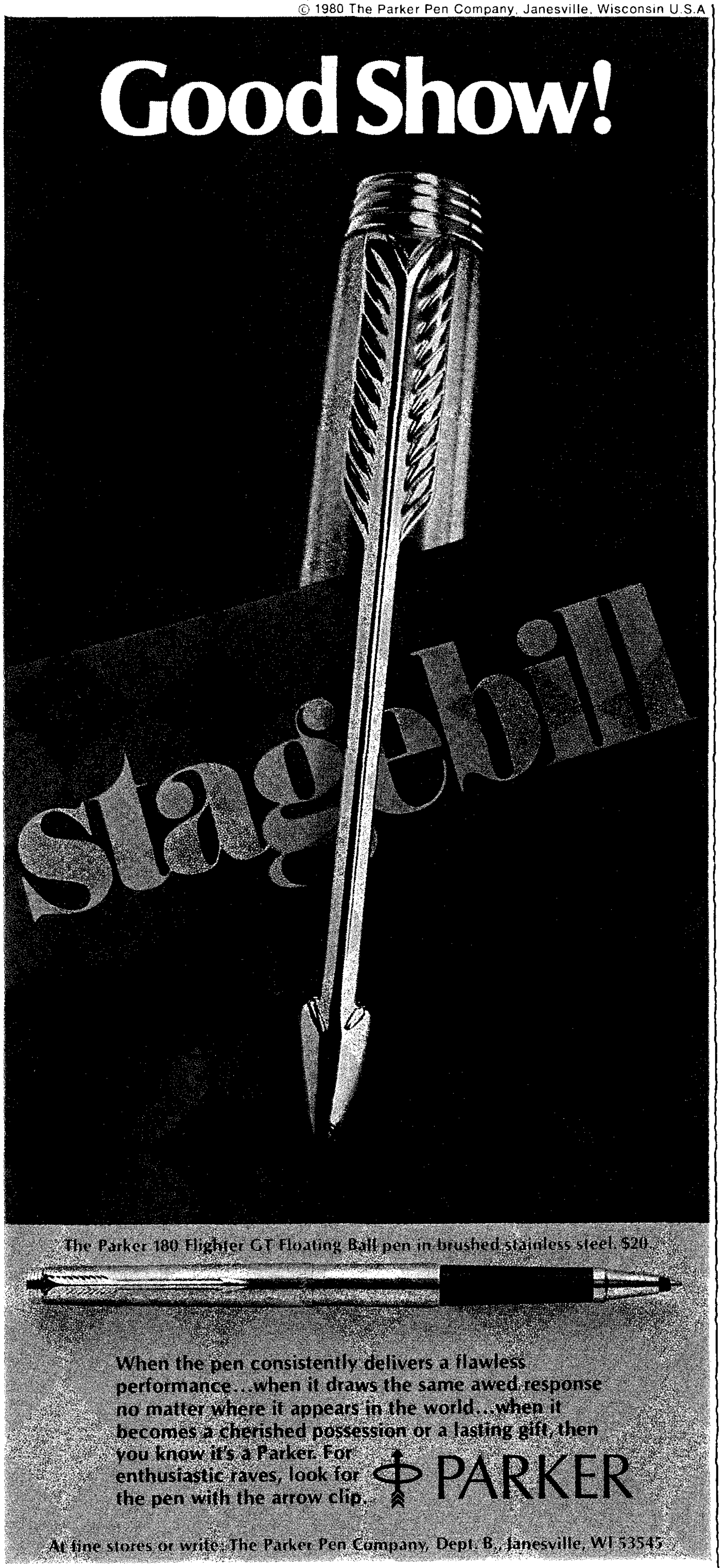

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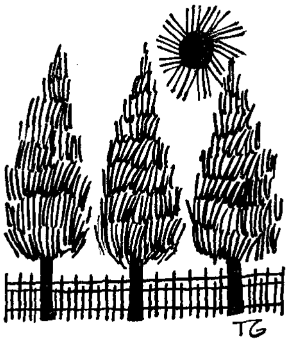
in the Soviet Union, but although we expected to be the victims of mob action, we didn't expect an organized armed attack. When it began, on the fourteenth, we were under constant fire for two and a half hours. We were lucky that only one person—an Iranian employee—was killed."

Sullivan was well known in the State Department for the style and rhetoric of his cables, and a week after the St. Valentine's Day assault on the Embassy he sent a long message graphically describing the new situation in Iran, which he said was one of "total chaos." More than a hundred thousand weapons had been seized by various armed factions, both left- and right-wing, who were roaming Teheran, searching houses and offices, looting, and arresting and shooting people. Among these groups were the Mujahedin—Muslim activists who, though they claimed to be loyal to Khomeini, were organized into vigilante squads and were meting out "Islamic justice" as they saw fit. The left-wing Fedayeen and the Communist Tudeh Party, Air Force defectors, and other dissidents—polarized forces already engaged in a struggle for power—were also operating on their own. Politically, although Khomeini was the recognized leader of the revolution, it was already beyond his control, with separate "revolutionary committees" organized around their own mosques and conducting their own trials of "traitors." The armed forces remained completely divided, Sullivan said, and in all the services there were revolts of noncommissioned officers. In the middle of this disorder was the new civilian government Khomeini had appointed, headed by Prime Minister Bazargan, an engineer by profession. Sullivan prophetically commented that "internecine warfare may keep Bazargan from ever functioning."

The Ambassador, who seldom minced words, repeated in a subsequent cable his unheeded advice that the only hope was to convince the members of the Khomeini-Bazargan regime that "they share a broad community of interests to eliminate the Communists." He charged Washington with having directed a series of "tactical actions" that had set the military and religious groups against each other, instead of having established a firm policy and following it. "We no longer have a military establishment integrated and responsive to our influence and interests," Sullivan's cable continued, "and those with guns are anti-American, because we encouraged military resistance rather than collaboration." As a result, he said, Americans could do nothing but adopt a low profile. He described the chancery as "a shambles," with communication limited and personal security marginal "and dependent on a group trained to assassinate us," and he recommended that as many Americans as possible be quickly taken out of the country.

ON the day that Sullivan's cable arrived, Newsom gave a formal luncheon for Munim Zawawi, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs of Oman, in the Jefferson Room, on the eighth floor of the State Department. Oman, in the southern part of the Arabian peninsula, was one of the countries bound to be most affected by revolution in Iran, and the lunch, which he invited me to attend, was an American bridge-building effort, to maintain good relations with a small nation whose strategic location lent it fresh importance in the newly unfolding situation in the Middle East. Like most nations thereabouts, Oman had a list of requests for military hardware and economic aid, and the United States was ready to respond to its needs, if only to keep it from moving closer to the radical Arab factions in the region and to counter the growing influence of the Soviet Union. Newsom listened sympathetically to a speech by Zawawi and replied with a warm one of his own, pledging the continued support of the United States. Fifteen million dollars was later authorized for Oman, under the 1980 Foreign Military Sales credit program, and, after the Soviet attack on Afghanistan, a high-level group of American military and civilian officials visited Oman to sign an agreement for the use of port and airfield facilities there, similar to arrangements being made with Kenya and that were being sought, under more complicated conditions, with Somalia.

That same afternoon, Newsom went to the White House to attend one of many meetings currently being held there on Iran. The most critical question discussed, in the context of the general problem of evacuating American citizens, was the plight of twenty-two American technicians who were still at a site called Taksman II, in northern Iran, which was one of two listening posts that had long been maintained in the country to monitor Russian communications and keep track of missile and nuclear development and tests. These stations had assumed fresh importance as a result of the SALT II agreement, which the Senate was expected to consider shortly, and their continued function was deemed vital for the verification of Russian military moves. The more immediate problem, however, was the safety of the twenty-two men at Taksman II, and Sullivan was instructed to see Prime Minister Bazargan or one of his deputies and make sure that a plane would be sent to evacuate them. A second question discussed at the meeting was Soviet involvement in the Iranian revolution—a matter that came up with increasing frequency in subsequent months. (While there were no intelligence reports indicating that the Russians were giving aid to the leftists in Iran, it was decided to have the Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research make a special study of Moscow's radio broadcasts and other material to determine whether there were any changes in the Soviet position now that Khomeini had taken over and left-wing opposition to him was growing. As the weeks went on, broadcasts from across the border became increasingly supportive of the revolution and increasingly critical of the Americans. After Washington complained to Moscow, the broadcasts tapered off, but they picked up again before the invasion of Afghanistan.)



Two days later, at the State Department, Newsom conducted a meeting on Iran, which was attended by Department officials and by two men from the Defense Department, and I was present at this one. The situation at Taksman II was still unresolved. The base was being held by Iranian Air Force guards, who had been on duty there and were refusing to let the Americans leave until the guards had received severance pay from them.

"I'd like to get through to Taksman II at once, though it's night there," Newsom said when he had been told what was happening. "Make sure the Embassy is aware of it. Those people are not being taken out as scheduled."

The question of the Shah, and of his future movements, including his desire to come to the United States, was taken up. "Let's just say that various questions raised by the Iranian Ambassador are still under consideration," Newsom said. At this time, residence for the Shah in America was being discussed, but at the meeting it was decided that to allow him to come here would threaten the welfare of the Americans in Iran and might provoke another attack on the Embassy. Subsequently, Laingen, the chargé d'affaires in Teheran, made the same point.

"Where are the Marines?" Newsom next asked his associates at the meeting, referring to a contingent of some sixty Marines that had been alerted to go to Teheran to help with evacuation, if necessary. He was told that they were waiting at a Portuguese airbase in the Azores and that helicopters to support them were in Turkey. The Turks had granted permission for both helicopters and Marines to land but had withdrawn clearance when the Marines' ultimate destination became public.

"Leave it up to Harold Brown," Newsom said, referring to the Secretary of Defense. (It was ultimately decided that the Marines could not be usefully employed, and they were redeployed back to the United States.)

The airport at Teheran, which had been closed owing to the unrest, was expected to be functioning the next day, Newsom learned, and chartered planes to bring out members of the Embassy and their household effects would be flying into Teheran in another day or so. The Embassy personnel there would eventually be cut from nearly a thousand Americans and local employees to about seventy—a figure that critics later said was still too high, especially since the complement of Marines still numbered only thirteen.

The question of Iranian Jews came up, as a result of a telegram that Vance had received from Jewish leaders in the United States claiming that thousands of Iranian Jews had fled from the countryside to the cities, and some were having trouble getting out. Newsom asked what the reports were based on, since the Iranian leaders had said there was no harassment of Jews. "Get in touch with one of the key Jewish leaders here and ask if they have more information," Newsom said. Since then, according to the Department, about half of Iran's ninety thousand Jews have left the country, while the rest survive under uncertain circumstances.

THE criticism has been made that under the collegial system of running the State Department, which was adopted during Secretary Vance's tenure, there were more meetings than necessary, as a result of which the number of summaries, reports, and policy papers increased alarmingly. Under the regime of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, the papers had been equally abundant, but there were far fewer meetings, partly because Kissinger depended on just a handful of trusted advisers, with whom he regularly consulted. Some of the meetings I was now attending, including several at which Newsom was not present but which dealt with areas of his concern, seemed to me to be a waste of time. On the other hand, some were valuable as a means of clearing the air on matters that were unavoidably hard to resolve, owing in part to the highly technical and almost esoteric nature of much of what constitutes diplomacy today—such as the cost and the mechanics of moving peacekeeping troops and arms from one place to another. Newsom, who is adept at conducting meetings, observed to me at one point, "You get prima donnas and axe grinders here just as you do anywhere else. The secret is to keep the viewpoints channelled, get the facts, and hope to reach a decision."

An example of what Newsom meant became clear at a lengthy meeting I attended which continued the discussion of the revolution in Iran and the question of what to do about the seven billion dollars' worth of military hardware the Iranians had on order in the United States. (The Khomeini government had cancelled the deal, but new negotiations were to begin concerning five million dollars' worth of spare parts needed by the Iranians. These talks were called off by the Americans after the seizure of the hostages.) The conversation soon veered to the larger question of American strategic interests in the Middle East and what should be done to shore up other nations in the area, primarily Saudi Arabia and Egypt. The meeting, of about a dozen people, was called just after Defense Secretary Brown had made a trip to the Middle East, and a leading participant was David McGiffert, an Assistant Secretary of Defense. Among the others present were Lucy Benson, Under-Secretary of State for Security Assistance, Science, and Technology, and Leslie Gelb, Director of the State Department's Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs. (Both have since resigned.) Newson began by asking whether it was "premature to be talking to other countries" about Iran's cancellation of its military contracts and the possibility of having these other countries pick up some of the military items the Shah had ordered.

Mrs. Benson said that such discussions had in fact been going on for several weeks. "There's no problem in any of this unless they want something we don't want them to have," she added.

McGiffert brought up Jordan, and Newsom said that North Yemen, to which the United States was also supplying arms, would be talking to Saudi Arabia and that the Jordanians would be "brought into that."

Mrs. Benson mentioned the Kuwaitis, who wanted to set up a tactical-missile-maintenance arrangement with the Jordanians.

The conversation then centered on Saudi Arabia, and Newsom asked, "What about joint planning? Is a paper being prepared on that?"

McGiffert replied that there was a "guideline" in preparation, and in response to another question from Newsom he said, "The Saudis don't want an American base there—it would be a lightning rod for radical Arabs," and suggested something "less obtrusive, like periodic deployment of F-15 planes." An exchange followed about specific weapons and ammunition, what the several wishes of Saudi Arabia and Egypt were, and how they might be met.

Then Gelb asked, "What happens to the Arab-Israeli peace talks if we put in all this?"

"We're just agreeing on what's been promised. There's not much additional," McGiffert said.

Gelb persisted, "What's the total signal of these actions? Is it what we want?"

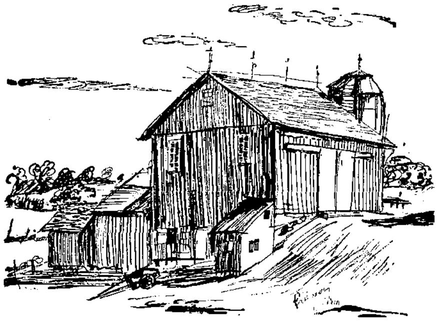
McGiffert replied that action was being taken in accordance with White House instructions, and said, "We can't backtrack."

"I just want to see," Gelb said.

"We're committed to the Saudis to do it," McGiffert maintained.

"Yes, but we're not committed to all the things they want," Mrs. Benson said.

Newsom turned to Gelb with a smile and said, "The problem, Les, is the way perceptions come out in the Arab world," and he added that it was not uncommon for such perceptions to come out "in what seems to us the wrong way."



ONCE a week, ordinarily, a meeting of what is called "the large group" takes place on the seventh floor, attended by all officials with the rank of assistant secretary or above. It has usually been chaired by Christopher, but when he has been away or busy, Newsom has taken charge. I watched Newsom do so one morning at eight-thirty, the hour at which the group always meets, and again admired the adroit way he led the dialogue from one subject to another—particularly since on this occasion so many areas of the world where American policy is obscure were covered. The meeting started with a discussion of the Sino-Vietnamese war and the position of the Russians regarding it. Marshall Shulman, the Department's resident expert on the Soviet Union, who is on leave from his post as a professor of international relations at Columbia University, spoke of the effect that the war might have on SALT II, in light of Moscow's belief that the United States was "partly responsible, if only indirectly," for the Chinese attack. He also suggested that the Soviets might "react militarily without engaging militarily" by seeking a greater "geostrategic role" in Southeast Asia, including the use of Vietnamese bases. A discussion took place on the American position and on an effort to halt the fighting by sponsoring or supporting a resolution in the United Nations Security Council—a matter that occupied Newsom's attention on and off for a week or more thereafter but produced no tangible results. The meeting considered the wisdom of separating the questions of Vietnamese withdrawal from Cambodia and Chinese withdrawal from Vietnam, instead of conjoining the two. In the course of an hour, Newsom conducted the participants across a wide range of other topics, which included Iran; President Carter's trip to Mexico; a visit that had just been paid to Washington by a delegation from Venezuela; the impact of an American cutoff of aid to Afghanistan; the situation in Chad; and the outlook in India and Pakistan, both of which Christopher was about to visit. By the time the meeting ended, I felt that I had orbited the world in a spaceship.

Newsom's ability to deal with many countries at a meeting such as this is enhanced by the fact that his experience abroad has been exceptionally extensive for a Foreign Service Officer, embracing Europe, the Middle East, Africa,

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and Southeast Asia. Executive Secretary Peter Tarnoff, who was funnelling most of the cable traffic to him as well as to Vance and Christopher, remarked to me that "he has an unusual sense of regions and people and a large scope and geographic base for his sensitivities. He's at his best in a crisis, when he's in the eye of the storm."

Christopher, when I spoke with him, described Newsom as "an instant historian with a great memory," and continued, "He knows all the players and backgrounds, and he also knows how to get the maximum effectiveness out of the Department. If the Secretary wants something done, David knows what it takes, who gets copies, and so on. In the long view, as the top Foreign Service Officer, he represents our continuity. He knows how something we do today will affect another country in the future. Two years ago, when he took over the job from Philip Habib, not having had the long relationship with Vance that Habib had, he carved out a different set of responsibilities for himself—especially in that part of the political field Vance was not involved in. He heads his own team on political problems." Each morning, after Vance, Christopher, and Newsom met, at seven-forty, to discuss the problems of the day, Vance concentrated on certain major issues that he personally devoted his attention to, such as the Middle East peace negotiations, the SALT II talks, and, later on, the American response to the invasion of Afghanistan. Christopher and Newsom divided up the rest of the work load. "The number of roles the Secretary of State plays is burdensome, especially if the President wants him to be the prime negotiator on key matters," Christopher said. "Newsom and I have always tried to save Cy Vance from interruptions, but we have kept each other informed of what we are doing, and we usually talk on the phone or meet several times a day. We naturally make extensive use of the regional and functional bureaus. As a rule, from three to eight people will focus on any given problem, and that's where Newsom's experience and background count most."

Donald Tice, who until last spring was Newsom's top assistant, has also noted "his ability to understand the intricacies of a situation or a policy problem," adding, "He retains what he learns and uses it in dealing with other problems and other people. He's unusual in being able to keep so many balls in the air at once." Tice commented that though Newsom "is low-

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key and a non-screamer, he's also tough, and if you don't understand something or you make a mistake you do so at your own woe." As I watched Newsom at work over a period of many months, I came to agree with these observations, but at the same time I became convinced that the State Department bureaucracy was altogether so top-heavy that it was often handicapped by its own weight, to the point where it was difficult if not impossible to make firm decisions and to formulate foreign-policy guidelines that were sharp and clear. In the conflicts that it has had with the much smaller National Security Council, which consists of only thirty-two members, the Department has invariably found itself outmaneuvered in the decision-making process.

Reflecting on these policy conflicts within the Administration, Newsom told me, "It is inevitable that a President confronted by our current complex international relations will want a staff near at hand to meet his special needs and to be sensitive to his political position. It is also inevitable that a staff looking at world affairs from that standpoint will have differences with those who must be constantly aware of all the external forces confronting the United States. And, in a city where the temptations of prominence and power are what they are, it is probably inevitable that these dual institutions will be the scene of contests for preeminence. In short, if the National Security Council did not exist, a President would have to create it."

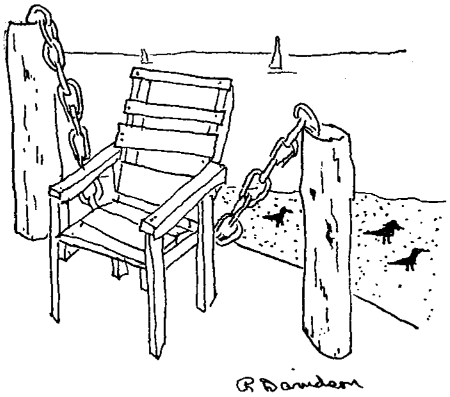
NEWSOM came into diplomacy almost by accident, after his appetite for exploring the world had been whetted as a result of a *Wanderjahr* he spent on a Pulitzer travelling fellowship won in 1940. He was born in Richmond, California, in the San Francisco Bay area, and after receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California at Berkeley and spending a year at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism he worked for a year on the Richmond *Independent*, a daily paper owned partly by his father, and then moved to the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He set off on his world trip in July, 1940, sailing from San Francisco to Japan on the Japanese ship Brazil Maru. With the war in Europe already under way and tensions building up in the Far East, the trip, Newsom recalls, was a strange one indeed. "The ship had room for a thousand passengers," he says, "but there were only eighteen of us: one American besides me—Karl Kup, who was a curator at the New York Public Library—and sixteen Japanese returning home. It was like something out of 'Outward Bound.' Kup and I sat on one side of the empty dining room, and the Japanese sat on the other. It was a bit eerie. I spent a month in Japan—in Tokyo, Nikko, Nagoya, Kobe, and Osaka, and travelling around the Inland Sea. I managed to pick up a bit of Japanese, but it was hard going, and most of the time I was a solitary Occidental in an alien, suspicious climate. Then I went by ship from Shimonoseki to Tsingtao, on the Chinese coast, and this time I was the only non-Japanese aboard. I had a cousin in Peking, a Chinese-language officer at the Embassy, named Charles Fogg, so I took a train up there to see him. The Japanese had occupied North China, and all the trains were heavily guarded. After a week or so in Peking, I went by South Manchurian Railway to Harbin, Manchuria, and visited a few other cities there before heading for Pusan, in Korea. The Japanese, of course, were everywhere, and the atmosphere wasn't very friendly. After returning to Tokyo, I caught a Dutch ship for Manado, in the Celebes, and went on to Surabaja, in East Java, and then by train to Jakarta—which the Dutch called Batavia—and from there by ship to Singapore and on to Colombo, Ceylon. The trip to Colombo was a memorable one. The hold of the ship was full of German Jewish refugees who had fled across Asia on the Trans-Siberian Railway to Harbin and were now headed for Argentina. Another American and I interceded with the captain to allow them to hold their Sabbath services on deck, and I suppose you could say that that was my first venture into diplomacy and into dealing with the tragedy of displaced persons. Colombo was full of Australian troops on their way to North Africa, and they were tearing the town up, pulling rickshaws all over the streets and filling the bars. From Colombo, I went by ferry to Madras, in southern India, and then by train to Bombay. I spent a night in Mahatma Gandhi's ashram at Wardha, met with him for half an hour, and wrote an article for the San Francisco *Chronicle* about that. After India, I went by ship to Lourenço Marques, in Portuguese Mozambique, and on to Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. I finally got back to America on May 1, 1941, when my money was just about running out."

Newsom went back to work for the *Chronicle*, and eighteen months later he married a Richmond girl, Jean Craig. (She had earlier just about given him up, for she received only two postcards in all the time he was away.) In the fall of 1942, he became an ensign in naval intelligence, and he served in San Francisco, New York, and, eventually, Pearl Harbor. After the war, he and his wife bought a weekly paper, the *Courier Journal*, in Walnut Creek, California, and they lived there until 1947. By then, Newsom had begun to feel that journalism was too marginal a life, and when a friend at dinner one night suggested he take the Foreign Service examination, he decided to try it. He passed the written section and then, much to his surprise, the oral part of it—on the day that John, the first of the Newsoms' five children (three boys and two girls), was born. After spending a required three months at the Foreign Service Institute, in Washington, he was assigned to Karachi, Pakistan, as Vice-Consul and Third Secretary. As a result of his background in journalism, he was asked to set up a United States Information Service post, and he established a library, a film program, and a magazine called *Panorama*. "I was pleased to discover when I returned to Karachi in July, 1978, that it was still being published," Newsom says. "My wife and I have fond memories of Karachi, but it was a grim post. We arrived five months after the partition of India and on the day that Gandhi was assassinated—January 30, 1948. That day, a hundred and eighty Sikhs were murdered on the streets of Karachi in a continuation of the communal riots that were sweeping the subcontinent. The city had a population of only three hundred and fifty thousand, about half of whom migrated to India, but seven hundred thousand refugees came in, and people were sleeping all over the sidewalks. Pakistan had just achieved its independence, and, as things have turned out, my career has often coincided with the stresses of the process of independence and development in both Africa and Asia. I was involved with the independence struggles of Algeria, and, in the late sixties and early seventies, as Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, with the final stages of the burgeoning independence movements in black Africa. Then, later in the seventies, as Ambassador first to Indonesia and then to the Philippines, I was dealing with two fully independent nations confronting all sorts of problems—especially economic ones."

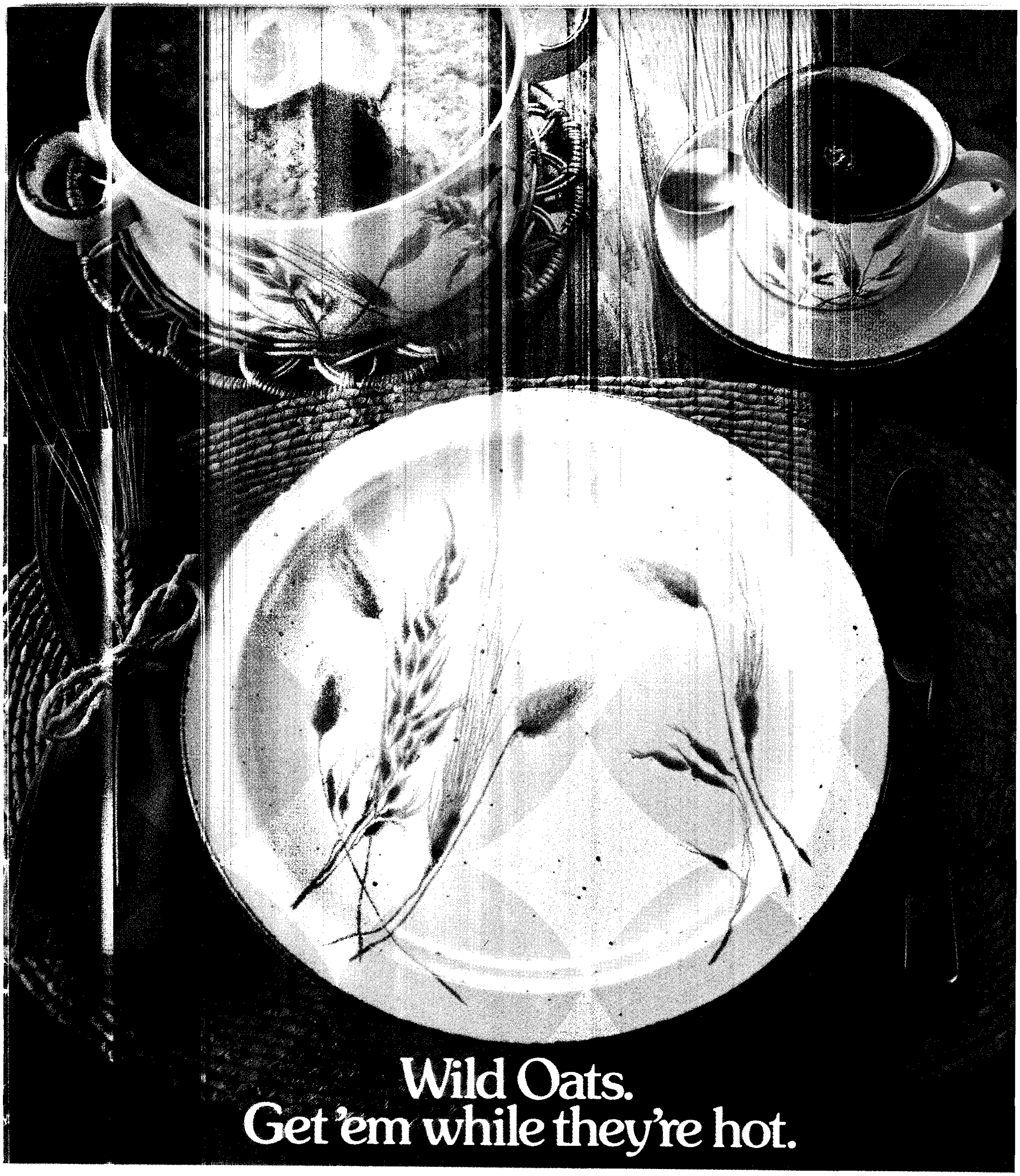
After two and a half years in Karachi, Newsom was transferred to Oslo, where he spent much of his time dispensing immigrant visas to displaced persons—mostly former war prisoners or forced-labor victims of the Nazis—who had relatives in America. "They were desperate people, trying to get to the United States in any way they could, and we had some highly emotional scenes," Newsom recalls. In Norway, Newsom began to analyze the many varieties of work in the Foreign Service. "In some parts of the world, such as Europe, you deal with traditional patterns of diplomacy, and there is a heavy emphasis on relating to the government in power. In developing countries, on the other hand, there are no accepted patterns. You have to feel your way in a sensitive environment and, often, in a hostile society, build bridges in an effort to establish some kind of rapport. I've always found that more challenging." His next post was Baghdad, where he served as Public Affairs Officer from 1952 to 1955. The Newsoms have enjoyed exploring the countries they have been assigned to, and they went all over Iraq—through the southern Euphrates area, where the Marsh Arabs live on islands, and through Kurdistan, where the Kurds were already opposing the government. "The only time I ever had a bomb put in my car was in Qala Diza, in the Kurd country," Newsom recounts. "We were having dinner in a private home when someone tossed a Molotov cocktail into my jeep and burned out the interior. We never did find out whether it was because we were Americans or just because we came from Baghdad." After Baghdad, the Newsoms received their first home assignment, and Newsom worked for several years as officer-in-charge of Arabian peninsular affairs and then attended the National War College for one year before being assigned, in 1960, to London, where he again concentrated on the Middle East. "After Karachi and Baghdad, the greatest hardship in London was trying to get to the theatre at seven-thirty after finishing work at six-thirty," he says.

IN 1965, following a three-year stint in Washington as Director of the Office of North African Affairs, Newsom received his first Ambassadorship, to Libya. He was on home leave on June 5, 1967, when the Six-Day War broke out, and he rushed back to Tripoli to deal with what he considers his biggest challenge abroad as a Foreign Service Officer—the evacuation of six thousand Americans from Libya, which was accomplished in a week of frenzied airlifts. The Libyans were not directly involved in the war, but they were ardent Arab nationalists, whose pride was deeply hurt by the Arab defeat, and this created a surge of anti-American feeling, which necessitated a temporary shutdown of Libya's Wheelus airbase, a training center for the United States Air Force in Europe, and it was the Air Force personnel and their families who constituted most of the evacuees. "After the Six-Day War, no one would talk to us," he says. "We tested the climate at Wheelus by starting off with two test-run flights a day, then moved up to four, and so on, until we were back in operation. Gradually, people started talking to us again, but the matters of pride and humiliation were difficult to overcome, and it took a long time." In Libya, as elsewhere, the Newsoms travelled as much as they could. On one occasion, Newsom, travelling alone, took a fifteen-day trip through the desert and arrived dusty and dishevelled one night at an oil-company rest camp. Newsom announced that he was the American Ambassador and would like to stay there that night. After some discussion, he was allowed in, but as he went through the gate he heard the guard mutter, in Arabic, "If that's the American Ambassador, then I'm King Idris."

From 1969 to 1974, Newsom was Assistant Secretary of State for Africa, and in many ways he considers that the most interesting job he has had, partly because it coincided with the birth of many new African nations, and partly because President Nixon paid little attention to Africa, so Newsom was able to do what he has said he most enjoys—"create policy and forward movement." As Assistant Secretary, he also faced his most difficult personal career crisis, over the Biafran secession struggle in Nigeria, which had already begun when he came into the job. "In a public climate very sympathetic to the Biafrans, I felt we had to preserve American relations with Nigeria," he says. "I felt strongly that, whatever the emotional appeal of the Biafrans' case, the United States was going to cause serious harm to its relations in Africa if we took the side of the secessionists. As a result, I received stacks of hate mail and some critical publicity. It wasn't only our relations with Nigeria that were at stake, as far as I was concerned, but also our relations with Kenya, Tanzania, Zambia, and Zaire."



Newsom's next assignment, as Ambassador to Indonesia, from 1974 to 1977, took him to a new geographical region, and one of the first things he discovered was that despite the Vietnam War, which was still going on when he got there, the United States was not a paramount factor in the resolution of Indonesia's many problems. This was in contrast to the situations in Libya and other Arab nations, where "our relations have always been affected or colored by the basic antagonisms that derive from our deep involvement in the Middle East and our support of Israel," he explains. "It was a sensitive subject that you couldn't talk about. In Indonesia, on the other hand, you could talk on a friendly and reasonable basis about almost anything." Moreover, he points out, once the process of decolonization had been completed—except in southern Africa—what had become most important in dealing with the new nations of the world were the economic problems in the context of the difficult North-South relationship. "One of my jobs in Indonesia was to encourage a constructive dialogue between the country's top economic planners and our people about these North-South issues," Newsom says. Indonesia's role as a member of OPEC was important, too, and there was a big financial crisis at Pertamina, the country's oil monopoly, which involved foreign and Indonesian banks that had granted huge loans that Pertamina was unable to pay back, and also involved many of the world's largest oil companies, including American ones. "My tenure as Ambassador in Indonesia also coincided with the emergence of human rights as a vital American concern, and I became engaged in some quiet persuasion of the Indonesians to release the bulk of their political prisoners, who had been held since the failed Communist coup of 1965. Though the rulers were worried that the former prisoners would cause complications—be-



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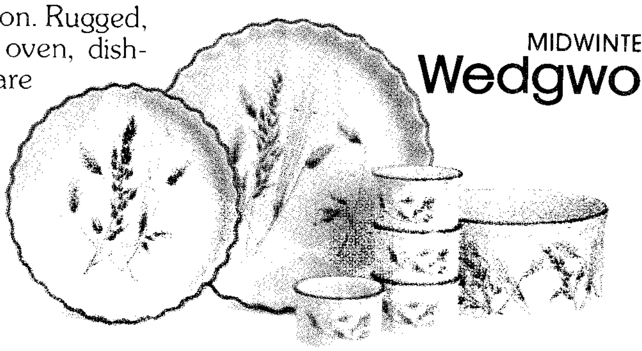

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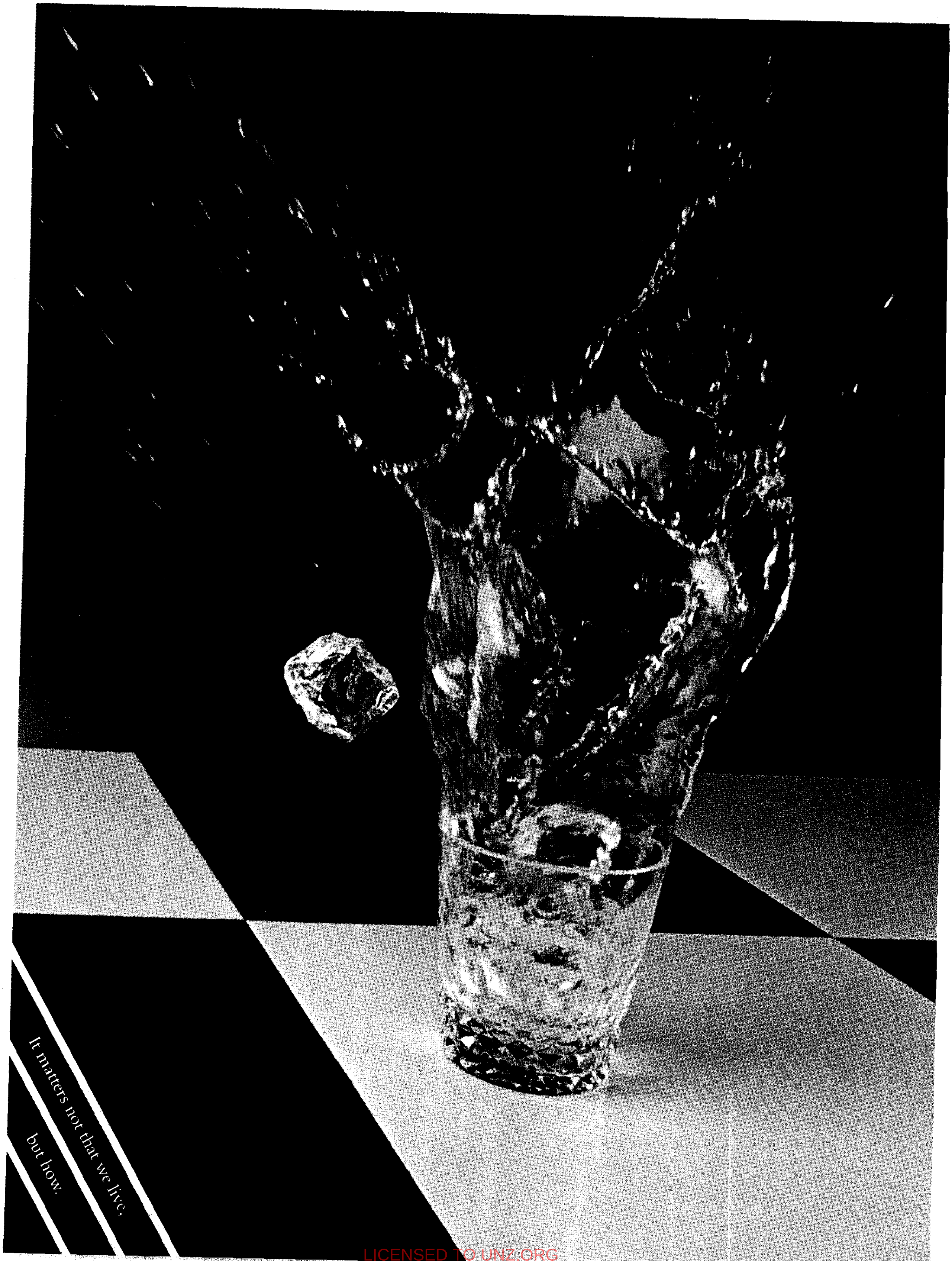
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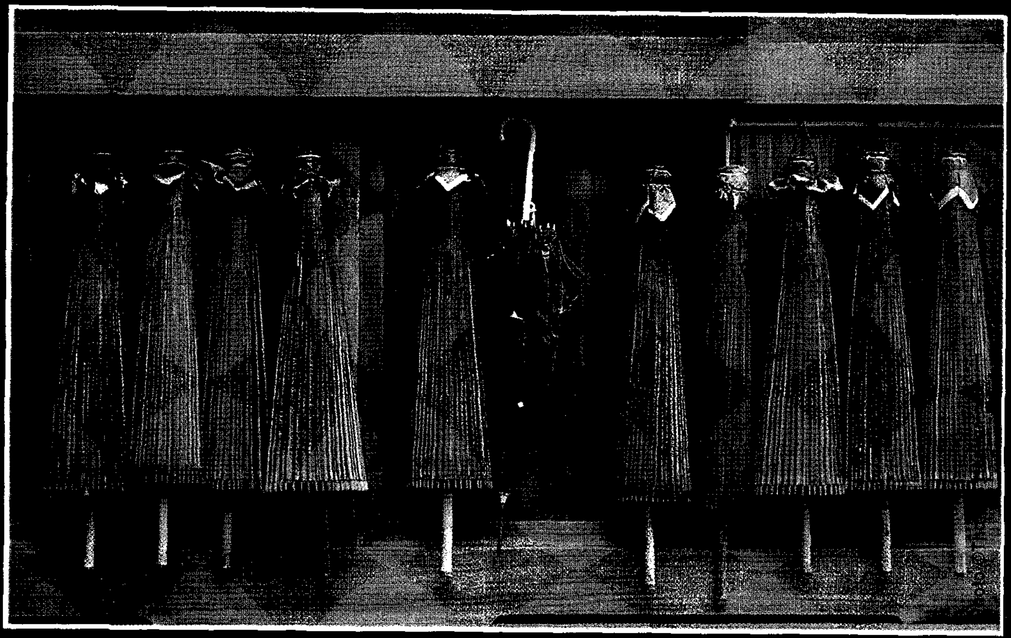

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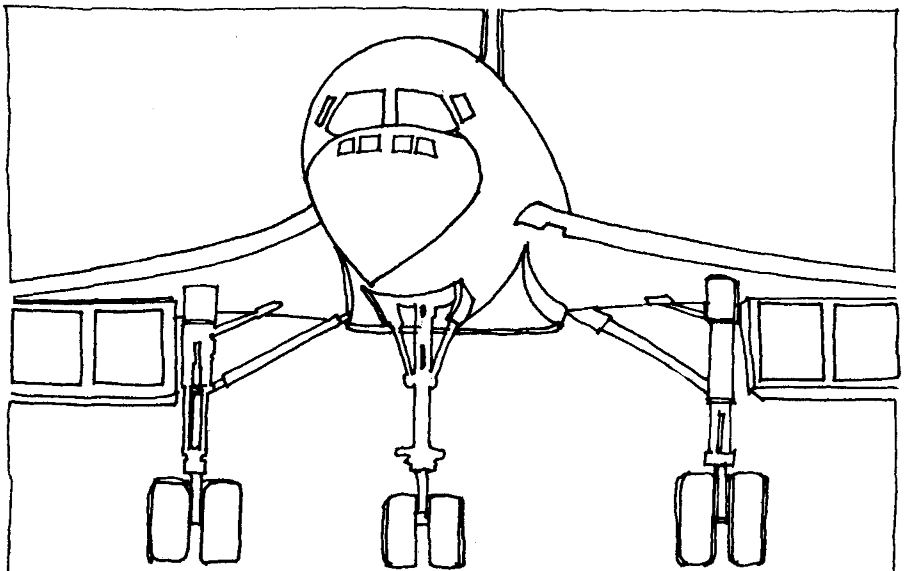
cause, as I was told, 'they couldn't go back to their old homes'—the process turned out to be remarkably smooth. When Vietnam collapsed, the reaction in Indonesia was a lot calmer than that in the United States. Granted that it was an island nation, and that the Vietnamese threat was considerably less than it was to, say, Thailand, there was no talk of dominoes among the Indonesians in Jakarta. An American businessman, though, came up to me one day and asked, 'How long do I have to get out of here before the Communists take over?' "

Newsom's final job before he became Under-Secretary for Political Affairs was as Ambassador to the Philippines. His main concern was to conclude negotiations on United States bases which had been begun prior to his arrival. The objective was to find a formula that preserved our operating privileges and was acceptable both to Congress and to the Filipinos. The work was actually completed by Newsom's successor, Richard Murphy, but according to a formula Newsom had suggested. It was approved in Congress after considerable persuasion by Newsom and Richard Holbrooke, the Assistant Secretary for East Asian and Pacific Affairs. Because Newsom was working on the problem before he took up the Manila assignment, he found himself in the curious position of writing his own Ambassadorial instructions. When he arrived in Manila, he carried them out in his discussions with President Ferdinand Marcos and other Filipino officials. "It was an unusual way to start an Ambassadorship," Newsom says. "I suppose you could call it do-it-yourself diplomacy."

The negotiation of the bases agreement took up most of Newsom's time in Manila. Only five months after he arrived, and while he was still adjusting to the subtle shifts taking place in American-Filipino relations, involving, among other things, our attitude toward human rights and other deprivations of freedom under the Marcos martial-law regime, he was asked, in April, 1978, to return to Washington to become Under-Secretary for Political Affairs. He had leased out the family house, in Cleveland Park, for two years, expecting to be in the Philippines at least that long, so the first thing he and his wife had to do was to find a place to live, and they rented a house two doors away. He hardly had time to assemble his own staff at the Department before he found himself inundated by events and by vast quantities of daily cables and



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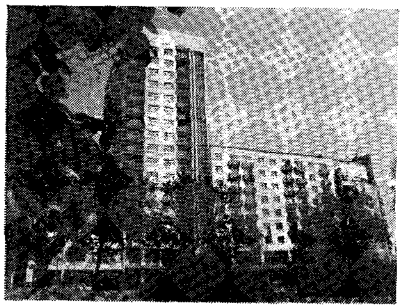

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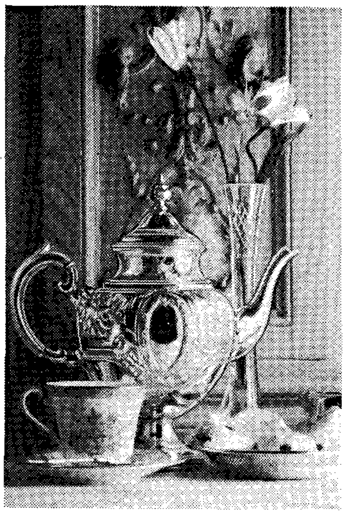
reports. Newsom, like others concerned with international affairs, believes that this heavy traffic flow represents one of the disadvantages of modern communications, which have revolutionized diplomacy over the past fifty years—especially since the Second World War. "Life would be a lot easier, though a lot slower, if we were still back in the clipper-ship era, when an ambassador went abroad and nobody heard from him until a packet came through months later," he says. "But in today's busy world, diplomacy has become a round-the-clock enterprise. Events are interwoven and interrelated from country to country and area to area, and the big issues of our day often require our being in touch with half a dozen capitals overnight. Still, there ought to be some way of cutting down the flow of paper, and the size of embassies as well, but it's always a case of 'You go first' or 'What I'm doing is too important.' Everyone wants to see his neighbor's garden weeded before he weeds his own."

DURING his first two months as Under-Secretary, Newsom travelled to Argentina in connection with legislation that would cut off further military sales and assistance to that country if it made no demonstrable progress in the field of human rights. He reached the conclusion that the Argentinians' inability (or disinclination) to release some nineteen hundred political prisoners and furnish information about perhaps as many as six thousand other people who had disappeared provided grounds for postponing aid. He also went to Paris to arrange for American participation in a multinational airlift of Moroccan troops to Shaba, in Zaire, to help deal with the Katangan secessionist movement there, and it was not long before he was once again deeply immersed in African affairs, applying his knowledge of that continent to the complicated negotiations to help bring about peace and free elections in Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) and Namibia (formerly South-West Africa). The United States was the most active member of the so-called "contact group"—the other members were Great Britain, France, Canada, and West Germany—seeking a settlement in Namibia, the former German colony, of eight hundred thousand blacks and a hundred thousand whites, that had come under the mandate of South Africa after the First World War. Discussions were held early this year at Geneva involving the various parties to the long dispute, including the so-called Front Line states of Africa—Angola, Botswana, Zambia, Tanzania, and Mozambique—and representatives of the United Nations. In March, the head of a temporary United Nations peacekeeping force and two deputies of Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim met in Africa to discuss details of a proposed ceasefire between the guerrillas of the South-West Africa People's Organization, or SWAPO, and the South Africans, and the establishment of a demilitarized zone. The various parties appeared optimistic, but the main problem remains: obtaining the approval of white-dominated South Africa.

In the larger African context, the Rhodesian situation was even more complicated, tortuous, and costly than the one in Namibia. For several years, the United States was engaged with Great Britain in a joint effort to obtain a settlement, but when the Conservative Government of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher came to power last year the British moved on their own to solve the issue. They ultimately managed to work out an agreement between the radical guerrillas of the Patriotic Front and the moderate regime of Bishop Abel T. Muzorewa, which had come to power in 1979 with the support of the white minority that ran things during the British colonial period and declared unilateral independence in 1965. The United States, following the lead of the British, lifted long-standing economic sanctions in December. Early in March, after a variety of preëlection skirmishing and some violence, Robert Mugabe, the Marxist co-leader of the Patriotic Front with Joshua Nkomo, won an outright majority of the vote and was named Prime Minister. With Nkomo as Home Affairs Minister, and with two whites in the cabinet, the new government was sworn in, and on April 18th Zimbabwe became an independent republic. Commenting on the progress made, Newsom said, "We were late in focussing enough attention on the Rhodesian problem, and were reluctant to look at it in geopolitical terms, but this has been a truly great diplomatic accomplishment. The establishment of a genuinely elected black government, conscious of the need to recognize the rights of the white minority, has proved the only solution." Returning to African affairs after he had been away from them for five years, he added, was "like seeing a script one had already read unfold. I cannot escape the passing thought that if we had been less inhibited in dealing with the na-



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tionalist groups at an earlier time we might have prevented this long crisis. Because we made a strong effort to encourage a realistic peace in the area, our standing on the continent is now higher than it was five years ago. A racially polarized southern Africa would be a tragedy for all of us."

MANY of the issues and problems that Newsom has dealt with over recent months, like Zimbabwe and Namibia, to say nothing of Iran, have been protracted, but others, requiring tactical solutions, have been settled fairly quickly, and still others have simply kept coming up, over and over again, in different contexts and shifting circumstances. "There's no real pattern to diplomacy in a predictable sense," Newsom has observed. "You establish certain aims and values and adopt fundamental policy approaches, as in dealing over a long period of time with the Russians or the Chinese, for example, or with our NATO allies in Europe, but you must always be prepared for the unexpected: something like the Soviet-brigade incident in Cuba, or a coup, or an assassination—like that of Park Chung Hee, in Korea—or a surprising election result, or a swift move like the seizure of the hostages in Iran. So much of what you do is purely technical—the nuts and bolts of diplomacy, or the quest for resources. These things are often just as important as the more exciting things that do surface publicly. A key paragraph in an economic or financial agreement may not sound very lively, but it can be more vital in the long run than a high-sounding communiqué that is simply a polite formality. And a lot of what you do is just exploratory—you want to find out what the mood of a country or its leader is, whether or not a change has taken place that might alter a relationship, and how this may affect your interests. It takes as much listening as doing. All these things help to explain why diplomacy is so time-consuming and why failure and success are not the only measuring rods."

An example of what Newsom meant was a visit he paid to Tripoli, in Libya, a year ago—returning to one of the countries where he had served as ambassador—primarily to find out what the Libyans were thinking and whether there were ways to reëstablish healthy relations, which had been on the downgrade ever since the victory of Muammar al-Qaddafi's revolutionary forces over the monarchy of King Idris I. Newsom did not see Qaddafi, whose mother was gravely ill, but he

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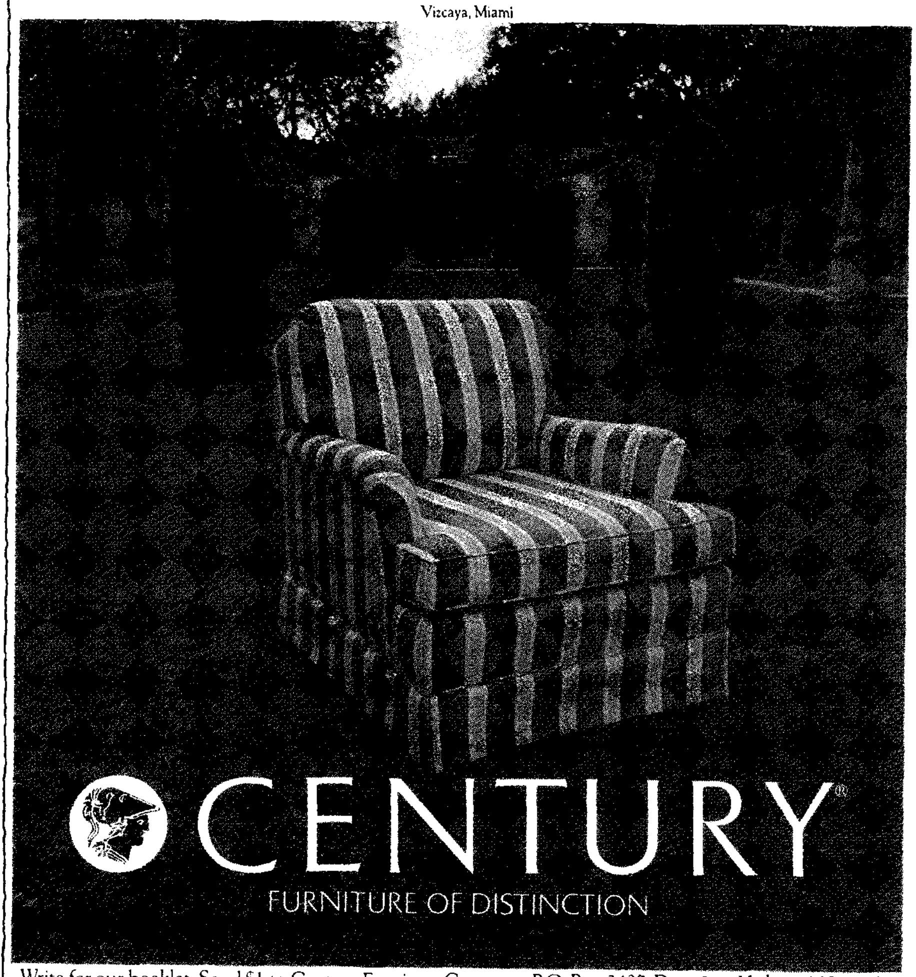

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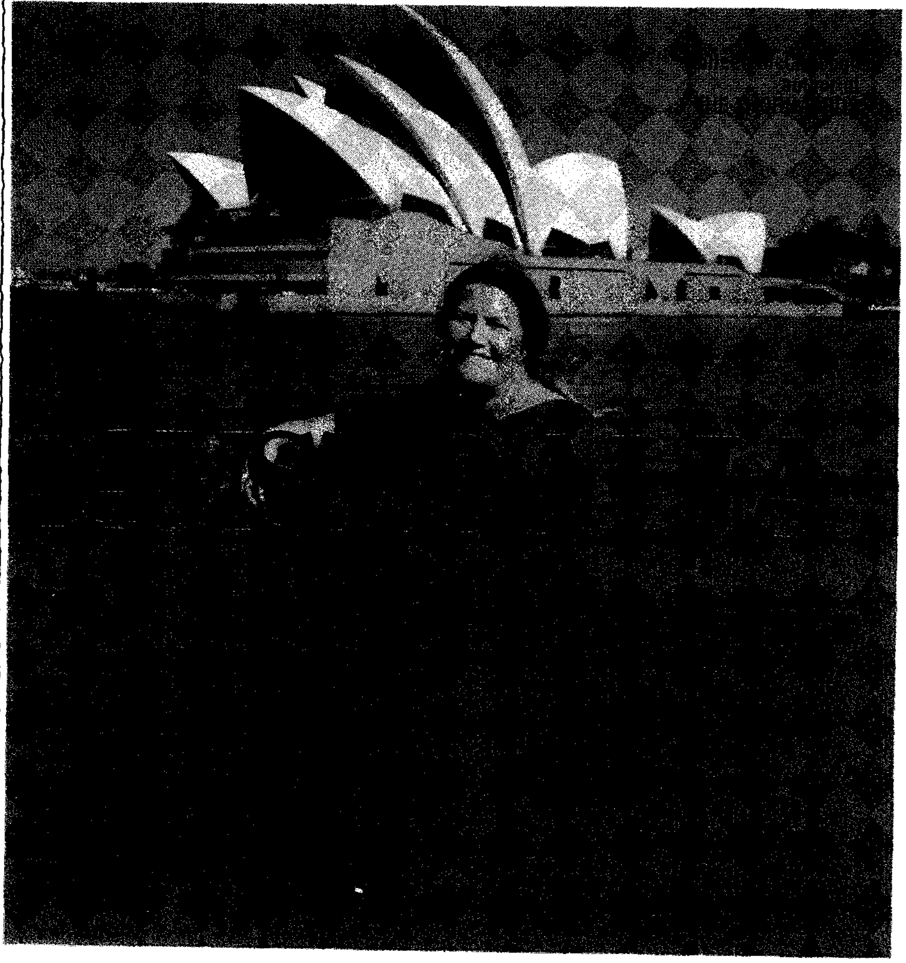

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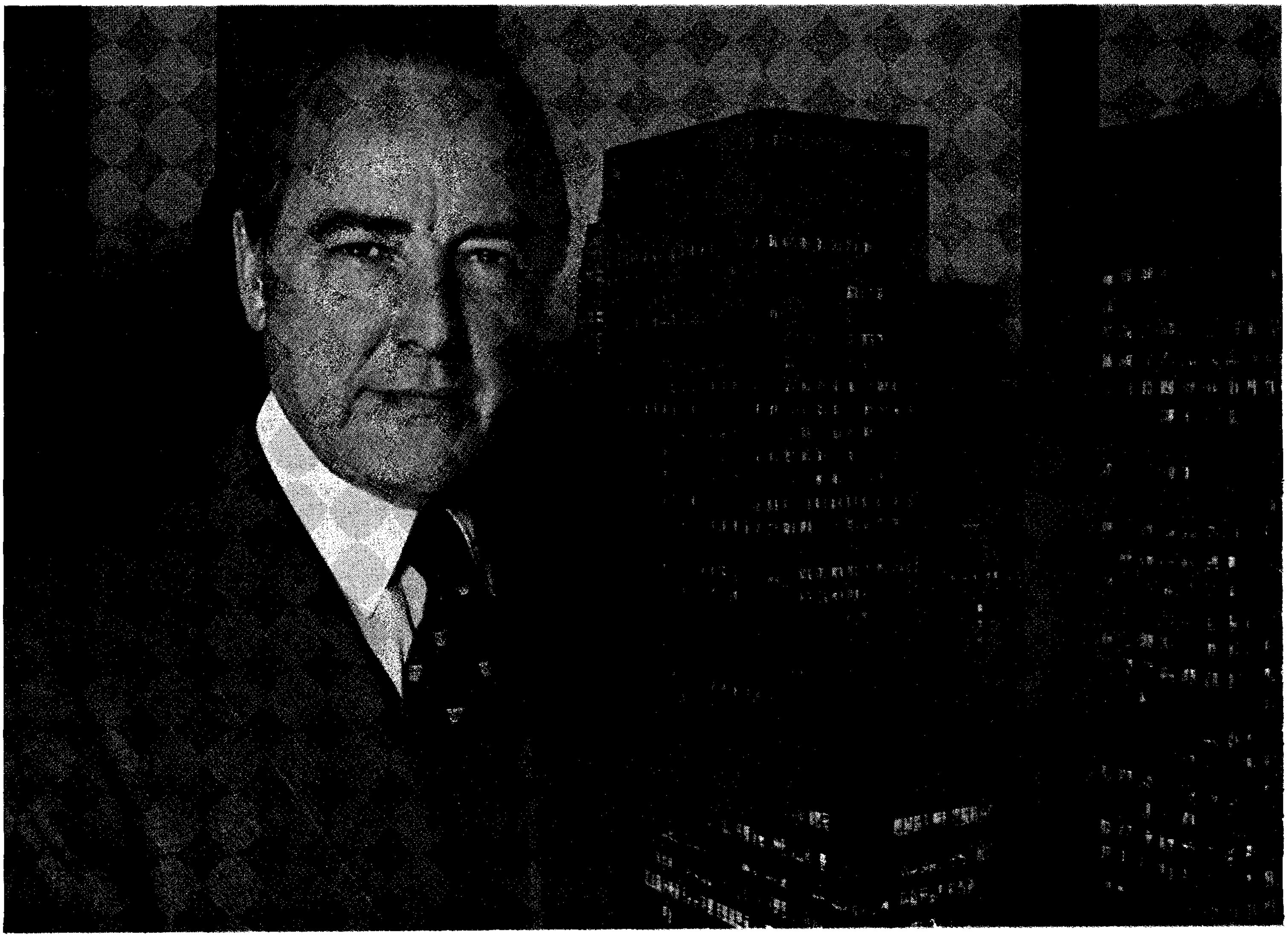

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spoke with three high officials, including Major Abdul Salaam Jalloud, the No. 2 man in the government. What he wanted to talk about with the Libyans was bilateral relations in the light of, among other things, the substantial economic interests that the United States has had in Libya over the years, including the large amounts of oil sold to the United States annually, but the three men he saw were less interested in discussing such broad subjects than in complaining about the Americans' refusal to sell them three Boeing 747 planes they had contracted for. Washington took the action because it was disturbed over the use by the Libyans of two Boeing 727 planes, out of a batch of eleven they had previously bought, to ferry troops to Uganda in a vain effort to help Idi Amin in his doomed fight for survival in the spring of 1979, when Tanzanian forces helped drive him from power. In his several hours of conversation, Newsom tried unavailingly to persuade the Libyans that their support of various terrorist organizations and their strong opposition to the Camp David accords were important factors in American relations with Libya. The Libyans simply kept maintaining that they were being unfairly discriminated against on the issue of the transport planes. “With the Arabs, in particular, it's always important to have the ability to listen,” Newsom said afterward. “In the case of Libya, where we have a difficult set of problems to resolve, it's especially useful to keep a dialogue going.”

When the hostages in Teheran were seized early in November, the Libyans were among a number of Third World nations that the United States approached for help in making contact with the Iranians, and Libya expressed official disapproval of the hostages' being held, although it supported the Islamic revolution. Washington noted its appreciation of Tripoli's effort, although, as with so many similar attempts to obtain a breakthrough to the Khomeini regime, nothing came of it. But then, on December 2nd, a mob of two thousand persons attacked the American Embassy in Tripoli and succeeded in entering the first two floors. None of the people in the Embassy at the time—there were twenty-one of them—were hurt, and they all managed to escape through a side door and reach the British Embassy, nearby, after destroying classified documents and equipment. The Americans insisted that the attack was scarcely spontaneous, as the Libyans claimed, since men on a government truck had been seen passing out crowbars to the demonstrators shortly before the attack, and another official truck had subsequently been used to haul away some unclassified documents. After attending a meeting of the Special Coördinating Committee at the White House, Newsom called in Ali al-Houderi, the head of the Libyan People's Bureau in Washington—on Qaddafi's orders, the Libyan Embassy had officially become the Bureau, as a popular symbol of the revolution—and demanded an acknowledgment of Libya's responsibility for the attack, and compensation as well. The Libyans responded by saying they would pay damages but could not accept responsibility. The Americans still insisted that the Libyans had known of the Embassy attack in advance and had condoned it, but Washington agreed to accept the Libyans' statement that local-police security at the Embassy had been inadequate and that proper protection would henceforth be provided. Qaddafi, however, has once more proved to be as unreliable as he is unpredictable. He has so far not volunteered to contribute anything toward the construction of a new Embassy, and our representation in Tripoli has been reduced first to five people, then to two, and finally, last month, to none. The withdrawal of the last two diplomats followed threats by the Libyans to some of their three thousand citizens in this country, whom they want to force to return home. At the request of the State Department, the Federal Bureau of Investigation placed under surveillance a number of Libyans suspected of being members of a terrorist squad. The Department then expelled six members of the Libyan People's Bureau, four of whom holed up in the building for nine days and refused to leave, claiming they were “students” and not diplomats. They finally agreed to go and were ushered aboard a plane by the F.B.I. As Qaddafi threatened to cut off oil supplies, and expelled twenty-five American citizens out of the twenty-five hundred in Libya, relations between Tripoli and Washington reached a new low. “It will take time to improve them,” Newsom commented, “and it's bound to be slow and painful, but it's all part of the diplomatic process.”

American relations with other African nations, even when their leaders are friendlier, are often complicated in comparable ways, which make it difficult to sort out options and to determine what the best—or, anyway, the least harmful—course of action is. A case in point is Morocco, whose close ties to the United States affect our important relationships with Saudi Arabia and Algeria as well as our relationship with Libya. The Libyans and the Algerians funnel substantial amounts of Soviet weapons to the Polisario Front. ("Polisario" is a contraction of "Popular Front for the Liberation of Saguia El Hamra and Río de Oro." The two areas concerned are the major regions of the western Sahara, and the front is a guerrilla force of between five and ten thousand men fighting to establish an independent state there.) The contested area amounts to a hundred thousand square miles and is rich in phosphates, and perhaps also in uranium and oil shale. It was a Spanish colony until 1975, when it was ceded to Morocco and Mauritania, with the Moroccans taking over the northern two-thirds and the Mauritanians the remainder. For most of the past four years, the Polisario has conducted its fight against both countries, but last August the Mauritanians gave up their territorial claims, and the Moroccans moved in to occupy the rest of the contested territory. As Morocco stepped up its attacks against the guerrillas, they increased their raids and extended them into Morocco proper. King Hassan II is a long-time ally of the United States, though on occasion an irksome one; he initially supported the Egyptian-Israeli peace talks, having acted as an intermediary to bring the two countries together in 1977, but later, succumbing to pressure from other Arab countries, he joined the economic and political boycott of Egypt. Under a 1960 aid agreement, Washington has given F-5A planes and other military equipment to the Moroccans, which were to have been used for defensive purposes within Morocco, but Hassan has used the planes against the Polisario in the desert, and eight of them have been shot down or have had to be withdrawn from use for mechanical reasons or for lack of spare parts. On October 22nd, after a number of meetings in the White House and at the State Department, in which Newsom was a major participant, President Carter decided that he would accede to Hassan's request for additional aid. Eventually, the offer consisted of a two-hundred-and-thirty-five-million-dollar package, including half a dozen OV-10 Bronco armed reconnaissance planes, for counter-insurgency operations; two dozen Hughes helicopter

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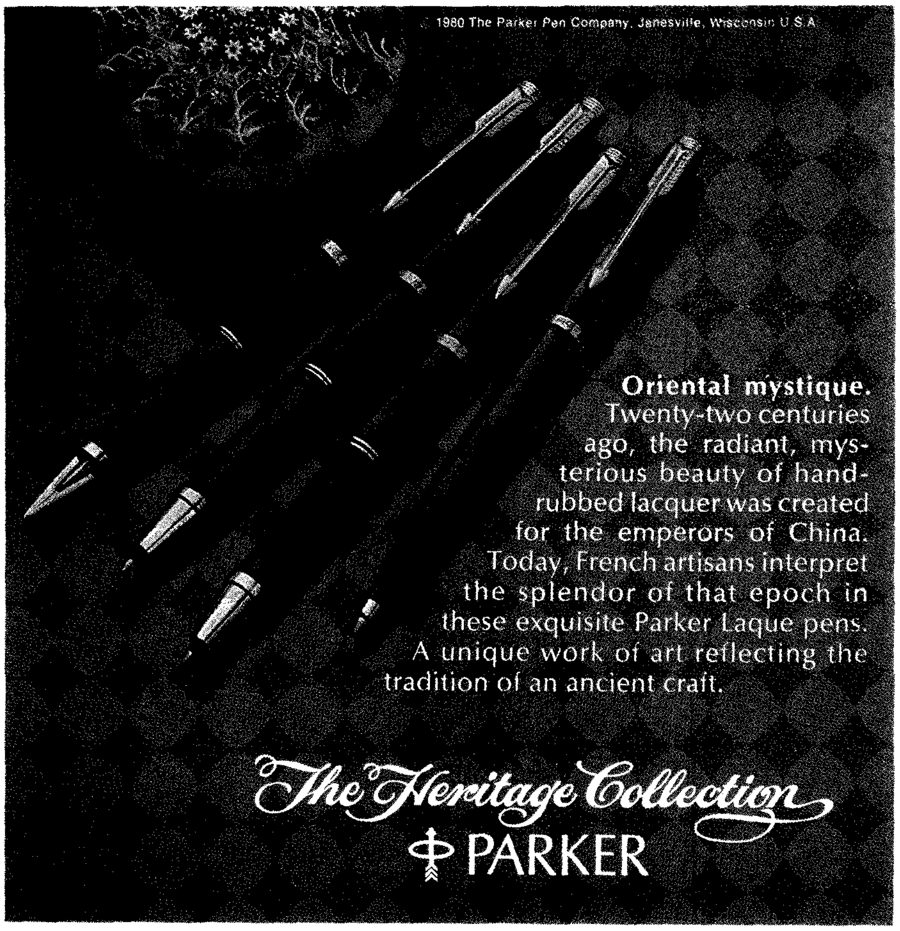

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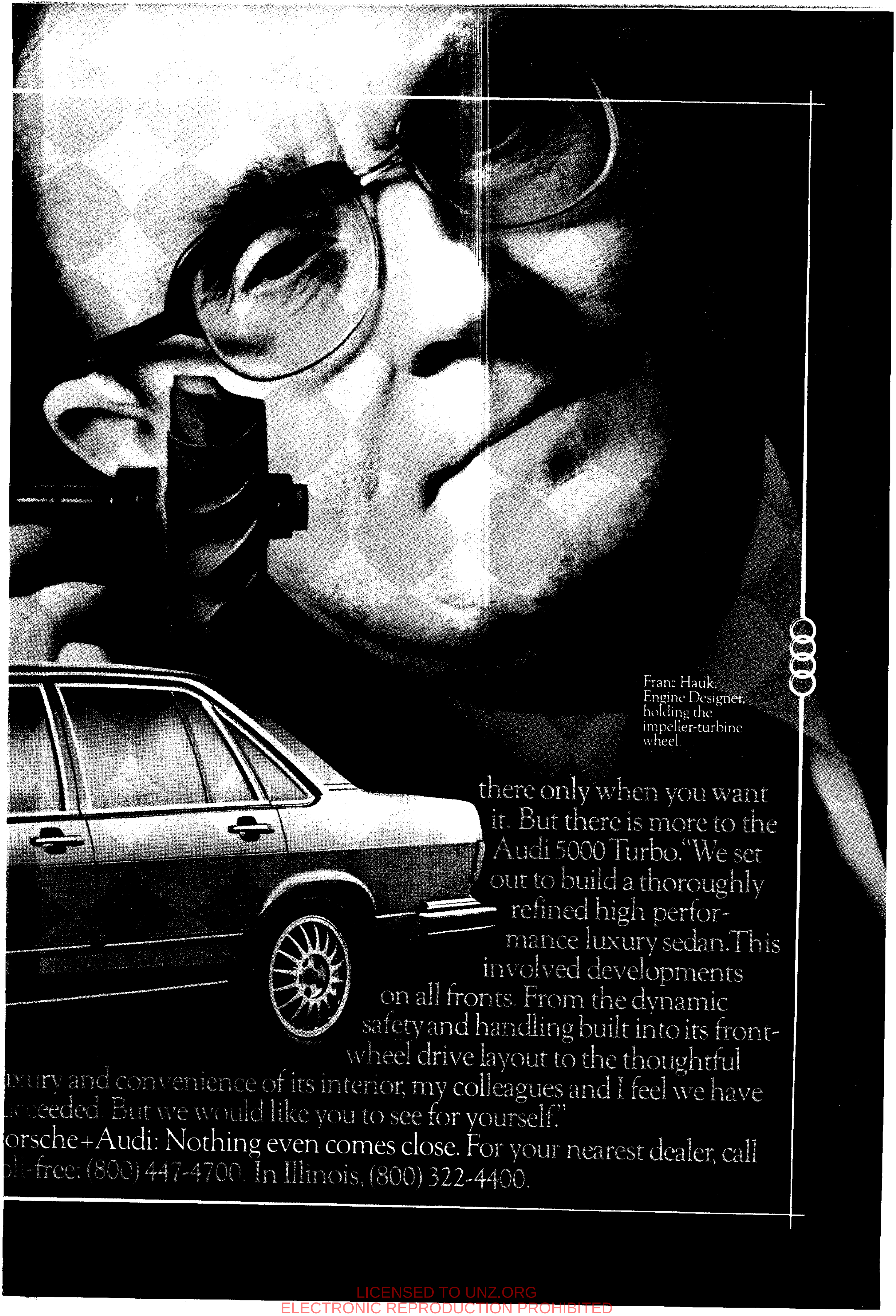

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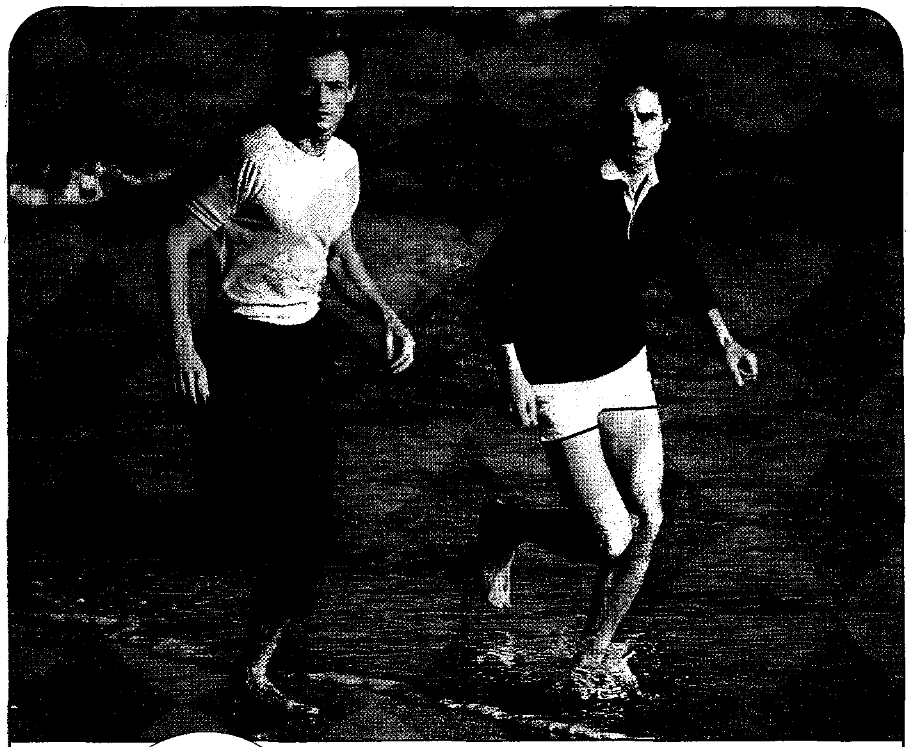
gunships; and twenty F-5E jet fighters. However, anticipating congressional reluctance to approve the aid package, the President stipulated that the new equipment was intended to encourage Hassan to open negotiations for resolving the problems in the Sahara, and that these were to include talks with the Polisario. So far, Hassan has been loath to engage in any such talks because he regards the guerrillas as an upstart left-wing group and because Morocco historically looks upon not only the western Sahara but Mauritania, half of western Algeria, and parts of Mali and Senegal, too, as belonging to what the monarchy vaguely calls "true Morocco."

Both the State Department and the White House regard Hassan's war as unwinnable. But at a White House meeting a few days prior to the Presidential decision, which was attended by Newsom and by representatives of the Defense Department, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the C.I.A., and the National Security Council, Brzezinski came out strongly in favor of giving Hassan the full package of new equipment. In response to admonitions by Newsom that in swinging our support to Hassan we should consider important interests we had in Algeria, Brzezinski expressed the view that Saudi Arabia, which has agreed to finance the two-hundred-and-thirty-five-million-dollar aid package to Morocco, was most important to the United States. Moreover, Brzezinski said, Hassan was still our friend, and our record of supporting friends around the world had not been very reassuring to them. The approach of the Department, as it was expressed by Newsom, was to do everything possible short of direct mediation to encourage negotiations between Morocco and Algeria, but Hassan seems intent on first bringing the Polisario to heel, although some talks between Algerian and Moroccan representatives have recently taken place in Paris. Hassan's problem is aggravated by the fact that the longer the war goes on, the more the Moroccan economy suffers, to the point where the stability of the throne may be imperilled—as it was in 1971 and 1972, when he withstood two military-coup threats. Newsom told me, "We would have preferred it if a dialogue had occurred without our escalating our military supplies to Morocco; but if the only way we can encourage the dialogue is by meeting Morocco's defensive needs more forcibly, though purely as a condition for negotiations, then the option chosen is inevitable."



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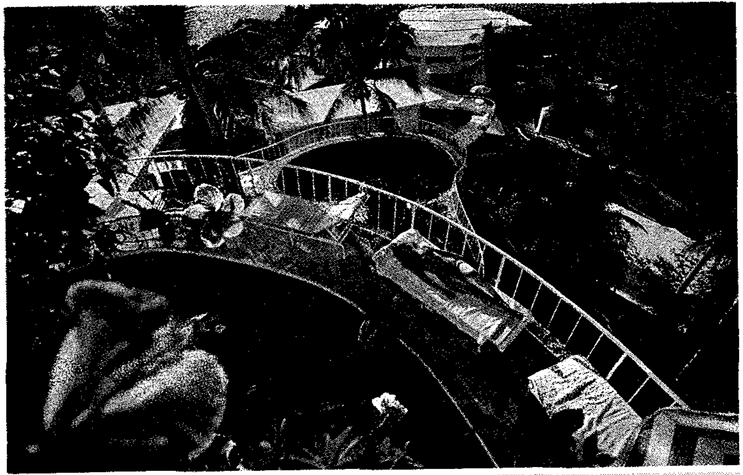

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The North African situation is another example of how a crisis in one part of the world impinges on others, and how events in various regions interrelate so rapidly that it becomes nearly impossible for the State Department and the White House to keep up with them. The dangers apparent in any escalation in the Sahara, with the risk of a strong Soviet-backed Algerian and Libyan response in the form of a stepped-up program of assistance to the Polisario, are all too reminiscent of those that once faced us in Vietnam. Given the Soviet willingness to risk confrontation with the United States, the American move to seek new bases in the Middle East, reinforce NATO, and shore up such friends as Morocco, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and Oman is regarded by many Washington policymakers as an unavoidable, though not necessarily desirable, step. The Moroccan issue was one that clearly highlighted the foreign-policy differences that have all along existed within the American establishment. Offset against the bold, aggressive approach usually adopted by Brzezinski and the N.S.C. has been the more judicious and cautious approach of the State Department. Each has had its congressional partisans, but as a result of the Afghanistan invasion and other Russian actions, the balance has been tipping in favor of a tougher American position. Whether or not the appointment of Senator Edmund S. Muskie as Secretary of State will lead to a reining in of Brzezinski and to a steadier foreign-policy course remains to be seen, but certainly there has been a lack of coherence and consistency in the conduct of foreign affairs dating back almost to the outset of the Carter Administration, and this is attributable, at least in part, to the failure of the State Department to seize the initiative on many issues.

DESPITE the frictions that have arisen between the State Department and the White House over Iran, Morocco, and a number of other issues, it would be a mistake to assume that the Department has not taken some strong positions of its own. The role of Andrew Young, former Ambassador to the United Nations, demonstrated that the Department is willing to support bold strategies and tactics as long as they don't violate United States commitments; unfortunately, that is what Young did when he talked to a representative of the Palestine Liberation Organization on his own, in contravention of Department orders,

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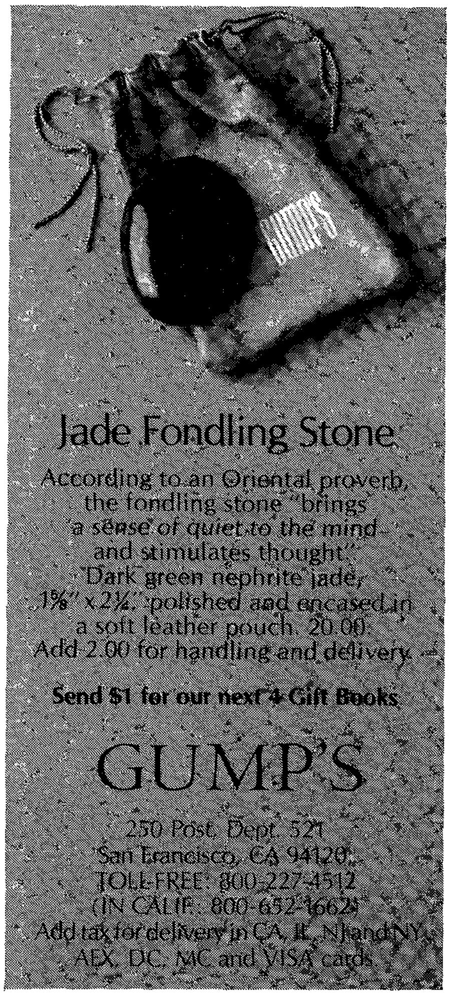

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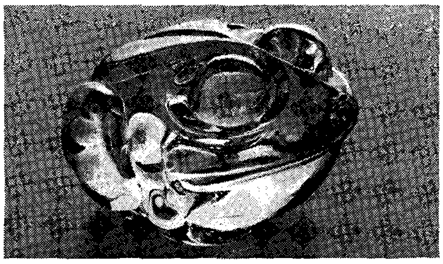

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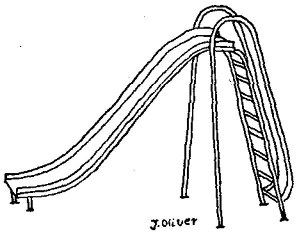
and then failed to tell the whole truth about his conversation and the circumstances under which it took place, with the result that he was forced to resign. When I asked Newsom about Young, he said, "Andy Young made a great contribution to our relations with Africa and the Third World. What many of my white friends at home do not understand is that Andy had to be credible with constituencies in this country and in Africa. To achieve this credibility, he often made statements, out of his own feelings and experience, that were alien to our traditional way of thinking. But in doing so he said to many, 'I understand how you feel and how you are thinking.' Few persons in recent history have been able to say this so effectively to so many in the developing world. And he would be the first to admit that his approach did not always accord with traditional diplomacy and political prudence. I can only regret that the dilemma came to a crunch point so soon and on the particularly complex issue of the P.L.O."

A favorite code word in the State Department, I discovered during my months in Newsom's office, is "relevance." In a world as diffuse and at the same time as intricately interrelated as today's, "relevance" has acquired a special connotation: it characterizes and defines the limits of our diplomacy. In the effort to set priorities and to sort out the many options ("options" is another favorite word in the Department) that are faced each day, the question is invariably asked: How relevant is it? Not everything that happens in the world nowadays is relevant to the United States, but, despite a post-Vietnam inclination to confine our concerns and involvements, an increasing number of events and situations seem to bear, one way or another, on American national interests or on those of our allies, with whom, most of the time, we share obligations and responsibilities. However, there are many different interpretations in Washington of just how relevant or important a given situation is, and what our response to it can or should be, and these cause a great deal of political byplay, jockeying, and general confusion. Because the policymaking establishment is so big, the diverse opinions that come to the surface in the process of reaching decisions or postponing them often tend to blur, rather than clarify, the relevance of the questions being considered. Conflicting views and attitudes are expressed not only by the State Department and the N.S.C. but also by the Department of Defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the C.I.A., academic specialists and advisers, the pundits of the press, a host of senators and representatives with their own special interests, and, finally, the American people at large, who out of knowledge or intuition have firm opinions about what is and what is not relevant and what ought to be done or not done.



In a situation like that in Iran, for example, there are so many relevant factors that it has been almost impossible to sort them out. They include moral responsibility for the fate of the hostages and for international principles of conduct; the political future of Iran and its importance in the complex set of relationships that the United States is seeking to maintain in the Middle East; religious factors having to do with the explosive condition in the Muslim world as a whole; the supply of oil from the Persian Gulf; and strategic considerations, which in the minds of many experts are paramount.

When matters that are undeniably relevant are subjected to a great deal of political debate, the channels for making decisions become clogged. Bureaucracy, procrastination, and compromise enter in, tending to relegate the solution of a relevant matter to a remote plateau, where either expediency or inertia may take over. Things get done or not done and policy decisions are made or not made more on the basis of what is politically feasible than on what is pertinent.

After months of first-hand observation, I came to the conclusion that in many respects the State Department was operating on a partly self-designed treadmill. Accordingly, too much time is spent in either propounding or defending points of view and policy. Whether the White House is the villain one day or Congress the next, or the Defense Department or the Office of Management and Budget the next, makes little difference. The fact remains that under the present system the Department no longer takes charge but is simply given the task of coordinating policy. Within the bureaucracy, it is the navigator of foreign policymaking, and not the pilot; in fact, there no longer is a single pilot in Washington—only co-pilots competing for the controls, often under turbulent or stormy conditions. De-

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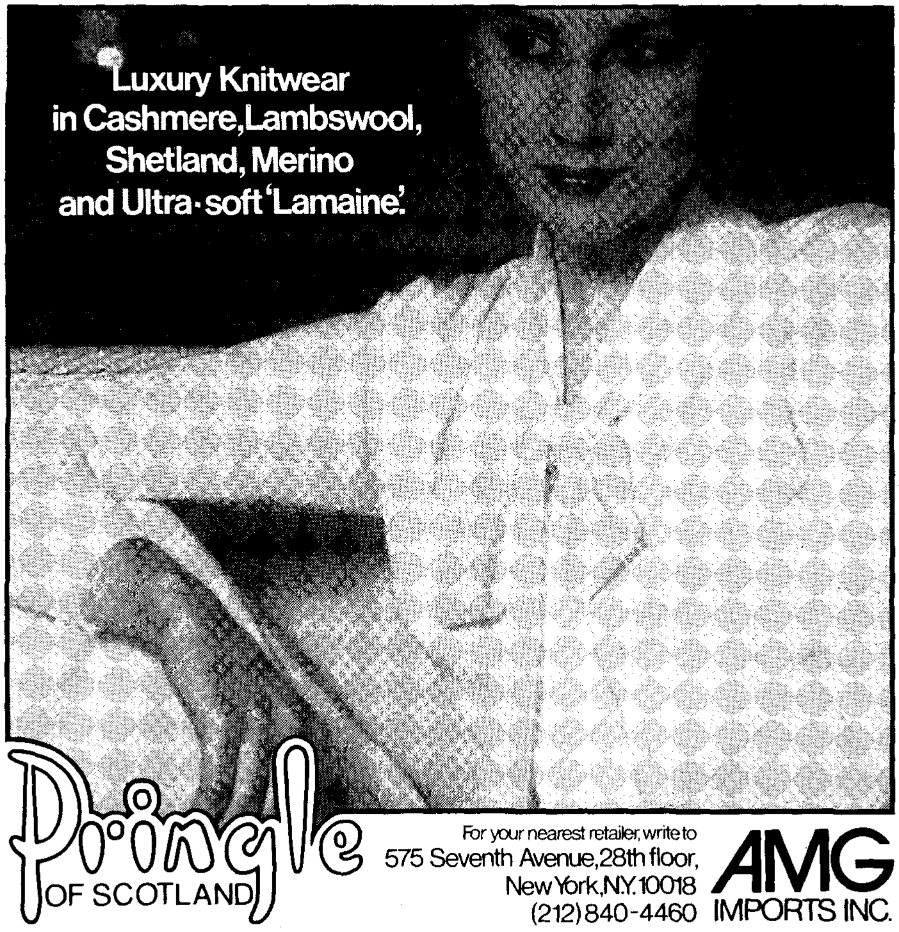
cisions are delayed, crises are followed up instead of being anticipated or confronted, and the whole process has become so frustrating and time-consuming that everyone concerned has to keep running faster just to stay in the same place, while at the same time looking over his shoulder to see what some other branch of the government is doing.

As a topflight professional with many years of experience, Newsom is fully aware of these difficulties and handicaps. Along with others in the Department hierarchy, he pursues his daily course philosophically, with equanimity and with humor and understanding, but there are times when his patience, too, is tried.

Last summer, following the victory of the Sandinistas and the ouster of President Anastasio Somoza in Nicaragua, the American policy was to extend Nicaragua some emergency aid as soon as possible, but Newsom found himself caught in an almost impossible bureaucratic maze. The trouble derived from the fact that four years earlier Congress had killed any contingency funds for such emergencies. Now the Latin-American section of the Department wanted ten million dollars for Nicaragua. The European bureau wanted ten million dollars for emergency aid to Yugoslavia, which had suffered an earthquake. Additional aid was also required for Uganda, in the wake of the fall of Idi Amin, and for Liberia, which had been the scene of severe riots over rice and the destruction of property. Newsom and his aides in the Department debated where the required funds might come from, and decided that the best solution was to use twenty-seven million dollars that the Office of Management and Budget had allocated for building the Maqarin Dam in Jordan—money that had not yet been spent, because a riparian-rights agreement had not been reached. The O.M.B., however, would not reallocate the money until a dispute was settled between the Department of State and the Department of Defense over who would pay for the airlift of Moroccan troops from Shaba, in Zaire, back to Morocco—an interdepartmental conflict that had been going on for months. Senator John Glenn, at the instigation of the Department, introduced an amendment to a pending security-and-assistance bill which would authorize the use of Defense Department funds for the airlift and would thus settle that issue and free the Maqarin Dam funds for use in Nicaragua, Yugoslavia, and elsewhere. Also attached to the bill was an



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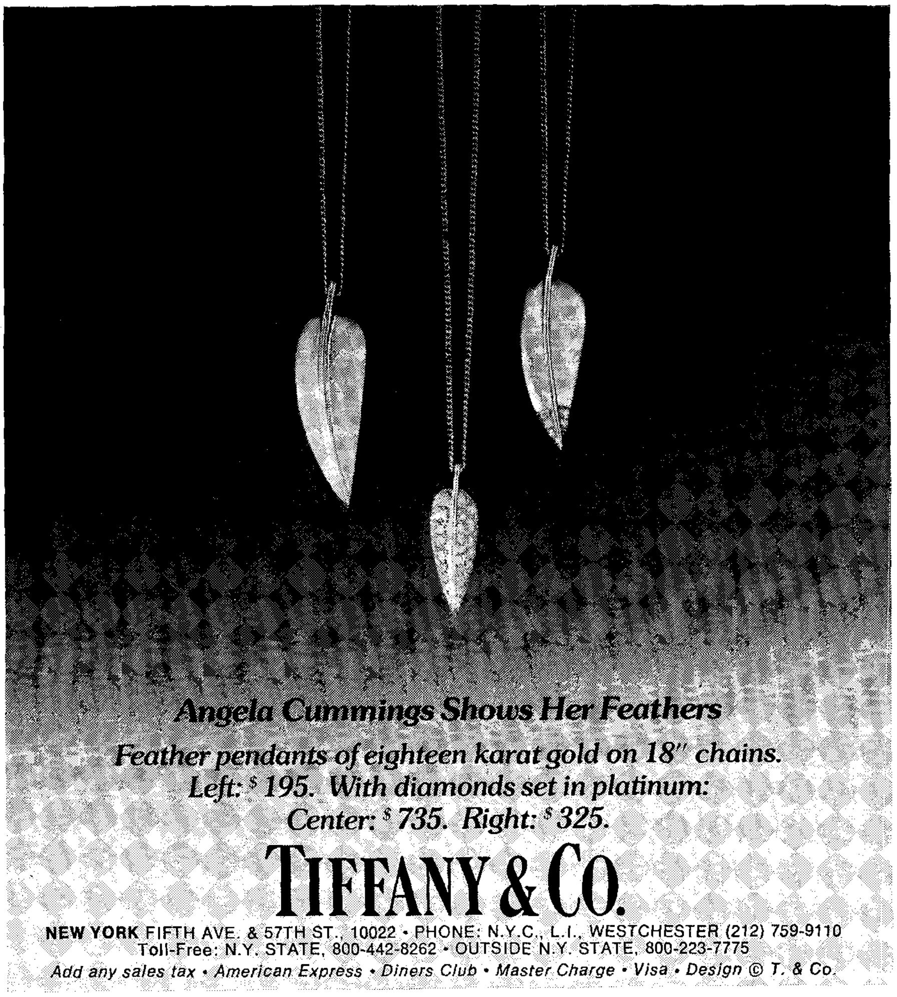

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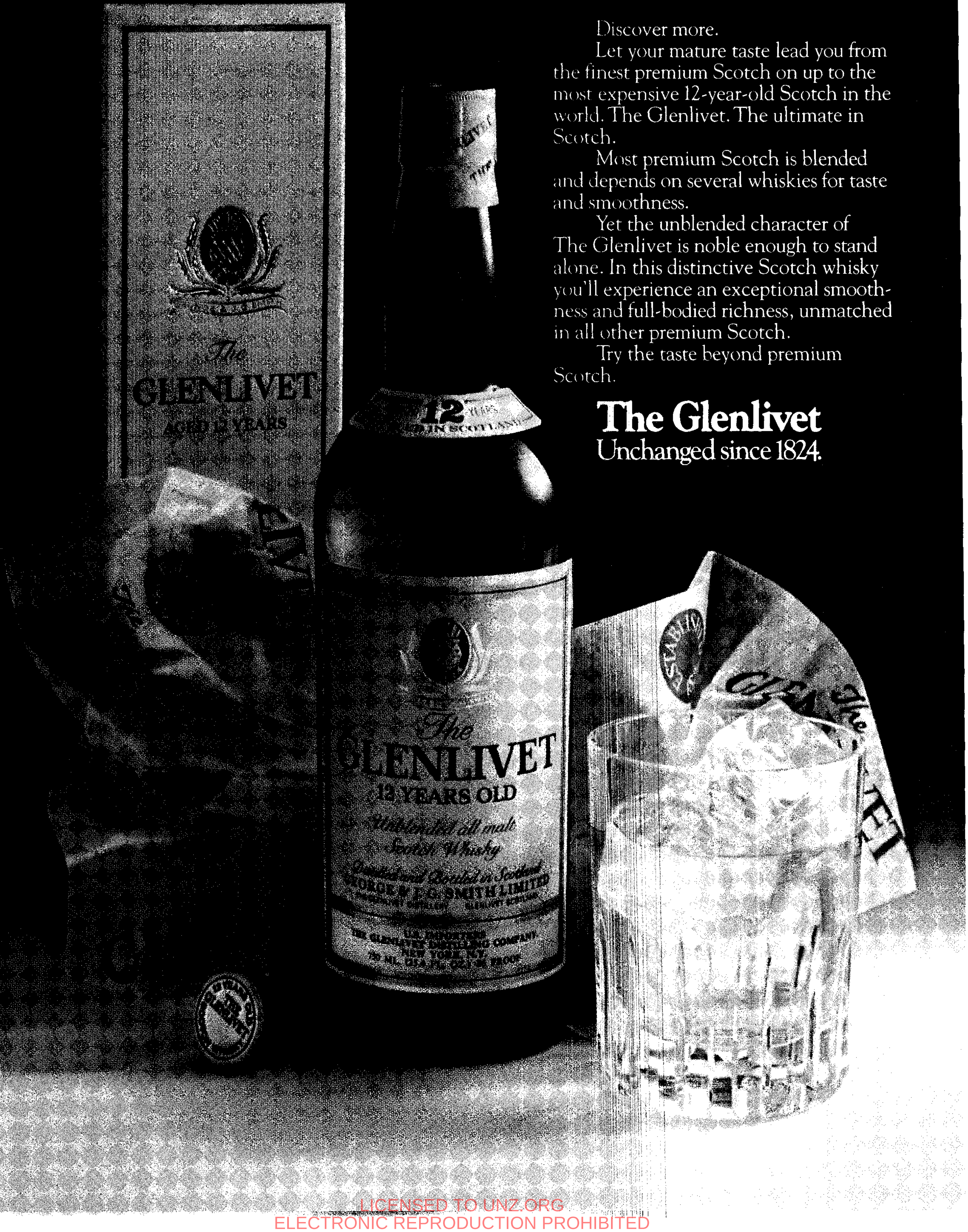
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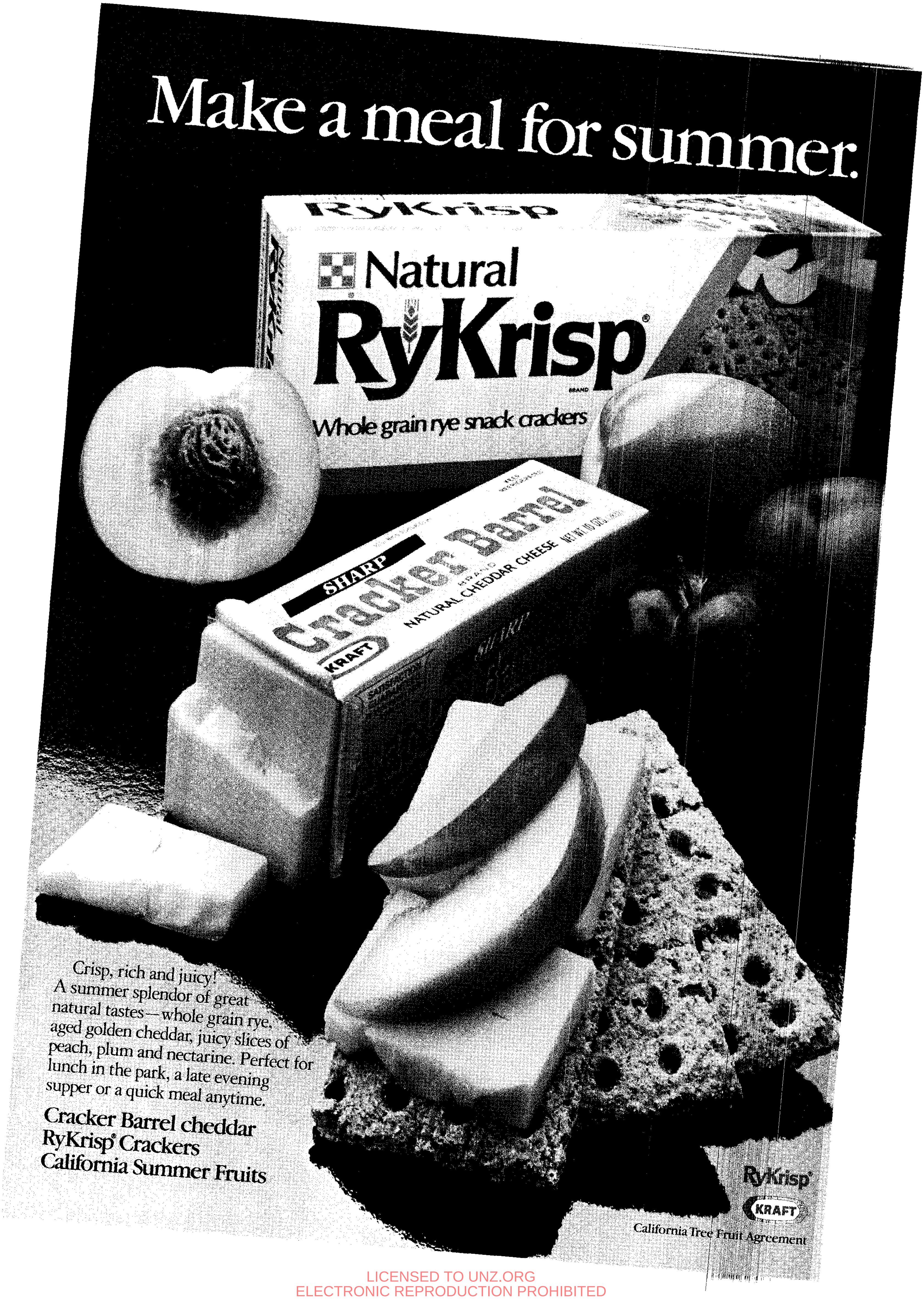

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amendment authorizing military aid to Turkey—another controversial issue, which aggravated the problem. Congress recessed at the end of July, by which time the Glenn amendment had been introduced in the Senate but not in the House, and the bill went to a conference committee of the two branches with the amendment attached only to the Senate version and became held up over the Turkish question. "It was clear that we would not get the bill through with the Glenn amendment in time to get aid to Nicaragua," Newsom said, telling the story of the muddle. "So I had to persuade the reluctant lawyers involved that if the conferees agreed to approve the amendment then even though the security-and-assistance bill wasn't passed we would have the authority to lift the Moroccan troops from Shaba with Defense Department funds and so could obtain the Jordan-dam money. After I went through all that and got the green light to reprogram these funds, another senator put a temporary hold on the deal, because he didn't want any money to go to Yugoslavia, but we finally persuaded him to relent and got the money approved. The whole procedure took the best part of a month. This may have been an extreme case, but it's the sort of thing we seem to spend an inordinate amount of time doing. Trying to make something work in the United States government nowadays is one of the biggest challenges you can imagine, but you're successful just often enough to make the effort satisfying. In a case like Iran, however, where you're dealing with a pernicious and dangerous situation and your options are limited, the challenge is altogether different. The opportunities and the conditions for a rational approach are inhibited by circumstances and personalities, and no satisfaction is involved in seeking a solution to this sort of tragic problem. There are times when diplomacy can be an emotionally charged and trying business, and when the satisfactions, if any, can only be those of pained relief." —ROBERT SHAPLEN

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

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THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*Footnote in "American Constitutional Law," by Laurence H. Tribe*]

36. Cf. Hollon v. Pierce, 257 Cal.App. 2d 468, 64 Cal.Rptr. 808 (3d Dist. 1967) (city may discharge school bus driver who believes in the religious sacrifice of children).

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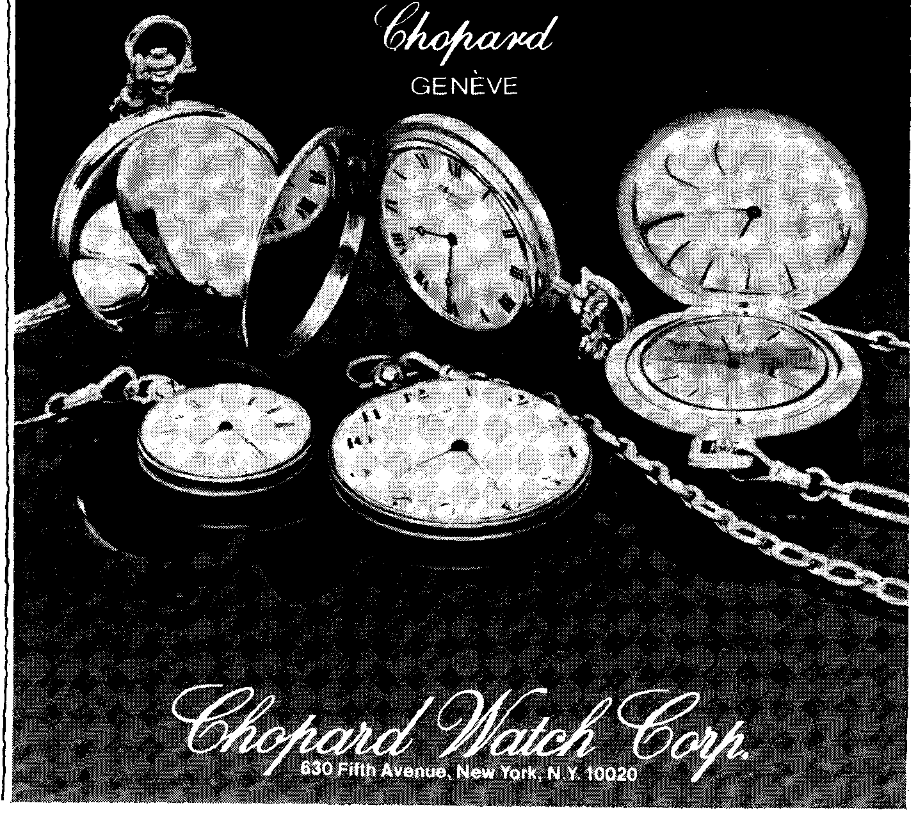

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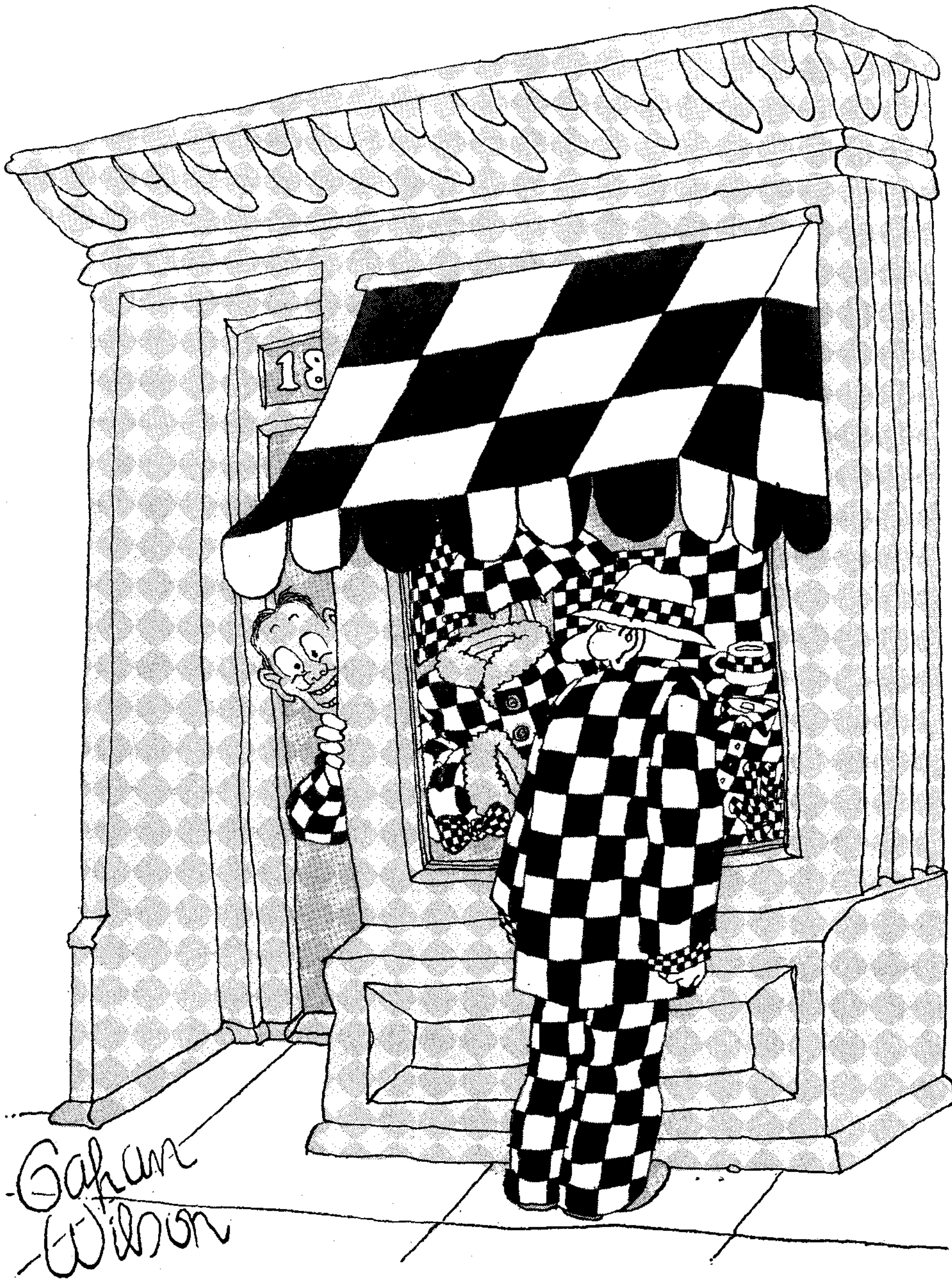
THE THEATRE

Now You See It, Now You Don't

"BLACKSTONE!," at the Majestic, is accurately subtitled "The Magnificent Musical Magic Show." When bewildering feats of magic aren't being performed by Harry Blackstone, son of "The Great Blackstone"—a magician who flourished in the heyday of vaudeville and whom many elderly magic-lovers remember with awe—pretty girls are romping about the stage to deafeningly overmiked music, in costumes so incandescent that they resemble fireworks, amidst scenery that evokes a never-never land vaguely Oriental in its trappings. Which is as it should be, for where but in the mysterious East would you expect a sixty-five-hundred-pound elephant to disappear into thin air at the mere snap of one's fingers? Or a tiger to be pacing a cage that a few moments earlier had contained an indisputable human being? I am filled with admiration for Mr. Blackstone's repertory of tricks, not one of which failed to deceive me. Out of what is obviously an empty drum are drawn three American flags of various epochs and the flags of the fifty states; out of that same certified emptiness there also emerges a living American eagle. The grisliest buzz saw ever seen in any theatre begins its ferocious spinning; soon the blade will be making its bloody way through the body of a prostrate young woman, who Blackstone assures us is thoroughly hypnotized and will feel nothing. I shut my eyes as her body begins to be cut in two. When I open my eyes, a plank that has rested on a platform just under the poor creature is seen to have been sawed in two; uncannily, the woman is in one piece and is smiling. As for a trick called "The Extraordinary Floating Light Bulb," it is a classic, inherited from Blackstone's father: a light bulb does indeed float readily about the stage, and even out over the heads of the audience, with no visible means of support and with no source for the electric current it is burning. Impossible, and it happens, and even the most skeptical of the six-year-olds in the audience—children are always the severest judges of magic, having the most to lose from disillusion—burst into piping cries of "Yay!"

The gorgeous scenery of "Blackstone!" was designed by Peter Wolf, and the gorgeous costumes are by Winn Morton. The show has been lit by Martin Aronstein, and its direction and choreography are by Kevin Carlisle. "Barnum" and "Blackstone!" happen to face each other across West Forty-fourth Street, and if it turns out that there's less Barnum in "Barnum" than there is in "Blackstone!"—well, that's show biz for you.



"I think we may be just the store for you, sir!"

IT'S always startling when a new work by young people is distinguished mostly for its air of déjà vu. "Musical Chairs," lately at the Rialto, was a singularly tired little musical comedy, filled with characters who complained about things that people in musicals have been complaining about for many generations now. The book was by Barry Berg, Ken Donnelly, and Tom Savage, and the music and lyrics were by Mr. Savage. The setting was a theatre where a new play was being put on. I suppose the odds against writing a successful play about a play must be on the order of a million to one, and the odds in the present instance were much heightened by the ineptitude of the cast. The song that brought the first act to what the authors must have hoped would prove a rousing finish was sung by four women who urged the audience to join them in the ladies' lounge during intermission, to powder noses and chat about Bloomingdale's. The song made me think that I could put the intermission to a better purpose, which was to steal away from the theatre, disappointed but not yet enraged.

—BRENDAN GILL

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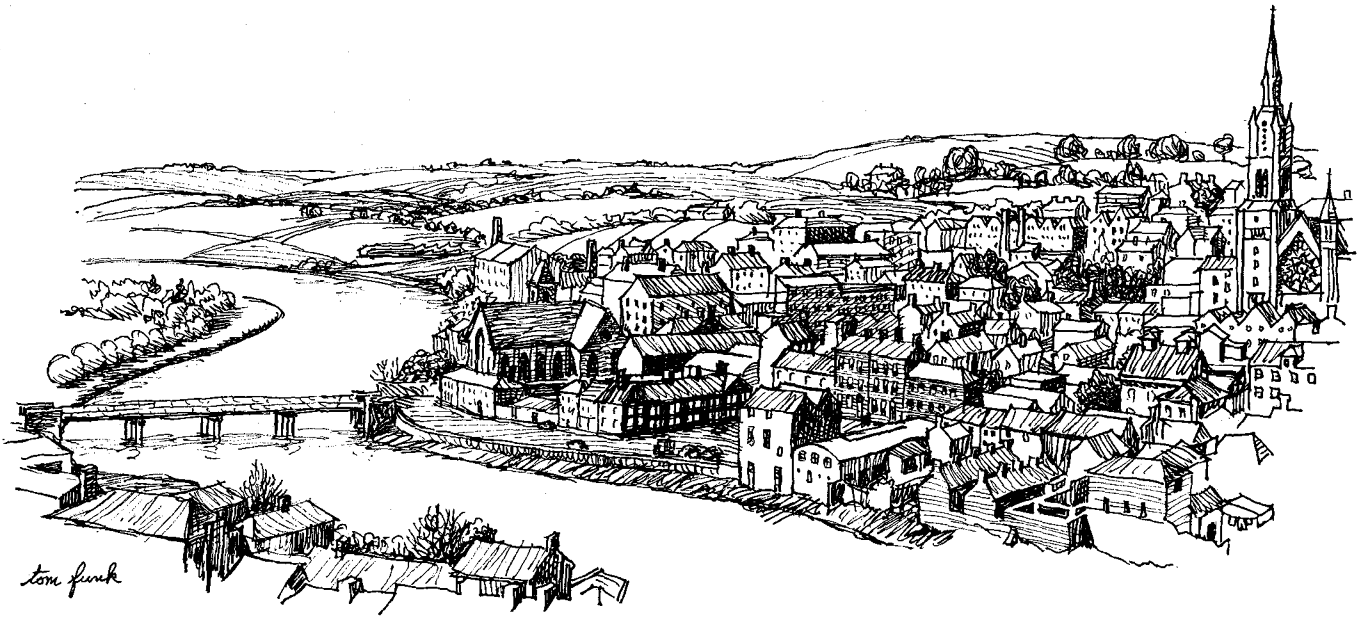
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A WALK ALONG THE BOYNE



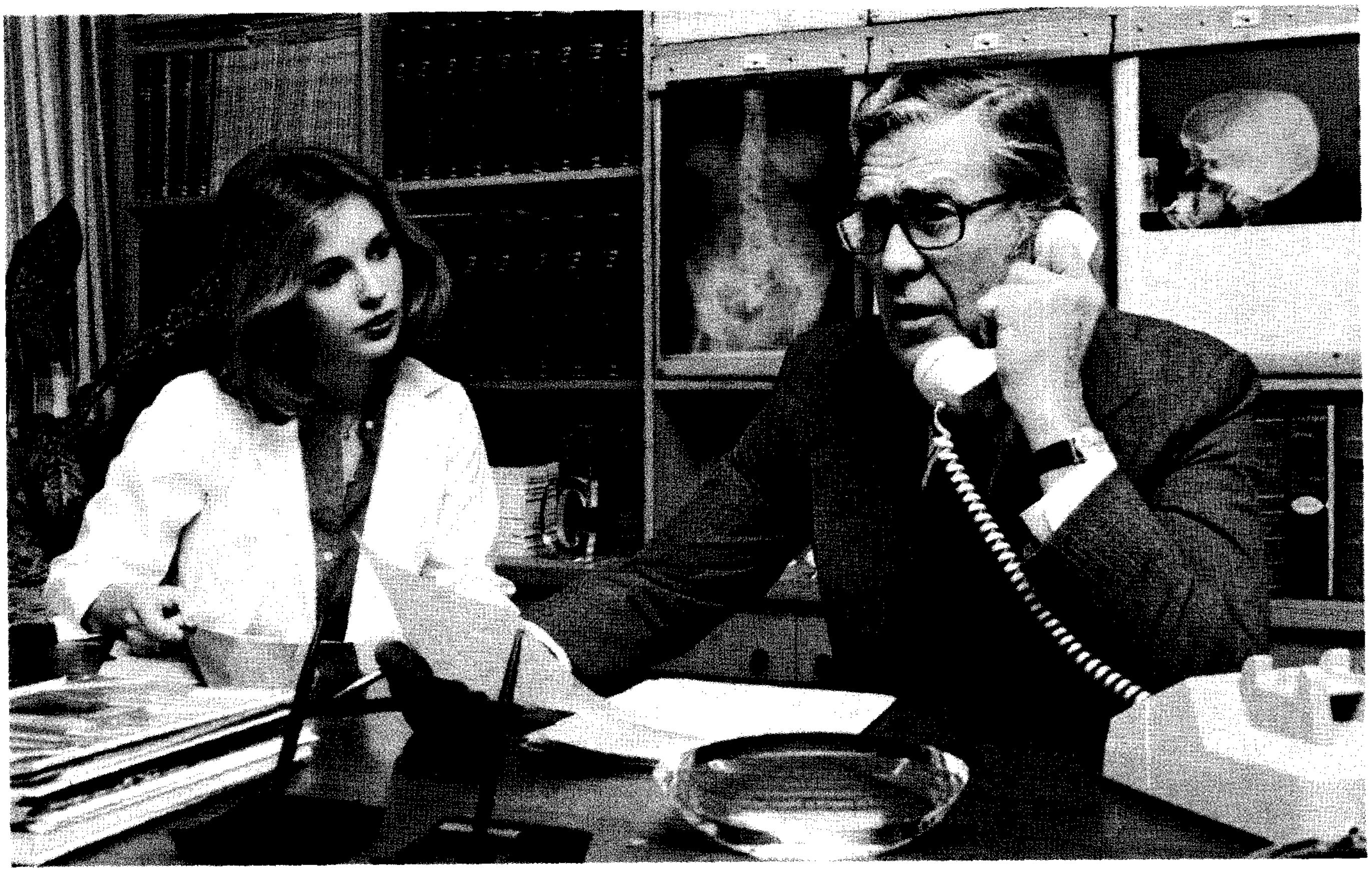
THE Shannon and the Bann are longer. The Lagan and the Liffey are better known, and debouch in Belfast and Dublin, respectively. The Moyle and the Lee, the southern Blackwater and the Barrow have their admirers. But the Boyne, which is neither large nor swift-flowing, is preëminent among what Louis MacNeice called the fermenting rivers of Ireland, in that it runs not merely through the mild countryside of County Meath but through the visible evidence of several millennia of Irish history. The river's name derives from Boann, one of the chief goddesses of pre-Christian Ireland. Like the Jordan, the Boyne is a holy river, figuring as such in Irish mythology and Ulster sectarian polemics. It rises thirty miles or so west of Dublin, and for seventy miles takes a semicircular course—roughly north, northeast, then east—to reach the Irish Sea at Drogheda, a town halfway between Dublin and the Northern Ireland border. It flows out of the green midlands of Ireland through some of the richest farmland in the country, and consequently from the first it has attracted invaders, settlers, and colonists, who have left along its banks reminders of their existence. The river springs from a source, near the tiny village of Carbury, known as Trinity Well, whose waters, like those of most of the three thousand holy wells of Ireland, are said to have special powers. Soon enlarged by small tributaries and the overflow from the great Bog of Allen, the Boyne heads north under the aqueduct of the disused Royal Canal and the Galway-Dublin railway. The first town it reaches in an as yet uneventful passage is Trim.

IT was at Trim that Seamus Heaney and I began a late-June walk along the Boyne. Heaney is an Irish poet and teacher; he had just assessed the year's work of his students at a teacher-training college in Dublin, and his wife, Marie, examining a winter's growth in the poet's girth, believed that a few days' walking would do him good. He had a lecture on Wordsworth and Yeats to deliver at University College, Dublin, at eleven-thirty on a Wednesday morning, and then could get away. John O'Doherty, a teaching colleague of Heaney's, offered to drive us to Trim (the two daily buses from Dublin left inconveniently in the early morning and evening), and we accepted, though this meant abbreviating the post-lecture, preprandial gin-and-tonics at U.C.D.—a session that might well have continued at Hartigan's or O'Dwyer's or wherever the Dublin midday is stretched into the afternoon by words and booze, and at which our expedition, for the moment barely hinted at as "Oh, just a stroll in the Boyne Valley," might have come to be not only delayed but regarded as something significant and symbolic and perhaps not altogether welcome in those competitive purlieus: an Irish poet originally out of the North and an English prose writer fraternally reconnoitring the sacred waters of the Boyne!

John O'Doherty's Honda got us swiftly away from these hazards. We ate sandwiches en route and, setting foot in Trim at two-thirty, made at once for a shoeshop, so that Heaney could buy some boots. I was wearing a pair of leather L. L. Bean Fisherman Shoes, well broken in. I recommended (remembering their breaking in) that Heaney buy footwear that could be worn comfortably at once, and, with this rather than looks or durability in mind, he purchased a pair of rather rakish off-white boots with "Dr. Marten's" stamped prominently on their sides, as if they were ships needing names. They would look all right, he thought, after he had stepped in a few cowpats. At the sweetshop next door, we bought ice creams, to give us impetus, and then we bade farewell to O'Doherty (who was carrying Heaney's old shoes back to Dublin) and set off through Trim. It was trying to rain. I wondered whether Sterne's Corporal Trim, in "Tristram Shandy," hailed from hereabouts or whether it was simply as an authority on Ireland that Sterne invoked him when he had him say, "The whole country was like a puddle." Heaney said—bearing in mind the therapeutic reason for this exercise—that he had to get out of Trim before he could get into it.

Trim *is* trim. A small market town, which won the Irish Tourist Board's Tidy Town competition in 1972 and again in 1974, the place, with little shops whose names are often lettered in a snaky Gaelic display script, has the air of a country town

"Chew on the bark of 2 willows and call me in the morning."



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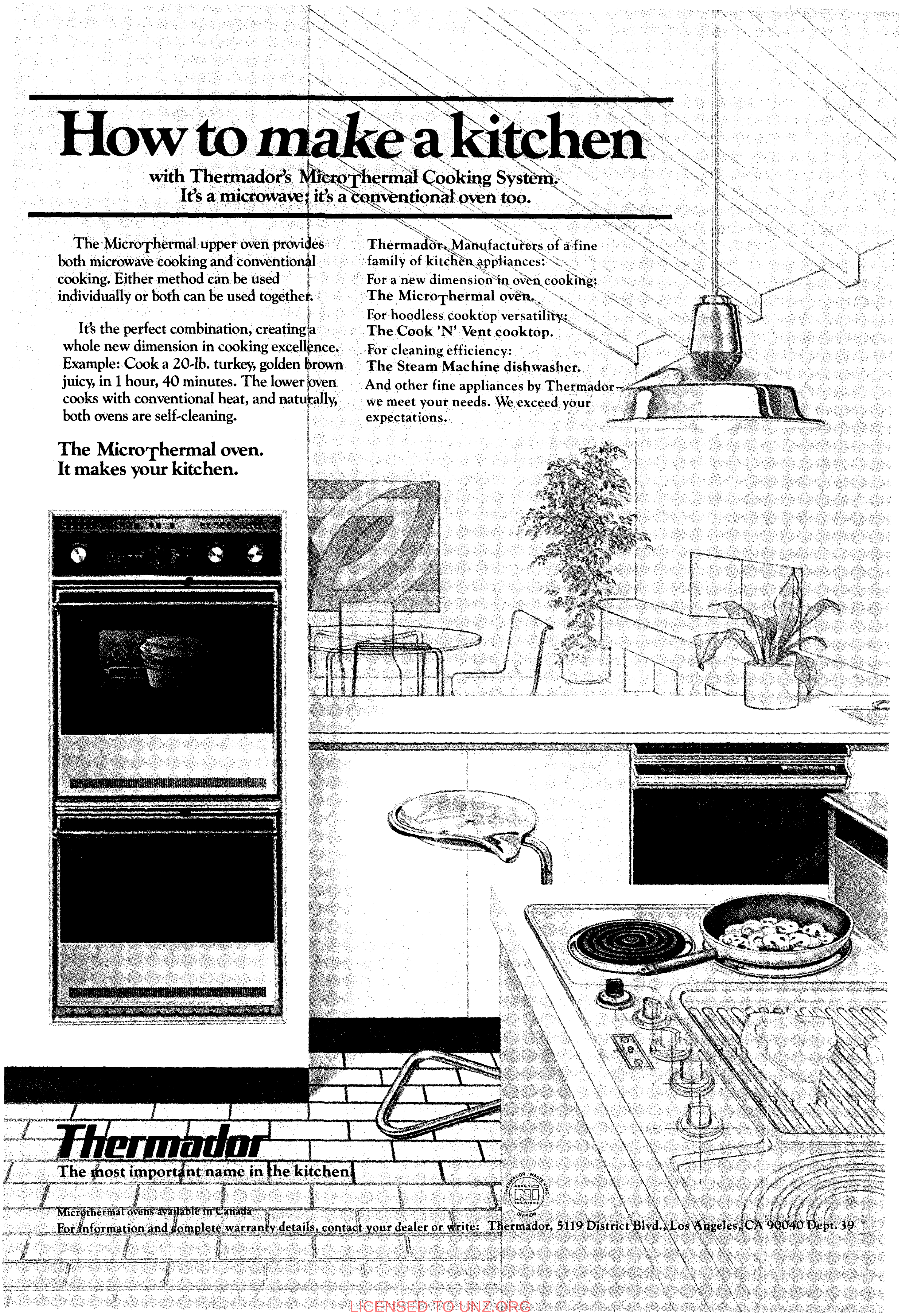

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of fifty years ago. Tractors trundled up the main street, and people looked at us with interest, knowing we were strangers. Many of the buildings were of gray stone, under gray slate roofs that glistened in the light drizzle. It was wet enough to make me put up my umbrella. I had on my back a green nylon knapsack, while Heaney carried his gear in a single-strap canvas bookbag, at first over one shoulder and then, when this proved uncomfortable, with the strap bandolier-style across his chest, holding the bag in mid-back. Seeing a Tourist Information Office, we went in and asked the colleen in charge for details of hotels and inns in Navan—our objective by nightfall—and for directions on how to find Trim Castle and the riverbank, along which we hoped to walk to Navan. The Navan hostelries were named and noted. The castle and the river were, sure enough, just around the corner. We bought a little guide to the town. But the riverbank walk—that was obviously a question the girl hadn't been asked before. It was, she thought, "difficult." Would we let her know how we made out?

Trim's glories are its ruins. It has two ruined abbeys, a ruined friary, and ruined town walls and gates. Large sections of the walls were demolished by the Big Wind, a huge storm that did damage all over Ireland in the early nineteenth century. The present cathedral is a reduced but still splendid edifice called St. Patrick's. There is also, outside the walls, a turn-of-this-century St. Patrick's Church, whose marble altars were made by Pearse Brothers, of Dublin—one being the father of Patrick Pearse, leader of the Easter Rising of 1916. In the grounds of this church in August, 1978, a young British Army lieutenant was shot and seriously wounded while posing for wedding photographs with his bride, a local girl who had been working as a nurse in London. He had done several tours of duty in the North. The Provisional I.R.A., which claimed responsibility for the deed, is thought to have a number of "volunteers" living in the neighborhood of Trim, carrying on the tradition of fanatic and militant opposition to both "invaders" and recognized government which in former times caused those in power to build structures like Trim Castle.

The castle is Trim's principal ruin, the largest medieval fortification in Ireland, and several thousand castles or tower houses were built in the country between 1150 and 1600. It stands in a field sloping down to the Boyne, which runs shallowly through the middle of town. Faced by another ruin in another field on the far bank, the castle has been much worked upon by time, gravity, various military ventures, and the Big Wind, which disassembled a large section of the curtain wall. (Cromwell's men, besieging the castle in the mid-seventeenth century, brought down a smaller section.) A greensward skirts the remains of the great stone keep, built in two stages by Walter de Lacy and the Crusader Geoffrey de Geneville between 1220 and 1225. On the grass lay a dozen cows, their recumbent attitude furnishing indubitable proof, Heaney and I agreed, that my umbrella was a good thing to have along. In an excavated area southwest of the keep are believed to be foundations of the first keep, probably built by Hugh de Lacy in 1174—an act recorded in an account of the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland called "The Song of Dermot and the Earl":

> Then Hugh de Lacy
> Fortified a house at Trim
> And threw a fosse around it
> And enclosed it with a herisson.
> Within the house he placed then
> Brave knights of great worth.

The Anglo-Normans were brought to Ireland in a manner similar to that in which the Angles and the Saxons were originally brought to Britain. They were invited first of all as allies by Dermot MacMurrough, of Leinster, who was fighting Rory O'Connor, of Connaught, for the high kingship. The Anglo-Normans (who were French-speaking) soon took over much of the country, under the overlordship of King Henry II of England, and were soon feuding among themselves, like the Irish kings, and were in sore need of their castles.

Famous visitors to Trim Castle at different stages of its development and devastation have included King John, who came with a suitable army to visit his Irish barons; King Richard II, who was here, fighting his Irish wars, when his rival Henry Bolingbroke staged a coup d'état in England; and Henry V, who stayed here as a child. Across the river, in what was by turns an old abbey, a house, a private school, and then a house again, lived, in 1718, Esther Johnson—Swift's friend Stella. Arthur Wellesley, later Duke of Wellington, went as a child to the school; he was afterward the Member of Parliament for Trim, and as Prime Minister he steered through the 1829 Act of Catholic Emancipation, giving Catholics the right to sit in Parliament—

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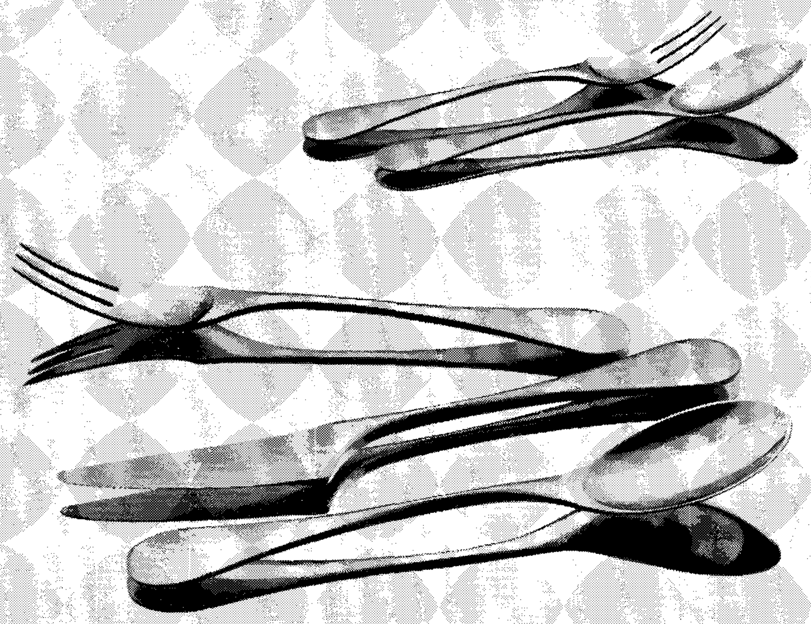

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which the Irish, since the Act of Union of 1800, had shared with the English at Westminster.

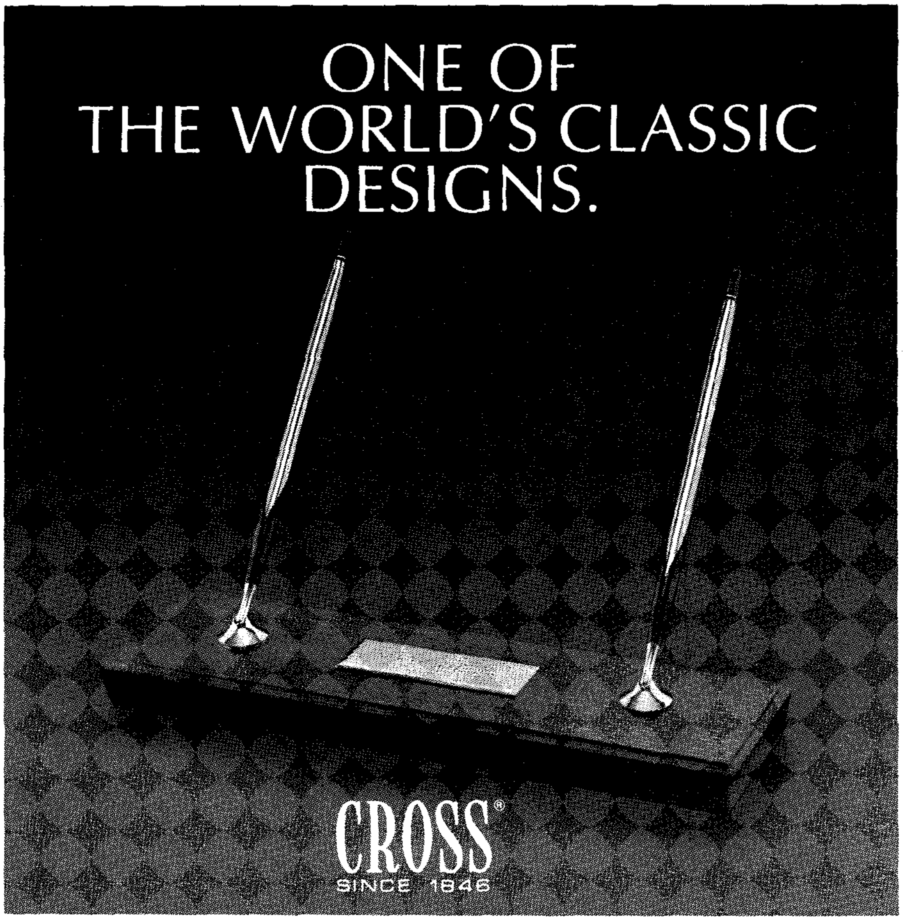
JUST after three, Heaney and I sallied forth from the castle precincts, heading east. The rain was holding off. We took one backward look at the castle against the gray sky and strode forward in the direction of the riverbank, where a solitary figure stood—a young man, as we saw at closer range, with a surveyor's tripod. We asked him about walking conditions between here and Navan. He looked doubtful. There were lots of ditches and streams coming in to join the river, he thought. It might be better beyond Navan, where he had heard there was a towpath to Slane next to the abandoned riverside canal. As for his tripod, which we inquired about, he was surveying for a new road bridge, which would bypass Trim. The Board of Works, he added, had recently been dredging the Boyne along here, getting much silt out of the riverbed and exposing shelves of stone—an activity that stirred up the water and added oxygen to it, to the benefit of fish (and fishermen).

The path was blocked by a fence, a garden, and a large "PRIVATE" sign, so we made a detour across a field and walked up the road, which ran parallel to the river. Just before a bridge at a place identified on the map as Newtown Trim, we paused at a gate in a stone wall. "The Echo Gate," the Trim guidebook calls it. From it there was a view across a field and the Boyne to a ruined monastery on the far bank. Newtown Trim was a medieval suburb, it seems, and is now largely ruins. Heaney leaned over the gate and called out across to the monastery, "Go home!" The echo came: "*Go home!*" "Good gate!" called Heaney. A second or so later, came the hollow reply: "*Good gate!*" "Cistercians—Trappists—silence!" shouted Heaney, getting into the swing of it. "*. . . silence!*" replied the echo.

I judged that to be a good exit line, and walked on toward the bridge, Heaney following, reluctant to leave this poets' plaything. At the bridge, a fine piece of medieval masonry, a few people were fishing while their children played on an adjacent ruined friary. For half a mile beyond this pile of stones, Heaney and I succeeded in following the riverbank. In the river, there were occasional natural weirs—stone ledges, outcrops of rock, and little islands, among which the silver-green Boyne waters tumbled. We passed a woman fishing from the bank. She had long red-gold hair, and didn't turn her head as we walked behind her swishing through grass, tall nettles, and flopping poppies. I was thinking that this was a fine symbol of woman's emancipation—spending the afternoon fishing—and looked at Heaney. His eyes were narrow slits. I wondered what he was thinking about. Boann, perhaps. She ought to be here.

For a while, the sun almost came out. Yellow-lit gray clouds scudded before a southwest wind, at our backs. We made our way along the edge of a meadow, which a farmer was mowing with a tractor, and clambered down into a gully where a small brook rushed in to join the Boyne. The Knightsbrook River, said my Irish Ordnance Survey map of the County of Meath. The Knightsbrook runs down through Laracor, two miles away, where Swift had a living, and which he made his base from 1700 to 1713. The brook at first seemed impassable, but Heaney spotted a place with far-spaced stepping stones, meant perhaps for Brobdingnagian strides; we made it over. His Dr. Marten's boots were beginning to look less new.

Heaney was brought up on a farm in Derry; his father farmed and dealt in cattle. Heaney learned as a child how to mow and scythe, and how to milk cows. Now, at forty-one, in tweeds, and with a big-featured face, he looks more like a farmer than like a scholar-poet. ("Jaws puff round and solid as a turnip" are his own accurate words, in a poem called "Ancestral Photographs.") I am a generation further away from the land: my grandfather had a dairy and fields rented for his herd on the Isle of Wight, but insisted that my father, who wanted to be a farmer, enter a bank. When Heaney and I matched the names of plants and wild flowers we could see, he came out well ahead. There was mint and gorse, iris and forget-me-not, cow parsley and celandine; big oxeye daisies; meadowsweet and charlock; ragwort, herb Robert, yellow flag, and marsh valerian. Lovely words! Heaney told me some local names, such as "boor," which is what in Ulster they call the elder trees, thick along the riverbanks here, the white flowers on them looking, he thought, like full plates of meal. Vetch in Ireland is "robin-run-the-hedge." I thought the sound the river made was "running, running." And now we began to feel warm. It was still three miles to Bective, the next settlement. In Dublin, the pubs and



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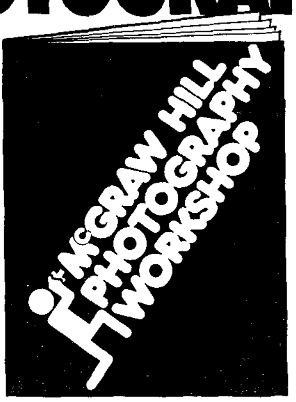


bars are by law closed in midafternoon, the so-called holy hour. Heaney wondered if there was a holy hour in Bective.

We were now forced by wire and brambles and a deep, unbridged ditch to leave the river again, ascending a steep and overgrown bank and making our way beside a thick hedge to the narrow road to Bective. And along here, after half a mile or so of roadwork, we came to a pump—a large iron pump, with a purposeful-looking curved handle, standing in a little concrete area at the roadside. We took turns at pumping and at holding our mouths under the gushing spout—the water cool, with the definite stony taste of well water. Both Heaney and I were hung over. The previous evening had begun with a reading by the Irish poet John Montague at U.C.D. and had continued with drinks at U.C.D., then at a bar, and finally at a bardic session at the Heaneys', fuelled by wine and whiskey, that went on until 2:30 A.M. Montague and Senator Augustine Martin, a U.C.D. professor, vied with each other for an hour in a duel of spontaneous chanting—making up a poetic dialogue of invocation, description, and abuse as they went along. This was followed by recitation, all present taking turns to speak their favorite poems of Yeats and Patrick Kavanagh, along with any other verses that came, fully or partly remembered, to their lips. The authors had to be guessed. I quoted now to Heaney, as the water splashed over his cheek, some lines from one of several poems of his that have pumps in them:

The helmeted pump in the yard
heated its iron,
water honeyed

We passed several small houses on this stretch. In the front garden of one cottage, a man was up a stepladder, cutting roses from a trellis. Everyone we had passed (save the woman on the riverbank) had given us a nod or a hello, and this man was no exception. Heaney called out as we ambled by, "It's keeping up." The gardening man replied, "Oh, yes. You have it at your backs."

"We do, that," said Heaney.

"Are you going fishing?"

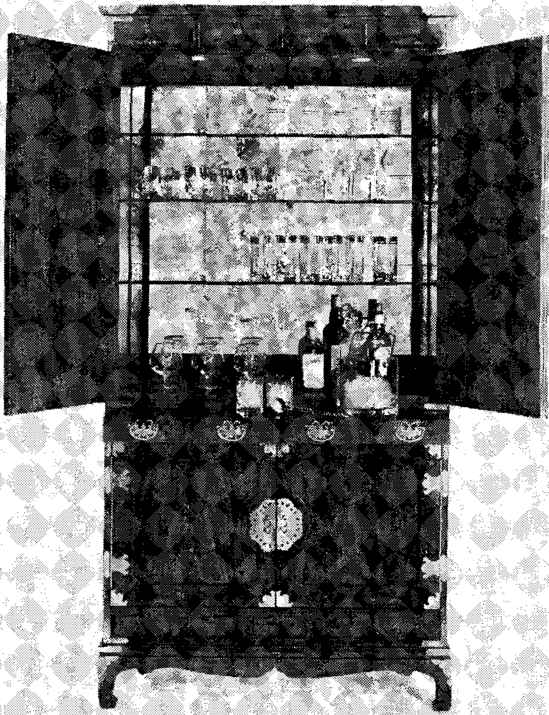
"No," said Heaney. "We're tormenting ourselves by walking."

"Oh. The fish are great in the river."

"Salmon?"

"No, the trout."

I had the feeling that we were upholding a tradition that the Irish—strangely, for such a tradition-bound



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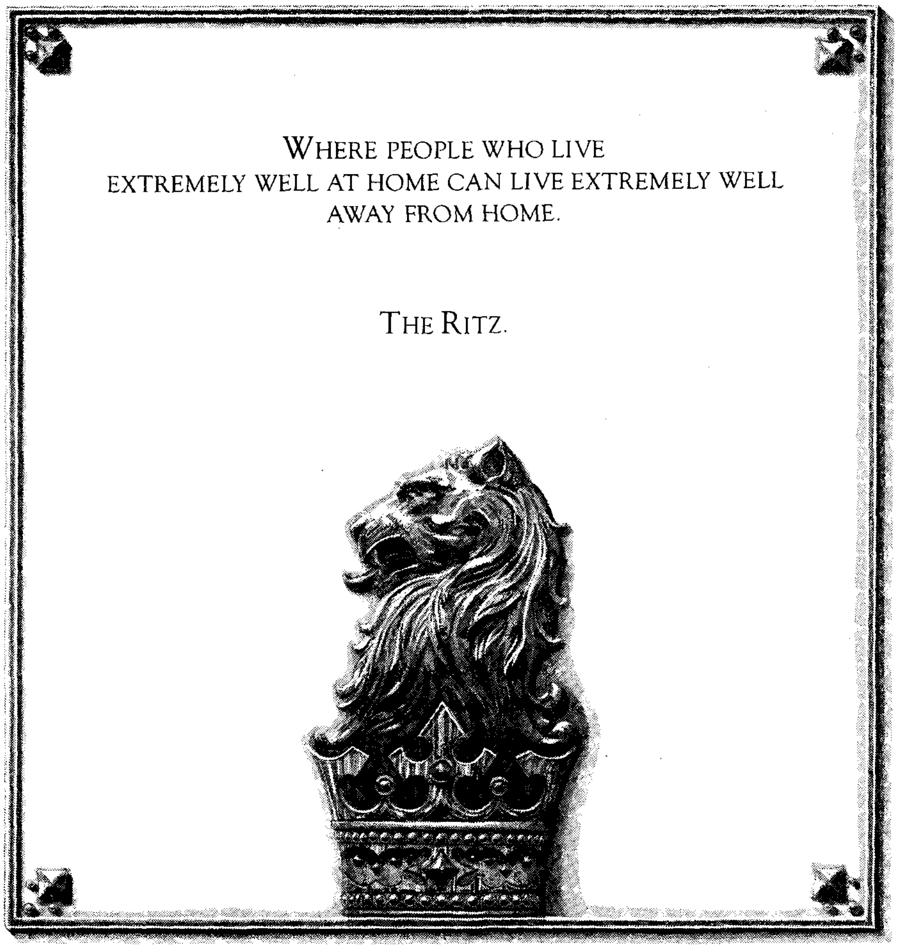
people—were letting slip; that is, tramping, our possessions on our backs, a few things in our pockets, our heads in the air, and the country at our feet. Patrick Kavanagh, a country cobbler's son who became a farmer and then a poet, once went off tramping during a quiet spell on the farm. He set off in April with five pounds in his pocket and stayed two months on the road, getting back home in time to sow turnips, and cured of wanderlust.

As we came into Bective, we looked out over fields and slowly rising ground to the east and saw, three or four miles away, the Hill of Tara, dwelling place of the Dark Age kings of Ireland—a yellow-green ridge crested with a long clump of trees. But Bective itself at that moment interested us more: half a dozen houses at a road junction a few hundred yards from a bridge across the Boyne, and a general store, the left half selling groceries and the right half housing a bar, which was open. Here we shed our packs; here we sat down on barstools and drank a pint and a half apiece—I of Smithwicks bitter, and Heaney of Guinness stout. Three other customers were in the bar, all agriculturally clothed. One, to my left, was by himself, a taciturn fellow who grunted uninformatively in reply to what I hoped was a friendly remark designed to open a conversation that might leave me wiser in local knowledge, particularly about which bank of the river to choose between here and Navan. On Heaney's right, the two other drinkers were talking quietly together, using occasional words like (Heaney reported) "redolence" and "sensibility." More farmer-poets? While we were there, Heaney used the phone to call a Navan hotel. Success! The Russell Arms would reserve some rooms for us. What was more, they served dinner until 11 P.M. Navan, by the river's bent-elbow route, was seven miles farther on. We ought to be there long before eleven.

It was, according to my watch, six o'clock. I looked at my watch because the electric clock over the bar, which had said a quarter past eleven when we came in, now said twenty *to* eleven. The second hand, moving counterclockwise, confirmed the fact: time in the Bective bar, if not throughout the Boyne Valley, was moving backward. We grabbed our things and set off quickly, before we found ourselves even further back in the past than we had imagined ourselves to be. We traversed the bridge to the north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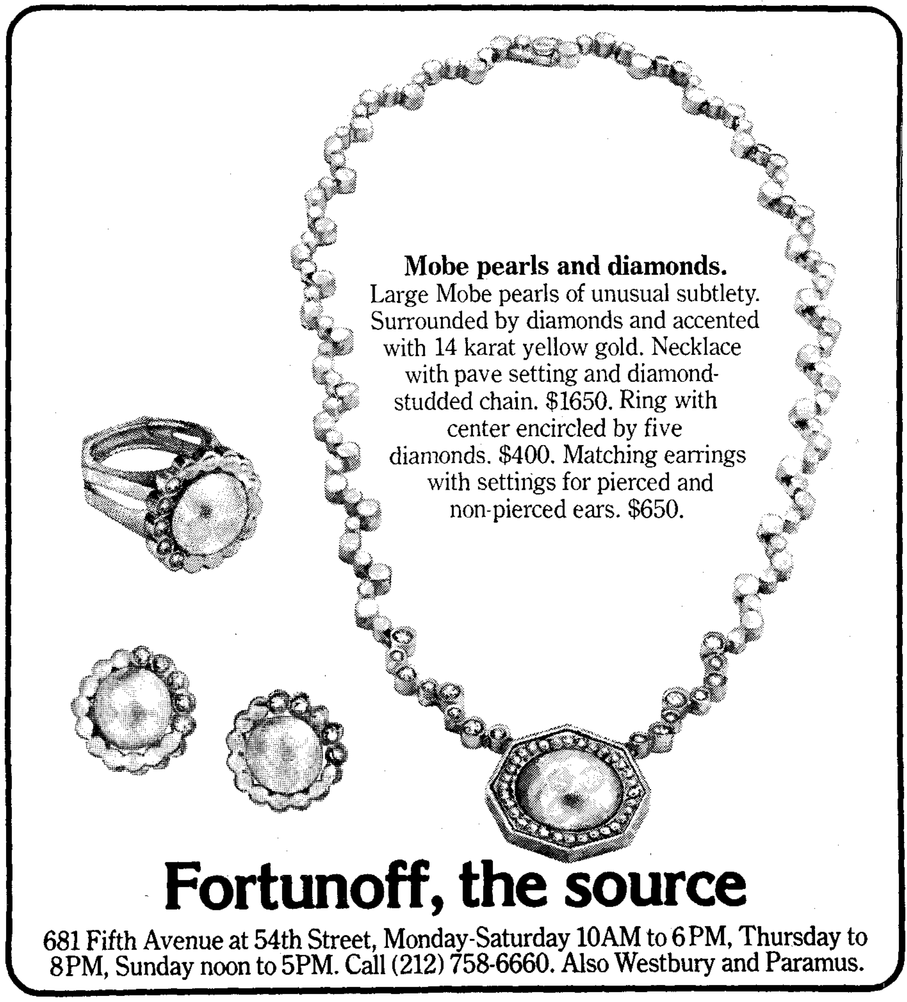

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bank (which looked like being better for the walk to Navan) and headed across a field stretching before the lovely ruins of a twelfth-century abbey: lichen-and-ivy-covered tower, and loopholes, battlements, lancet arches, and the remains of a cloister. The Cistercian monks—obviously monks militant—possessed two hundred and forty-five acres hereabouts, together with a mill and a fish weir on the river and the right of their abbot to sit as a spiritual peer in Parliament. As we walked along the meadow edge, dragonflies darted out of the rushes along the river, ducks took off from the sliding river surface at our approach, and the blue-green reeds bent forward, dipping their heads constantly in the stream. After the open meadow, we came to a narrow bank on which thick woods impinged. The river wound into the distance among trees and fields and plantations, with the glimpse of a great house—Balsoon House, said the map—on the far bank. The map worried us by drawing our attention to the Clady River, a tributary that was due to spill into the Boyne any moment now. Anything called a river might take some crossing. However, when the Clady was reached it proved no more of a hindrance than the Knightsbrook had been. A series of stones, not very evenly spaced, allowed us to hop over. Then the bank widened. There was gravel underfoot and, for a while, the sense of an old riverbank road. Swallows were swooping. I said, "If only they flew more slowly, so that one could see *how* they flew so fast"—a disjointed thought that Heaney fielded neatly, replying to me with Yeats' words "I meditate upon a swallow's flight." Meditation was the only way of setting about it.

We passed a long-disused stone slip in which a boat had presumably once been moored; hard by was a tumbledown boathouse. Midges in clouds betokened a fine day on the morrow (though it seemed a little soon after the recumbent cows to draw attention to this). Heaney spotted among the elder, alder, ash, and hickory growing along here a clump of bamboo, and cut himself a six-foot pole—something he said he'd always wanted as a boy, for a fishing rod. His countryman's acute eye also served me well. I was a pace or two in advance of him, and was just about to step into some thick brush overgrowing the path when he grabbed my shoulder and said urgently, "Look out there!" Prodding with his bamboo pole, he pushed aside the brush and long grass to reveal a crevasse, a foot or so wide, into which I had been just about to walk—perhaps plunging (since no bottom was visible) into the Irish netherworld.

A little after seven-thirty, we reached a high stone bridge spanning the river, which ran through a slight gorge. We decided to climb here and strike north to reach a road. Despite the initial suppleness of his Dr. Marten's boots, Heaney had a blister forming. Navan seemed distant and the evening well advanced, although, thanks to the northern summer twilight, it wouldn't be dark for two more hours. Irish miles had a separate legal existence until 1826 (when they were abolished); one Irish mile was approximately 1.27 British miles. They still feel longer. Perhaps this is so because one consults the Irish Ordnance Survey maps as if they were British maps, with the same scale, whereas the scale of the Irish is half an inch to a mile rather than one inch, as is most common in England. Consequently, what looks like an hour's walk is in fact two hours'. Moreover, when country walking, one finds no paths as straight as the routes that crows fly. One respects crops by walking the long way, round the edge of a field. One follows meandering riverbanks and curving contour lines. And now getting up the embankment of the bridge took some zigzag climbing, which effectively doubled the distance.

On the bridge, we walked out into the middle and sat for a few minutes looking upstream and down before bidding a temporary farewell to the Boyne. A grassed track ran across the bridge, which had once (we conjectured) carried a railway. Its course ran northward in a cutting that had become—as Irish land when left to its own devices often does—a sort of bog. Heaney, despite his blister, was in good spirits, possibly affected by the boggy ground underfoot. He has written a number of poems that have to do with bogs and with their preserving power, whether of food or implements or bodies that sink in them, and bogs have become for him a way of getting at and expressing in poetry the tenacious quality of Irish history—how so much that has happened in it keeps resurfacing, looking much as it did when it first went under. When the ground got too wet, we walked along one edge of the cutting. We noticed that the gateposts to a field were made of old railway ties. Rabbits scattered into the banks. After a mile or so with small farms on either side, we met a

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road. Under it, through a bridge, ran the former railway line that we had been following, and there, on the far side of the brick arch, was the former railway station, spick-and-span, looking as if—save for the missing tracks—the 7:30 P.M. to Navan were about to come steaming in.

I WENT a bit astray at this point. I said we must obviously turn right on the road to get to Navan. Heaney said that clearly we should go left. The station (in retrospect seen as having been done up as a house) disoriented me—gave me the feeling of being in another time and in an unexpected landscape. "Going astray" is not uncommon in Ireland. The phenomenon affects the natives, too. Some tell of getting into the middle of a well-known field and wandering around for an hour, maybe, unable to find the way out. Patrick Kavanagh and his mother went astray once while coming home in an ass cart from a visit to friends. All evening, in the rain, they drove around a skein of wet roads near Inniskeen, getting nowhere. "Everything seemed strange," Kavanagh wrote, in his book "The Green Fool." "The folk we saw were not ordinary mortals." Finally, they decided to let the ass choose its own direction, and this worked. When they reached home, other traditional solutions to the predicament were proposed, such as turning one's coat inside out.

> "Paddy, ye were with the Wee Fellas," [one listener said].
>
> "Only for the ass we'd never escape," I said.
>
> "Indeed you would not," he supported, "sure the ass is a blessed animal."

After some dithering and discussion on the roadside, we went left, as Heaney had proposed, and soon met the Navan road. Possibly the railway station had been a figment. Perhaps I had been with the Wee Fellas. There was, however, nearly four miles still to go. The sky was darkening as the sun set, and gray clouds came in from the west. A mile along the lonely road, the rain began to fall. Umbrella up, coat collars up, we walked along, Heaney limping from his blister. We sang "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," and Kavanagh's "On Raglan Road," to the tune "The Dawning of the Day," which Heaney's wife, Marie, sings in a way to bring the moisture to your eyes. It wasn't long before the decision was taken, with one barely spoken accord, to try to hitch a ride into Navan.

Cars were infrequent on that road, but the goddess of the river was looking after journeyers that night: the second car stopped. Its driver was a friendly Australian, who dropped us right outside the Russell Arms Hotel in Navan. There the lady behind the reception desk—perhaps unused to guests who arrived with knapsacks and bamboo staffs, looking touched with the Meath greenery—asked to be paid in advance. But neither Heaney nor I reacted huffily to this suggestion. Hot baths and food and drink were in our minds. We paid up.

The Russell Arms: staircases going this way and that; the feeling of being in two or three large Victorian houses knocked together in a period of expansion, and now, that moment passed, in old age propping one another up. In the bathroom I used, there were no light bulbs in the fixtures and no plug in the bath. Fortunately, daylight of a feeble sort persisted. I used the small plug from the washbasin, and added my facecloth to stem the ebb from the tub. In my bedroom, one out of three lights worked. However, on the ground floor all was well set up and jovial. The bar was full of early arrivals for a meeting of the local association of Tipperary Men—exiles, it appeared, from that fair county, all of a hundred miles from Navan. Heaney arrived, still hobbling but otherwise restored by hot water. We drank apéritifs of Bushmills whiskey, from the North, and dined off sirloin, from the South. We toasted the Boyne with several carafes of red Spanish plonk. Meanwhile, the river was running a hundred yards off, unseen, past the backs of the houses of Navan, which resolutely look the other way.

We talked about the phrase "the Boyne." Where Heaney grew up and went to school, in Northern Ireland, it was loaded with significance. For Northern Protestants, "the Boyne" connotes the battle in 1690 at which the troops of William III beat those of James II and thus kept all of Ireland firmly under British hegemony for the following two hundred and thirty years. In much of Ulster, to mention the Boyne is to reassert Protestant superiority. We swapped references that we recalled from ballads and folk songs—among others, "The Boyne Water" and "The Green Grassy Slopes of the Boyne," both of which celebrate Orange patriotism and William's victory. And the river's name occurs as symbol or metaphor in modern Irish poetry as often as blackbirds do in medieval Irish lyrics. The Boyne figures in the specifically Irish section of

Louis MacNeice's long poem "Autumn Journal," where the poet (born in Belfast) evokes the yearly celebrations in Ulster on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne: "The voodoo of the Orange bands drawing an iron net through darkest Ulster." That section of the poem begins with a memorable ironic passage:

Nightmare leaves fatigue:
  We envy men of action
Who sleep and wake, murder and
    intrigue
  Without being doubtful, without
    being haunted.
And I envy the intransigence of my
    own
  Countrymen who shoot to kill
    and never
See the victim's face become their
    own
  Or find his motive sabotage their
    motives.

He wrote those lines in 1938 or 1939, and it would be harder now, since the renewed Troubles and the many deaths caused by terrorists in the past ten years, to use the word "envy" in that way—even though a sardonic tone comes through

Tramping also leaves fatigue. Heaney and I retired before the bar called for last orders. I slept profoundly, and failed to hear the boisterous departure of the Tipperary Men, which Heaney next day reported as having taken place sometime after two. He might have recalled a line of his own: "Drunk again, full as the Boyne."

NOW Tara was our objective. We had bacon and eggs, the pleasure of no bill to pay, and lighter loads, for we left most of our gear at the Russell Arms reception desk. We walked up to the main square, a junction of four roads in the center of Navan, where we intended to catch the 9:20 A.M. Dublin bus as far as Tara, six miles south. Since we intended to carry on walking after lunch, along the next section of the Boyne, from Navan to Slane, we had decided that auxiliary transportation was permissible on this side jaunt. A number of people were already at the bus stop, but we had fifteen minutes in hand to try to find Heaney something easier on his back than his present bag; he was impressed by the lightweight, unstiffened nylon backpack I had bought for four ninety-five in a Mystic, Connecticut, sporting-goods store some years before. Navan still had a saddler's shop, a hundred yards from the bus stop, whose dusty front window disclosed rugged brown suitcases, harnesses, and khaki knap-

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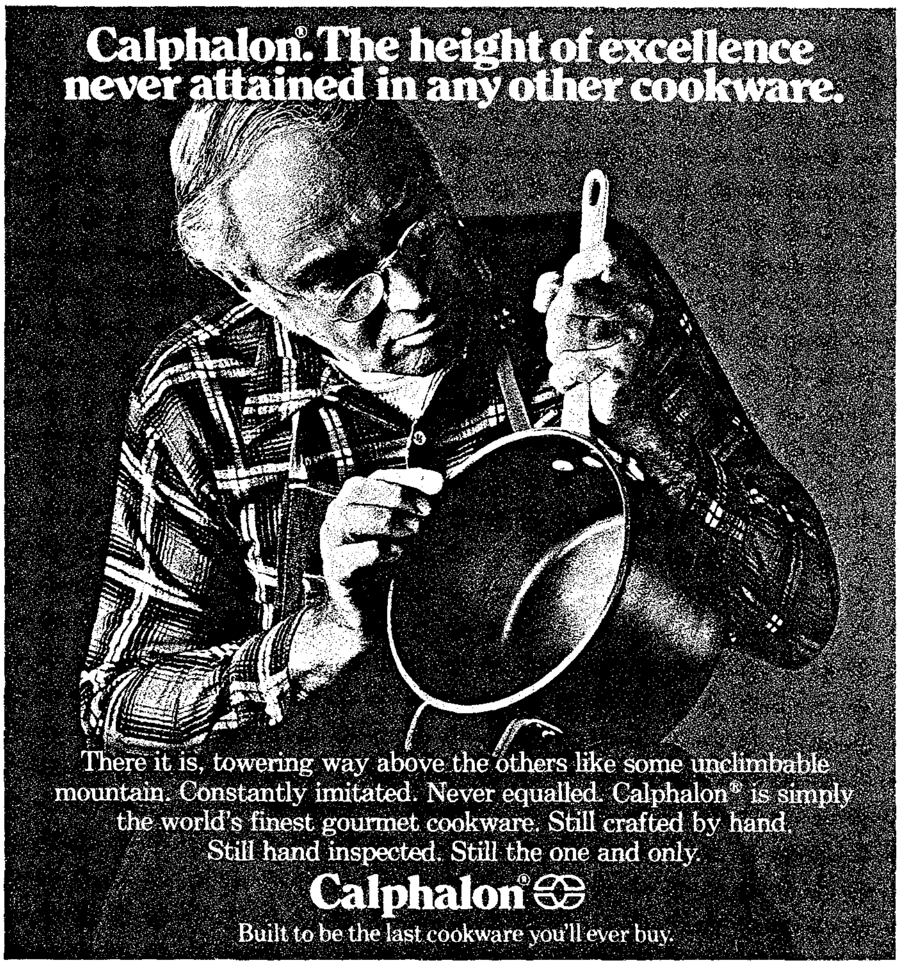
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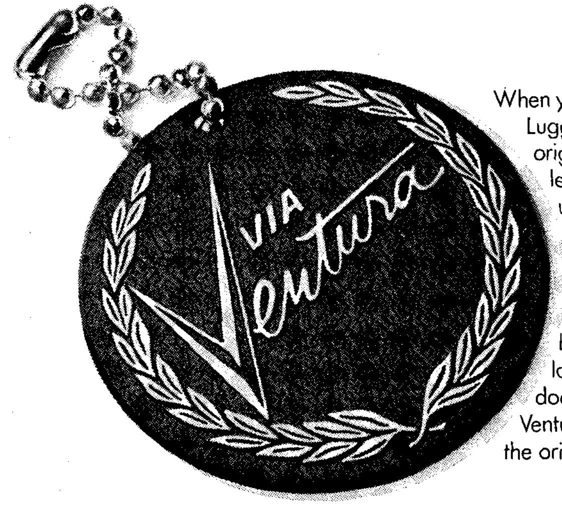

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sacks, none looking less than ten years old.

The venerable saddler took one of the knapsacks out of the window, shook the cobwebs off it, and strapped it on Heaney's back. "Ah, it's a wonderful fit, sir," he said. The price for this piece of Old World craftsmanship, an antique that had never been used, was, he added, merely a fiver.

"You'll take four pounds fifty," said Heaney, astutely keeping any interrogative note out of his voice and staring intently at the knapsack's rusty grommets.

"Oh, it'll do you well. Just right for tramping," said the saddler, as if he hadn't heard Heaney's remark. But he gave Heaney fifty pence change for the five-pound note.

The saddler's wife appeared in the back door to witness what might have been their first sale of the year—or perhaps it was just the historic sight in Navan of two tramping men.

At the bus stop, we joined the would-be passengers—elderly men, middle-aged women, and a pair of girls with most beautiful complexions. For entertainment while waiting, we had the spectacle of three demolition men at work on the Malocca Café, across the square. It was a strangely two-dimensional sight. The three workers, wearing woollen caps rather than hard hats, were standing on the façade wall, all of nine inches thick, above the second-story windows. There was no scaffolding. The roof was already gone, and the men, carefully wielding their pickaxes, were demolishing the wall, half a dozen bricks at a time, beneath their own feet. We waited for one of them to miss or lose his balance, but none of them had done so by the time the bus came in.

The Dublin road first follows the Boyne south, upstream. Then, the river bending away westward toward Bective, the road climbs the slopes of Tara. The driver stopped the bus for us to get out at a junction with a side lane, and we walked up this, still climbing. The lane was narrow and heavy with hedges. The air was moist: not quite raining, not even drizzling; simply wet. One could see how things grew so well in Ireland, but one wondered how they ever ripened. From a nearby field came the sweet smell of new-cut hay. Heaney said that his friend David Hammond had told him that the Vikings used to coast along the land until they smelled hay, and then, knowing that there must be habitations, would buckle on their swords and come ashore. I said I thought the east wind was the Vikings' wind, which filled their square sails on the voyage westward from Scandinavia—though no doubt they then coasted with the southwesterlies, which carried the hay smells, first raiding in Ireland and then settling to found such cities (trading posts at first) as Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, and Limerick.

Tara is a long hilltop; a windbreak of trees around a church and attached graveyard; and an extensive meadow full of ridges, mounds, and other earthworks. "Tara" means a place with a wide view, and the hill, rising three hundred feet or so above the general level of the rich countryside, allows one to see over much of the center of Ireland—yellow fields, green hedges, black copses, and blue distant hills. Gray processions of rain were marching along the Boyne Valley. Some parts of the horizon were lost in mist or cloud, while others were sunlit. Crows were strutting and cawing in an adjacent field, and farther down the slope a man was driving sheep across a pasture. The mist, reaching us, turned to rain for a few minutes and then became mist again, through which the sun tried to break. The grass was long and wet, my boots not as waterproof as they had once been. Heaney had the collar of his navy-blue raincoat turned up, his tweed cap flat on his head, the empty Navan knapsack on his back. We prowled around separately but occasionally converged on the same site: the so-called Mound of the Hostages; the two long ridges believed by some to be walls of a great Dark Ages banqueting hall; and the mound encircled by twin ditches which is known as the rath—or fort with earthen walls—of the Forradh. On top of this last are three pieces of stonework within an iron-railed enclosure. One is a five-foot-high upright pillar called the Lia Fáil—a stone on which the early kings of Ireland were allegedly crowned, but known to local Irish speakers in the nineteenth century as the phallus of Fergus. Another is a Celtic-style cross, with an inscription in Irish, put up to honor thirty-seven insurgents who died during a skirmish in 1798 with government forces in the Tara vicinity. The third is a mawkish statue of St. Patrick, bearded, with a bishop's mitre on his head, his right hand raised in unctuous blessing and his gaze firmly averted from the erect Lia Fáil. "The triple deities," said Heaney. "Though I

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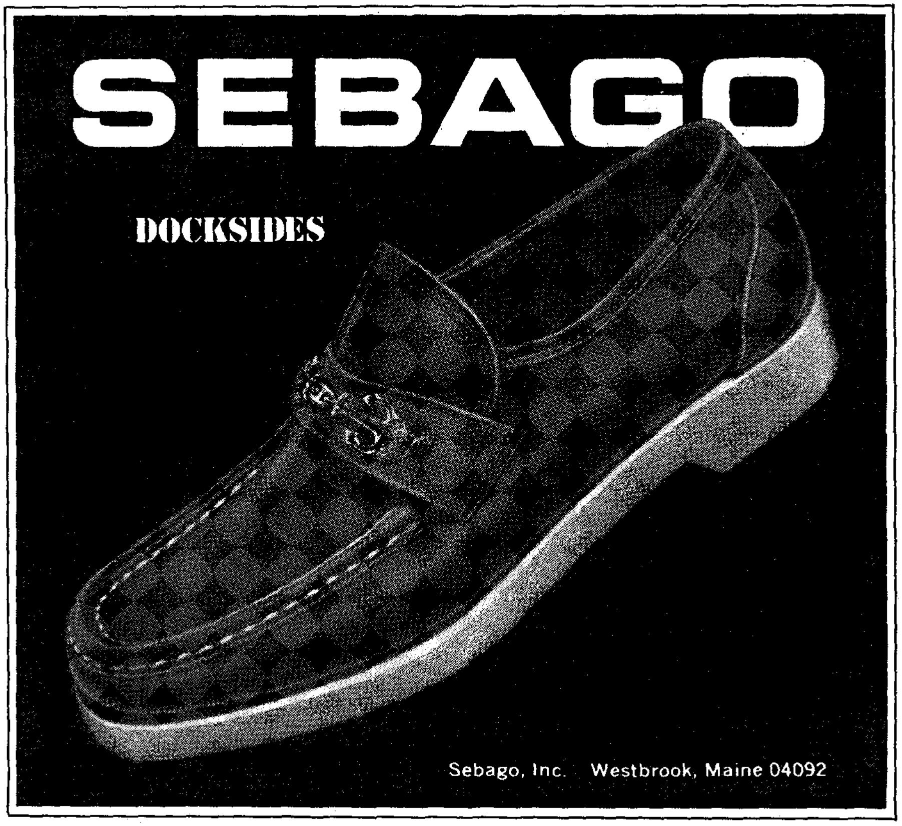
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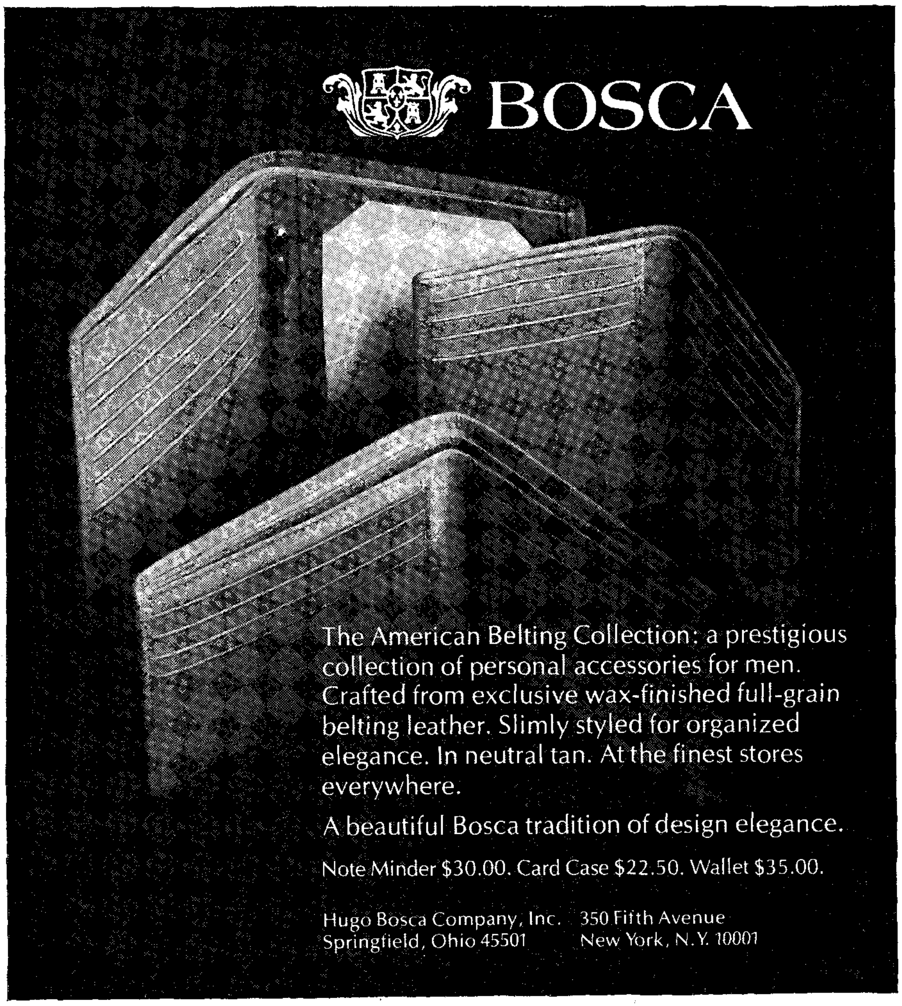
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suspect that in some ways the good Saint here is a hybrid of the two others."

He sat down on a patch of dry gravel in the lee of St. Pat, with his back to the plinth on which the Saint stood. St. Patrick was a Romano-Briton who is believed to have been carried off as a slave by Irish raiders at the age of sixteen, to have escaped after several years, to have studied in Gaul and been consecrated a bishop, and then to have returned as one of the first Christian missionaries to Ireland in the mid-fifth century. Like many other invaders, he made his way up the Boyne. On a hill overlooking Slane, Patrick (according to the earliest accounts, written roughly two hundred years after his mission) lit a great Paschal bonfire on Easter Eve. At Tara, King Laoghaire saw the fire ten miles to the north and took it as a challenge to his authority; it is said that he drove over to Slane in his chariot to give the intruder a dressing down but he was himself let down by his followers, who received the Saint's blessing and became believers. Patrick went on to appoint three hundred bishops, attached to ruling families, to carry out the peaceful conversion of Ireland; as far as one knows, there were no martyrs. Almost all the churches in these parts are named after him.

And what about these kings? The Gaels from Gaul who gradually conquered Ireland in the first centuries after Christ became an ascendant class, providing perhaps several hundred ruling families. Ulster, behind its mountains and lakes, held out longest against the Gaels, the Ulstermen being led by Connor MacNessa, the Red Branch knights, and Cuchulain, the heroic Hound of Ulster. The Gaels provided perhaps a hundred and fifty "kings" in a total population of less than half a million. Professor James Beckett, the Irish historian, believes that by the fifth century there were seven provincial kings lording it over the petty kings, and that by this time, too, the king of Tara, one of the provinces, had put in his claim to be *árd rí,* or high king. But the high king's authority was nominal, despite his making a circuit of the island and exacting hostages from the smaller kings. One can see why so many children with Irish parents are told (as I was by my mother, a Molony) that they are descended from an Irish king; in my case, it was from Brian Boru, who fell at Clontarf, outside Dublin, in 1014, successfully defeating a Norse army. And the likelihood that these kings practiced polygamy increases one's chances of being of royal Gaelic descent.

Tara was abandoned as a royal site in the mid-sixth century. The collection of legends that provide the names for the mounds and monuments dates from written sources set down some four hundred years later; in fact, there are more names than monuments. The kings apparently favored neolithic burial mounds for their habitations; at Tara a Bronze Age passage grave (c. 2000 B.C.) has been found with pottery, bone pins, jet buttons, and a bronze awl of that period. Candy wrappers now decorate the ground at the grave's threshold.

When I returned to the rath of the Forradh after my reconnaissance, Heaney was still sheltering behind St. Patrick, jotting words in a notebook. A small military observation plane swooped low and circled twice, apparently observing *us*. "They must think we're an S.A.S. detachment," said Heaney, who looked like a character from "Odd Man Out," while I, in safari jacket and green jungle hat, was clearly dressed for counterinsurgency operations. Tara remains a commanding height. But we were, in any event, overwhelmed at this point by a busload of children, who came surging noisily over the site, dashing up the mounds and down into the ditches, the places of palisades and homes and graves. They ran to the enclosure where Heaney sat, and thronged round him. Suddenly among schoolchildren, he found himself answering their questions, telling them about the place, as if he were the genius loci. Indeed, the children seemed affected by the spot, as were we. Heaney had used in his lecture the previous morning the term "chthonic forces," which I later got him to define for me as the energies welling up from a place. The forces were strong here—at least in this weather of mist, showers, and watery sun: Cormac and Laoghaire, Fergus and Queen Maeve; the old peoples who lived and died here; kings on hills.

Before leaving, we looked into the little graveyard, where, among the Christian headstones, is a *sile* (or "sheila," as the word is pronounced): a gray rock face on which we could just discern in relief a female figure, knees spread wide as if making water on the ground—an image to avert evil or bring about fertility. In the Banqueting Hall Café, on the road where the school buses parked, we had a twenty-pence pot of tea—nicely timed,

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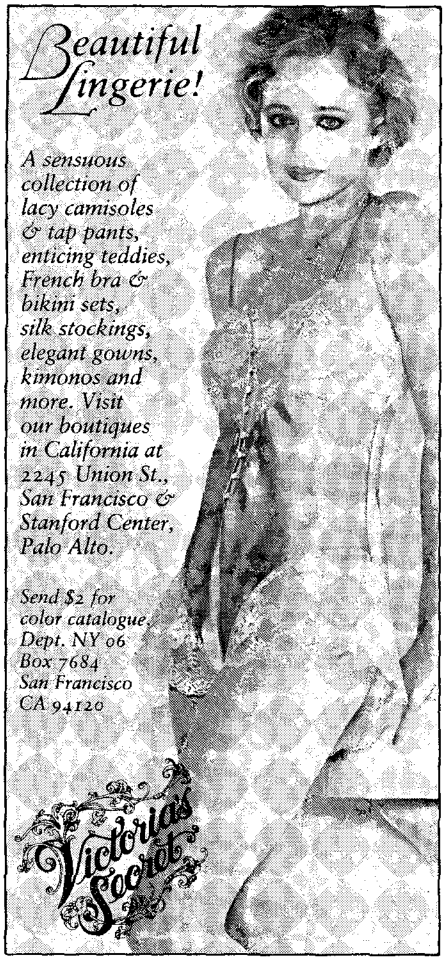
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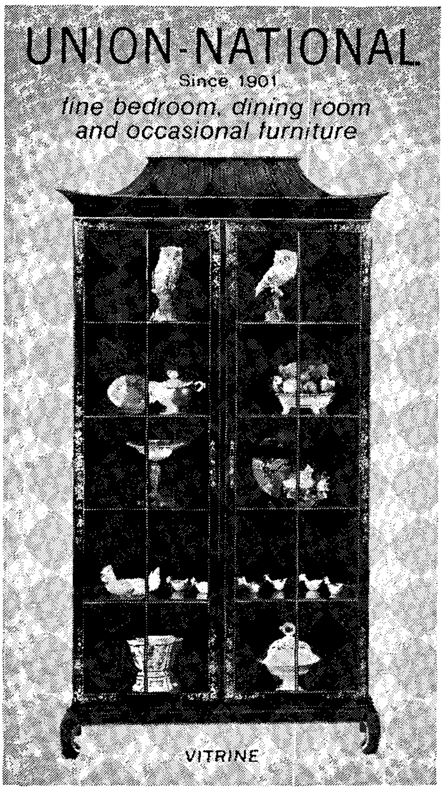
as the heavens opened and rain tumbled down. Then, with long slices of blue sky overhead, we went back down the rain-fragrant lane to the main road. It was eleven-thirty, and the next bus would come by after one. So we walked along with our thumbs out and, after a while, got a lift into Navan from a heating-appliance salesman, who had what Heaney later called "a touch of the volubilities." In the car, he told us—learning that he was in the company of writing men—that he "used to read books."

AFTER lunch at the Russell Arms, I donned my backpack again. Heaney now had his fully loaded. The sun was mostly out still, and we went looking in Navan for the way to Slane along the river. We were misdirected at first by a local to the banks of the Blackwater, the river that joins the Boyne here, but we soon found some old stone steps beside a bridge spanning the Boyne, and these took us down to a path that ran between the south bank of the river and a long-derelict canal alongside it, which in most places was full of reeds, rushes, and nettles, and looked even less navigable than the river it had been designed to supplant as an efficient waterway. Over it stood small stone bridges with low arches, giving just room for barges to get through. At intervals were old locks, their gates and paddles collapsed and fallen in. The canal was built between 1749 and 1800 to carry coal, grain, and other mill products between Navan and Drogheda, and most of its bridges and locks have inscribed on them the name of their designer, the engineer Richard Evans.

Our path between river and canal was at first gravelled, then grassed, then overgrown. Heaney said, putting a travel writer's tone of authority into his voice, "At Navan, the character of the river changes." This stretch of the Boyne gives the impression of having been worked over by an eighteenth-century landscape architect. The river, with the Blackwater added to it, is wider. Great stands of trees are growing in effective places, funnelling the eye up green fields that roll away from the river. There are appropriate ruins and occasional crags. We met one man, hastening toward Navan, in breeches and jerkin, which gave him the look of a gamekeeper, and after him no one at all. The undergrowth, sometimes growing over the path, became forbiddingly luxuriant. Convolvulus grew larger, dock leaves were giant. We saw a kingfisher as it zipped between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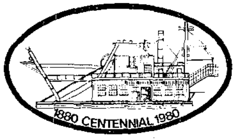

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the reeds—"like blue voltage," said Heaney. The milestones that we passed, giving the distance to Slane (ten miles by my reckoning), appeared to be measuring the old Irish miles. The wind was from the north, but the sun produced a hint of summer heat. I kept a long stalk of grass in my mouth; it was sweet at first, bitter if one chewed it. Heaney moved with a sort of shuffle—tweed jacket, khaki knapsack, bamboo staff. I walked at a faster pace, and stopped now and then till he caught up, when he remarked about the advantages I had had of national service with a light-infantry regiment of the British Army. Heaney, a Catholic from Ulster, has had experiences of the British Army there, of being frisked and interrogated, that have left him not wholly sympathetic to Her Majesty's Forces, though he sees the difficulty of their peacekeeping role. In fact, many Irishmen, before and after Arthur Wellesley, have made a career in those forces. In 1914, the recruiting teams did good business in the South, and it wasn't just the men of Ulster who died at the Somme. The Irish Nationalist M.P.s William Redmond and Tom Kettle were among two hundred thousand Catholic and possibly Republican Irish who fought for the British in the First World War. My grandfather Frederick Molony served in the Royal Engineers. His sister Bessie was a nurse on the Western Front in the Queen Alexandra's Royal Nursing Corps. And his brother Tom died in France during the war, from (his wife, Great-Aunt Kitty, would always say) damp blankets.

Our histories are intertwined. The Boyne has relics of numerous ascendancies. Along here were more legacies of the French-speaking nobility who settled in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in an area called the Pale. Beyond the Pale were what Shakespeare's Richard II called the "rough rug-headed kerns," and even within it each lord built his house as a castle, fortified against the peasantry, rival lords, and the king. In this landscape, the ruined castles had the air of follies, designed or deliberately ruined to fulfill an idea of the picturesque. Dunmoe Castle, which we passed near Milestone 4, was such a place. Said to have been built by a de Lacy, it last withstood siege during the Roundheads-versus-Cavaliers civil war, was restored during the reign of James II, and more or less burned down in 1799. When Sir William Wilde, Oscar's father and a well-known Dublin eye

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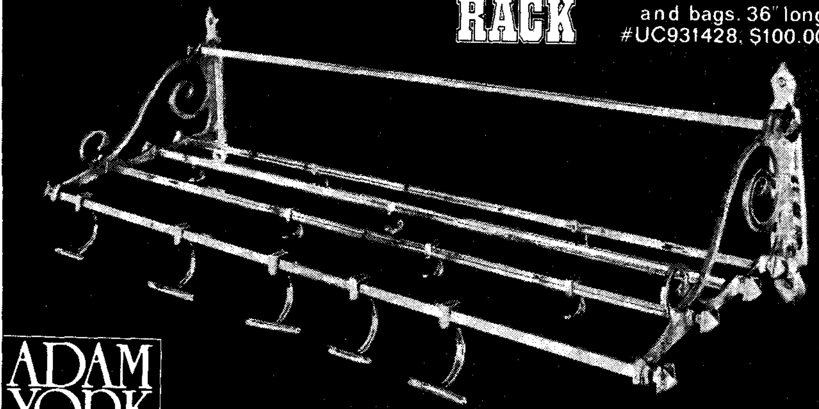

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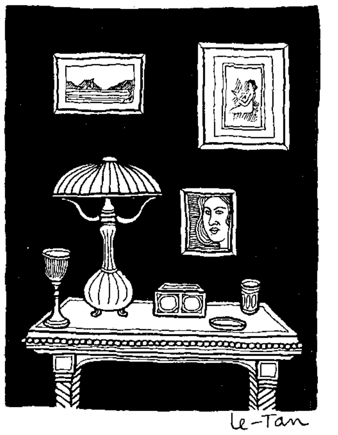
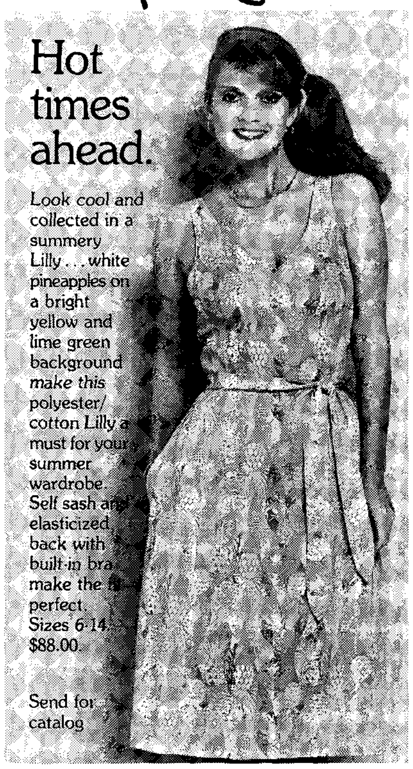
surgeon and antiquary, came past here in the eighteen-forties, on a journey of research for a book about the Boyne and the Blackwater, he was told by the peasantry that an underground passage led from the castle under the Boyne to the opposite bank. As we went by, the wind passing over the two castellated towers or through the high empty windows sounded as if someone were blowing over the top of a huge bottle. Between us and the castle, on the north bank, the river fell over a small cascade; the water slithered sideways as it went down. A little farther on, we passed, on our bank, a ruined church, high on a slope over the river, and then a more contemporary structure—a small corrugated-steel shed, possibly for fishermen, on the river's edge. It was nicely provided with no lock on the door and straight-backed chairs, on which we sat outside for a while and watched the Boyne glide, like a smooth moving carpet, over a weir. For such a calm and purposeful operation, the resulting falling-water noise was surprisingly loud.



The temperature went up and down five degrees as the sun went in and out; the path moved away from the river through fields: cowpats, a pheasant, a herd of Jersey cattle, half a dozen handsome horses. At Stackallan Bridge, the next landmark, halfway to Slane, we rashly assumed from the map that the path shifted, as the canal did, to the north bank; apparently, the towing horses would be loaded aboard the barges, and then barges, cargo, and horses would be poled across the river and into the lock on the other bank. We therefore crossed the bridge. Heaney, parched, went to get a drink of water at a nearby house, and brought back the information that it should be possible to reach Slane on this bank, but no promise of how easy it would be.

In fact, the path was soon densely overgrown. An unknown plant, a cross between a mammoth dock and a giant rhubarb, had settled here in thick colonies, rising to five or six feet and spreading out huge, salad-bowl leaves. It had to be beaten aside. Over these plants we glimpsed a fine ruined mill on the south bank, next to a splendid horseshoe-shaped weir. Then we were within a few feet of the river itself but couldn't see it. A short clearing gave us hope, but we were at once in jungle again. My boots were soaking from the wet grass. Heaney and I took turns in the van, bashing away at the plant life—not just the Triffid-like things but briars, thorns, and saplings. I broke off one of the last to use as a device for parting the way ahead. We needed machetes. We needed more energy than we had. We were being turned green by the Irish jungle. No one had been this way for years, or several seasons. We were wet from below and getting wet from above as rain fell and haphazardly penetrated the forest. It was too thick for my umbrella to be of use unless we stood still. When we halted for this purpose for a few minutes, Heaney sat down to rest on an ivy-covered log, which—rotten—crumbled under him, leaving him on the ground; he stayed there.

"You look like Sweeney," I said. He took it as a compliment. Sweeney was an Irish petty king or warlord, the subject of an early-medieval Irish poem called "The Frenzy of Sweeney," which Heaney is slowly making a version of, called "Sweeney Astray." Sweeney's problems begin when he is cursed by a local saint and finds himself flying round Ireland, nesting in hedges, treetops, and ditches—in the process speaking, as what Heaney has called "a tongue of the land," some of the most beautiful lines that have been written in description of the Irish landscape. We needed some of the bewitched king's powers now to get up into the tops of the trees and zoom out of this. And, indeed, when the last remaining suggestions of a path came to an end and the vegetation ahead looked impenetrable, we decided that it was time to be flexible about our intention of walking along the Boyne to Slane. We fought our way up into the woods, dragged ourselves up the steep ascent, and found—blessed relief!—open fields. Heaney was suffering not only from the previous day's blister but from an old thigh injury, acquired on the school football field, and, unable to get over barbed-wire fences, had to work his way under them. Anyway, we made it into the fields and along their southern edge, and reached the parkland of old trees and rolling ground which is the



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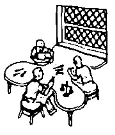

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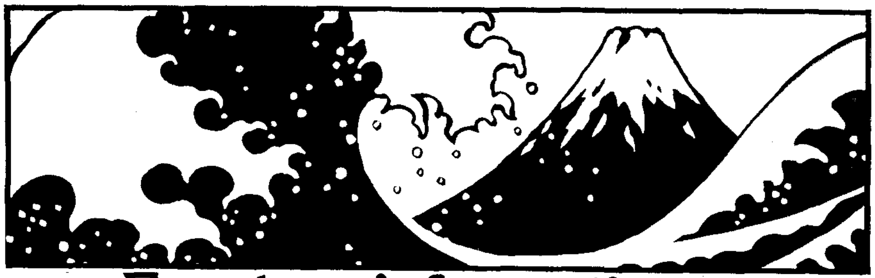
demesne of Slane Castle, seat of the Earl of Mount Charles. "Demesne" is a fine word, evocative of medieval estates. The present Earl had worked briefly for Faber & Faber, Heaney's London publishers, and we hoped that this (and the fact that Heaney had phoned from Navan to reserve dinner for us at the Slane Castle restaurant) would give us entrée if we encountered the Earl's gamekeepers before we reached the Navan-Slane road. Luck was with us here, however, and also on the road, where a fine fellow stopped and gave us a lift the last mile into Slane.

SLANE had eight hundred and ninety-six people in 1837 and five hundred and twenty-six in 1861, after the famine years; at the last count, in 1971, the population was four hundred and eighty-three. It is a well-planned eighteenth-century village, with the unusual feature of four nearly identical Georgian houses built aslant the corners of the crossroads, where the Navan-Drogheda and Dublin-Derry roads intersect. It has two churches named after St. Patrick, and a hotel, the Conyngham Arms, which deserves more than the one Automobile Association star it displays. The rooms were clean and well furnished; all light bulbs and bath plugs were in place; the water was hot and the beer cellar-cool. Despite the fact that we looked, if anything, more shattered than the day before, Heaney and I were not asked to pay in advance for our rooms.

Slane was the home of the Irish poet Francis Ledwidge, who was killed in Belgium in 1917. Ledwidge was a gentle, nature-observant writer, in tone and spirit close to the English poet Edward Thomas, who also died in the First World War. In Slane, Ledwidge is commemorated by a plaque on the bridge across the Boyne, which bears four lines from his "Lament for Thomas MacDonagh," a poet and friend of his, who was executed after the Easter Rising of 1916:

> He shall not hear the bittern cry
> In the wild sky, where he is lain,
> Nor voices of the sweeter birds
> Above the wailing of the rain.

And when Heaney and I were being driven to Slane Castle for dinner by Louis Cassidy, who is the local handyman and ferryman-by-car of local people, he told us that Francis Ledwidge's brother Joe, in his eighties, still lived in the village. Some people in Slane, said Mr. Cassidy, were still offended because a London publishing firm had



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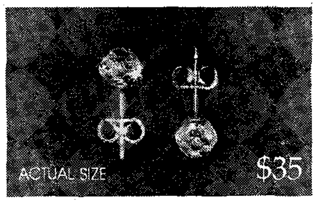

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given a party here some years earlier to celebrate the publication of a biography of Francis Ledwidge and failed to invite a number of people (including Mr. Cassidy, we gathered) who felt they should have been invited. The long Irish memory strikes again.

In the twilight, we drove a short way back up the Navan road and in through the arch of a gatehouse, along a drive past stables, and down a slope to a cellar doorway of Slane Castle. The castle restaurant is one of the activities by which the present Earl of Mount Charles makes the place pay its way; other activities include renting the place to film companies for locations, and throwing balls, to which some guests come by helicopter. We were met at the door by Juliet, Countess of Mount Charles, who is in her twenties, petite and pretty; she nobly disguised her disappointment on finding out that when Heaney had said on the phone "Around nine" he was talking about dinnertime, not the number of people who would be with him. We did our best to eat for those who hadn't come. Heaney had asparagus crêpes and I rainbow trout Provençal. There were bountiful dishes of *al dente* vegetables. The house red was a fine-bred claret, and Henry, the seventh Earl of Mount Charles, who is twenty-nine years old, having seen his twenty or so other customers properly fed, joined us for the second bottle. He is a graduate of Harvard University, where he was known as Henry Slane; after working for Faber's he was the Irish representative of Sotheby's. Then his father, the Marquess of Conyngham, who owns land in England and had potential problems with the Irish wealth tax, asked Henry—as everyone in Slane calls him—if he would like to take over the castle and its thousand acres and make a go of it. This Henry and Juliet were now doing. They employ about a dozen men and women in the castle and on the farm. Slane has its own cattle, its own fishing rights, and its own game birds. The independence of its present owners is enhanced by its power plant—a private turbine producing electricity from the ceaseless Boyne. (This was installed by Henry's grandfather; the turbine has been stopped only once in forty years—for a major overhaul, in 1959.) Henry would have a seat in the British House of Lords when he succeeded his father, and he didn't disguise the fact that for anyone running this sort of establishment for profit (which depends partly on the successful manipulation of the

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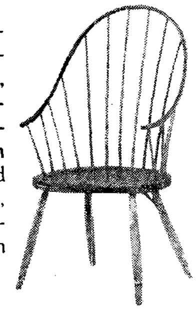

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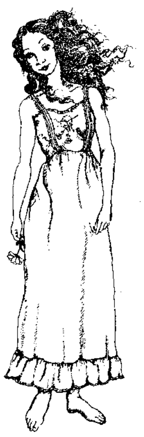
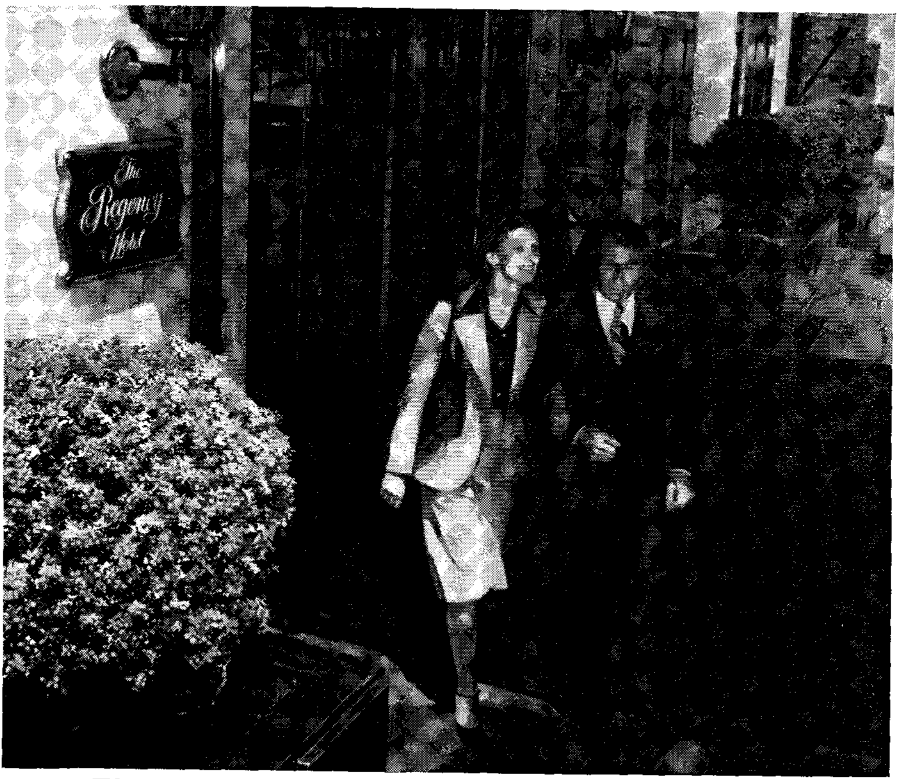


past, of associations, nostalgia, deference, and a need for the unusual) a title—a "handle," as he called it—was very useful, though possibly the European Economic Community's Common Agricultural Policy's effect on farm prices counted for more.

After dinner, Henry gave us a tour of the interior. Slane Castle is mostly a product of the late eighteenth century. Henry's ancestors, the Conynghams, were a Scottish family who came to Donegal in 1611. Sir Albert Conyngham fought for King William at the Boyne in 1690. On James II's side fought Christopher Fleming, the twenty-second Lord Baron of Slane, whose family had held the estates from 1175 until 1641, when they were confiscated and sold to the Conynghams. Bits of the old Fleming castle are believed to have been incorporated in the Gothic Revival house that James Wyatt, the architect, designed here, with mock battlements and corner towers, and set on a rocky bastion overlooking a bend of the Boyne. Francis Johnston oversaw its completion. Capability Brown did the stables. Henry has a telephone switchboard in his office, on the ground floor of one corner tower, and a telex machine in his estate office. Of the many elegant rooms, that which serves as both library and ballroom is perhaps the finest—a round room, with crimson walls and white plaster Gothic tracery on the domed ceiling. It was built specially for a visit by King George IV in 1821, and would undoubtedly have appealed to the patron of the Brighton Pavilion. However, the main appeal for George IV at Slane, it is said, was Lady Conyngham. One of the reasons that are traditionally given for the straightening of the Dublin-Slane road—it is one of the straightest roads in Ireland—was George's desire to get to Slane and Lady C. as fast as possible. In reality, though he was well acquainted with her by 1815, George is thought to have stayed at Slane Castle only twice—once before and once after he was crowned king. It was while he was dining at Slane that George, in fine spirits, suggested sending Lord Talbot, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to look after England while he himself stayed where he was.

In the castle now are various prized mementos of these associations, and statues and pictures of the nobility that England and Ireland shared, for better and worse. There is a portrait of the first Marquess of Conyngham by Gilbert Stuart. (George when he was Prince Regent not only got Lady



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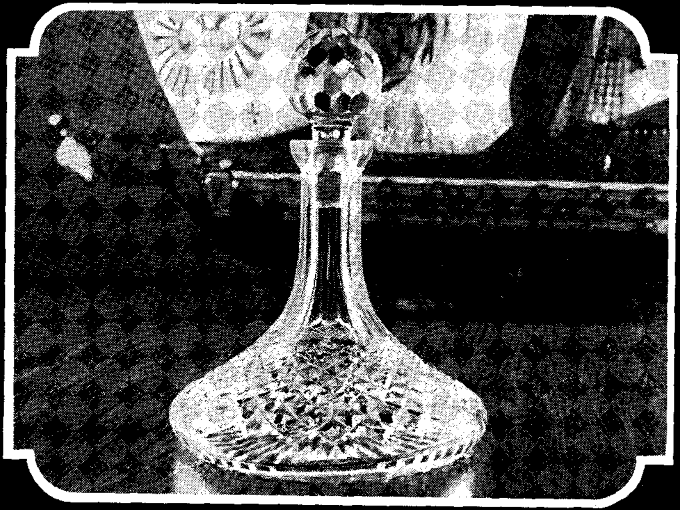

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C.'s husband this title but had him made Constable of Windsor Castle and Lord Steward of the Royal Household.) And there is a full-length, life-size portrait of a handsome officer, the Marquess of Anglesey, who was also one of Henry's ancestors. It was at the Battle of Waterloo—in 1815, as Henry reminded us—that the Duke of Wellington is supposed to have said to Anglesey, just after a cannonball whizzed by, "By Gad, Harry, you've lost your leg!" and Anglesey is said to have replied, "By Gad, sir, so I have."

DAY THREE: a fine morning. Heaney had to be back in Dublin that afternoon for a meeting, and was catching the Dublin bus at ten. He was, I suspected, pleased not to have to put his Dr. Marten's to the test for another day. After an excellent breakfast at the Conyngham Arms, we said goodbye. My boots had been put to dry on the kitchen range at the hotel, and though I went down to Slane Bridge for a glimpse of the distant castle and of the woods overhanging the river that had thwarted Heaney and me the evening before, I decided to keep my boots dry for the moment by forgoing any excursions into the thick undergrowth between bridge and castle. I took it on trust that somewhere in the wet, tangled shrubbery, under yews and beeches, was the ancient ruin known as the Hermitage of St. Erc. St. Erc, one of St. Patrick's right-hand men and the first Bishop of Slane, is said to have often stood for hours at a time in the chill Boyne waters in order to cool his concupiscent desires. From the bridge, alleged to have been a favorite haunt of Mick Collier, the last of the Irish highwaymen, there is also a spacious view downstream past Slane Mill toward the big bend of the river at Rosnaree. I returned to the village crossroads and marched forth on the Drogheda road, spurning the temptations prompted by the Live and Let Live public house, and leaving over my left shoulder the hill on which St. Patrick lit his Paschal fire.

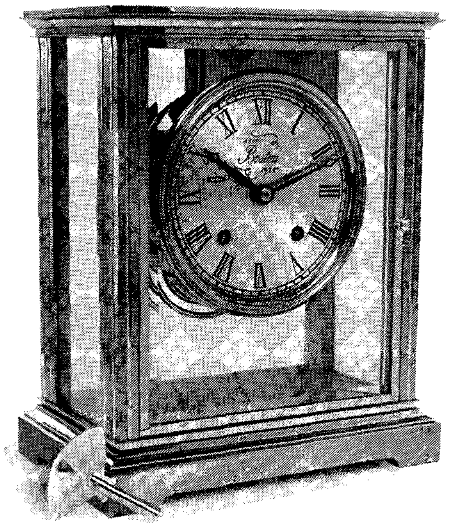
It was just gone eleven as I walked from Slane, in fox-and-geese weather—the promise of the early morning already compromised by loose gray clouds scudding behind me, threatening showers. I was going to have to walk faster than Heaney and I had been walking to fit into this day all that I wanted, and I kept up a light-infantry pace for the first few miles, exercising the freedom of the road to whistle and sing, and swinging my umbrella at the trail, parallel with the ground. I turned right on the first minor road, which led toward the Boyne again and the great neolithic burial mounds of Knowth, Newgrange, and Dowth. A vole ran across the road; at a farm gate stood a pair of milk churns, awaiting collection. But, despite the rural signs, there were also, as there seem to be on many country roads in the east of Ireland, short stretches of ribbon development—development, admittedly, that often appeared to be proceeding by well-spaced fits and starts. A few new houses here stood empty in plots alongside unfinished houses or old, completed cottages that had for some reason been long abandoned. To whom did these derelict or unoccupied dwellings belong? Would the new houses ever be lived in? Were there sons and daughters in Liverpool or Boston who would one day come to glaze the boarded-up windows and paint the pebble dash? To keep a cow or a goat in one of these small hedged fields?

Heaney had given me the name of the archeologist, Professor George Eogan, who is in charge of the excavations at Knowth. At the top of a rise, opposite a farmhouse, I came to a high wire fence, through which I could see the huge tumulus, with parts of the covering turf peeled back, and black Polythene protecting some of the excavated ground. I let myself in through a gate and, walking past a pile of spades and picks next to a fork-lift truck, found the site headquarters, a prefabricated hut. There I introduced myself to Dr. Eogan, a sharp-eyed but genial man in his fifties, who has been working on Knowth since 1962, digging during the summers with his students from University College, Dublin, and, during term time, sorting out the results back in the city. A postgraduate student, Aideen Ireland, gave me a tour of the excavations, starting at one side of the central mound, where we walked cautiously on thin ridges of earth left between four metre-square excavation pits, in which the diggers were working with toothbrushes and tiny trowels, finding, if they were lucky, minute pieces of bone or bead.

The mound itself is a megalithic tomb containing two passage graves. Some three hundred such graves are known in Ireland, and those in the three mounds that form a great cemetery on the Boyne are preëminent. They date, my guide told me, from between 3000 and 2500 B.C. They are the works of a people about whom not much is known except on the basis of these tombs, but who could clearly gather their energies in a project that consumed much time and labor and who honored their dead, installing the cremated ashes in shallow stone basins set in niches deep in the passage graves. The graves themselves were formed of huge stones. The mound covering those at Knowth extends over an area of more than an acre; it is some ninety metres in diameter and more than ten metres high. It is surrounded by a circle of large edgestones, decorated with incised motifs—circles, U shapes, diamond shapes, spirals, zigzags, and herringbones. The mound was carefully built in layers, thicker in the middle and sloping slightly downward toward the edges, possibly for better drainage.

We stood on top of the mound in the warm sun and cool breeze and looked out over the valley to the flat-topped sister mound of Newgrange, a mile away; to the curving river and, beyond, to Tara; and to the Wicklow hills, visible beyond Dublin twenty-five miles south. It was obviously a good site—first time lucky, in a way, since these recently nomadic and hunting people were now becoming farmers and herders, their animals becoming domestic. And settling down seemed to involve giving a permanent dwelling place first of all to their dead—levering tons of stone, slowly chipping away the magical designs with hammers of flint. The early Irish were diggers and navvies and artists. And, after the cremations and burials, the place itself was good for the living, then and thereafter, overlooking and controlling the fertile valley and the river, with its fish. In the Iron Age, people inhabited the mound itself, digging deep ditches round it and building stone walls on top. The Celts made this cemetery their Olympus, the home of their gods. The Vikings looted it and the Normans built a fort on it. In 1699, the Welsh antiquary Edward Lhuyd came to the Boyne cemetery, the first of a line of inquisitive scientists and excavators. In the eighteenth century, the locals dug here for handy road-building materials.

After thanking Miss Ireland and Dr. Eogan, I walked on down the lane to Newgrange. At a junction, I spurned the advice of the road sign—deciding, after a look at my map, that the sign proposed a route better for cars and longer for me—and, after a few minutes' doubt on the single-track road I'd chosen, had the pleasure of seeing Newgrange appear again over the high



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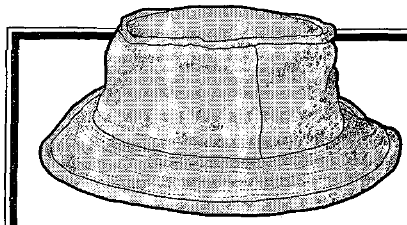

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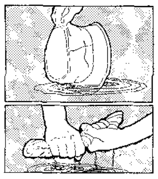

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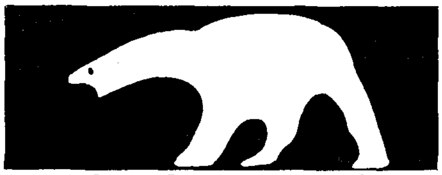

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hedges, several fields distant. All along here, the elder trees were in flower and blackbirds were singing, as they have in all likelihood since neolithic times to movers of stone, monks, farmers, warriors, and people walking down lanes.

I reached Newgrange at one o'clock. Newgrange has been excavated and restored, and sits dramatically in the middle of a wide field, with green grass all round, an immense wall of small white stones banked up on either side of the grave entrance, and half a dozen standing stones in front and one reclining, heavily incised stone as the grave threshold. Visitors are allowed to walk round and enter the passage grave. A party had just left, but one of the guides—girl students—kindly led me in. The huge stones forming the tunnel of the grave lean inward, the roof stones press down. We squeezed along the passage and into the chamber, where the space expands out into alcoves or niches and up into a corbelled dome. My guide, who was about twenty, leaned back against a stone and gave me a short speech: ". . . Passage-grave makers, perhaps from Brittany . . . shellfish eaters . . . some four thousand years ago . . . burials . . . cremations . . . we don't know much about them. . . ." How pretty she is, I thought. Was this the age-old conjunction of instincts—sex and death? She told me that at Newgrange on about December 21st, the day of the winter solstice, the sun, coming up over the eastern horizon, shoots a long shaft of light through a slit in the roof over the grave entrance and down the passage, lighting up the chamber for precisely seventeen minutes. This and the arrangement of standing stones outside suggest that the builders had astronomical knowledge and made calendar observations. She also pointed out the incisions in some stones; the triple-spiral motif, to be seen on several, was a subject of conjecture. I hazarded the idea that it might symbolize Knowth, Newgrange, and Dowth. That, she said, was one of the conjectures.

Outside again: the breeze shaking the full-leafed trees along the lane, sun gleaming on the white stone embankment of the giant mound. I had neglected to bring any lunch. I lay on the grass and read some notes I had made from Michael Herity's treatise "Irish Passage Graves," in which, after much detailed scholarship, he lets loose:

The whole impression in the Boyne is of a township like medieval Florence, sure of its economy, confidently undertaking the erection of a great cathedral

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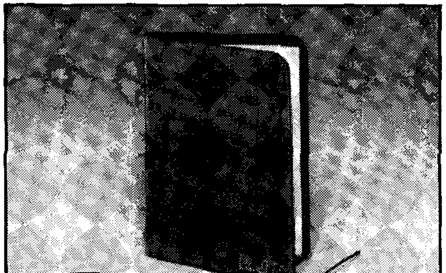

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There is a line in Lewis Mumford's "The City in History": "The Egyptians loved life so much they even embraced death." I thought also of a poem Heaney has written, called "Funeral Rites," in which he imagines an immense funeral procession moving from Ulster to the Boyne, to—as he has said in a radio broadcast—"the megalithic burial chambers which were fabulous even in early Irish times. Then people thought of them as the burial places of heroes and semi-gods, but I think of them here as the solemn resting places for casualties, the innocent dead of the past few years."

I walked on two miles to Dowth. This burial mound is unrestored, unexcavated since the nineteenth century, after which it became a grassed-over crater. No one was about. I stood on the mound and watched the wind move like a demonstration of energy through the long grass. As at Knowth and Newgrange, there was a fine view of the river half a mile away. Newgrange was in sight to the west. Just to the east, next to a ruined mansion, stood the shell of a church, and in the surrounding churchyard, just scythed, a man out of Bruegel was carrying hay on a pitchfork. As I walked back to the road, an elderly, well-groomed woman came by, walking her dog, looking as if she did this every day.

I HAD found a roadside pump just before Dowth. At it I had filled my grumbling stomach with well water, and this kept me going through the next few miles of warm sun and winding road toward Oldbridge. In the course of the next forty-five minutes, I was passed by two cars. I saw one man, a roadworker, pruning a hedge with a billhook beside a bridge where

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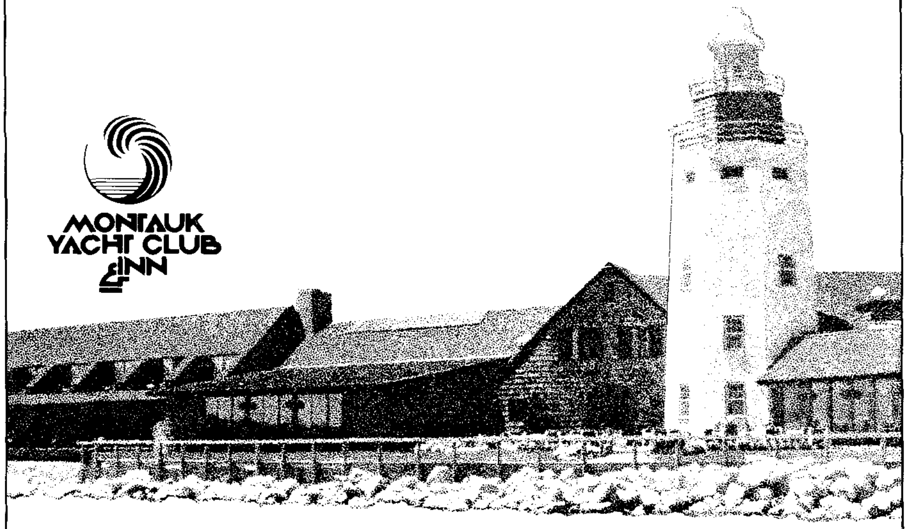

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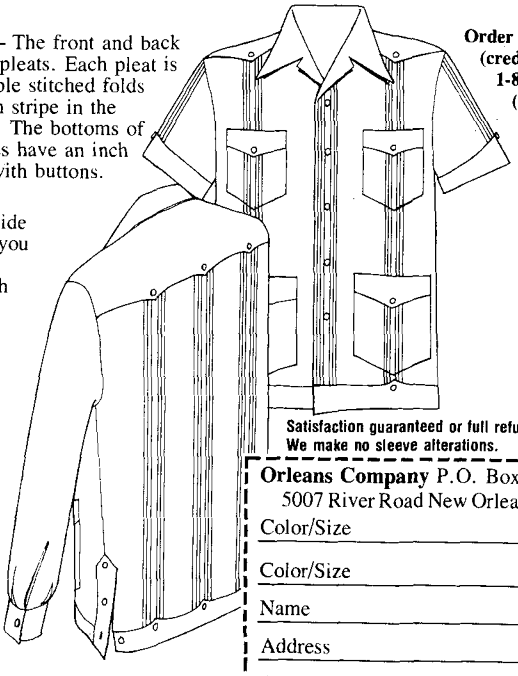

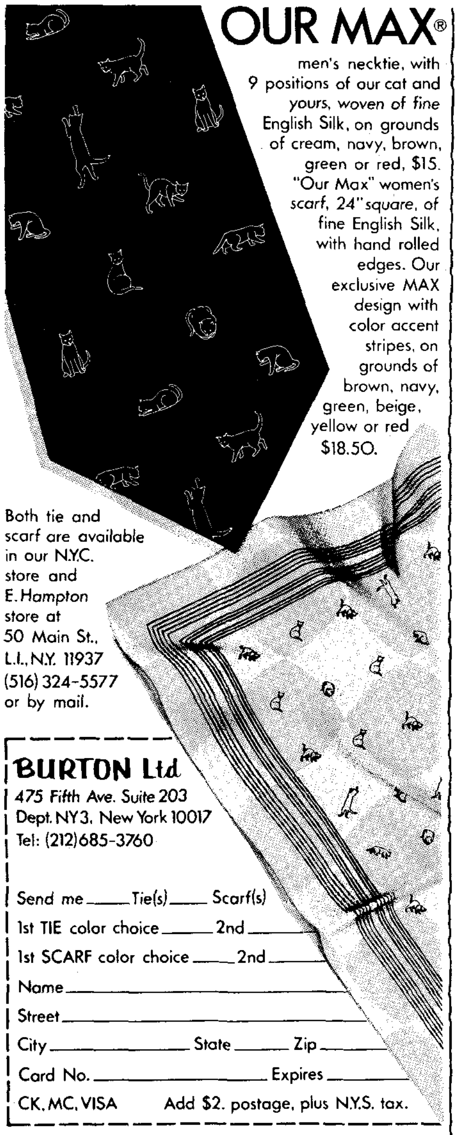

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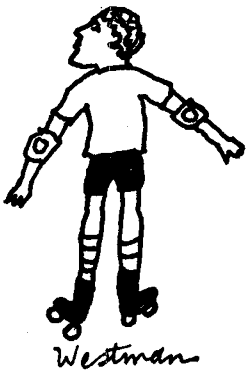
the little River Mattock runs beneath the road to join the Boyne.

"Keeping fine," I said.

"Yes, not so bad today," said he.

When the Boyne came in sight again, at the junction of the lane I was on and the Slane-Drogheda road, it was spread out and slow-moving. Fishermen were angling from the far bank. More ruined houses loomed through the trees. A midafternoon torpor overhung everything, but I kept going, and at ten to three I found myself in Oldbridge, where a narrow stone-and-iron bridge spans the river, and another era of Irish history is immanent. And there, too, on a wide grass verge, a piece of ground over which hundreds of troops charged toward the river one July day in 1690, sat a gypsy caravan. It was prairie-schooner-shaped but small. The panels on each side of the back door were painted red, yellow, gold, and green, like illuminations in the "Book of Kells." A subsidiary dwelling had been set up on the grass nearby, a sort of nomadic hut made of canvas stretched over wooden hoops—indeed, it looked like an upside-down coracle. The canvas was partly rolled back to reveal bedding inside: a mattress, several plump pillows, and an eiderdown embroidered or patchworked with a magnificence to match the painting of the caravan. There was something Oriental about these sparse but luxurious belongings. A goat tethered to a stake a few yards away was champing grass. Several horses, seemingly the steeds of the caravan's owner, were in an adjacent field. An iron pot hung from a tripod over a campfire. And in the grass a man lay on his back, holding aloft a baby. The baby was giggling; the man was uttering fond parental noises to make it laugh. I gave them a wave and a hail in greeting, and the man—after a solemn look, presumably to see that I wasn't an agent of council authority or the farmer who owned the field—nodded and smiled in return.



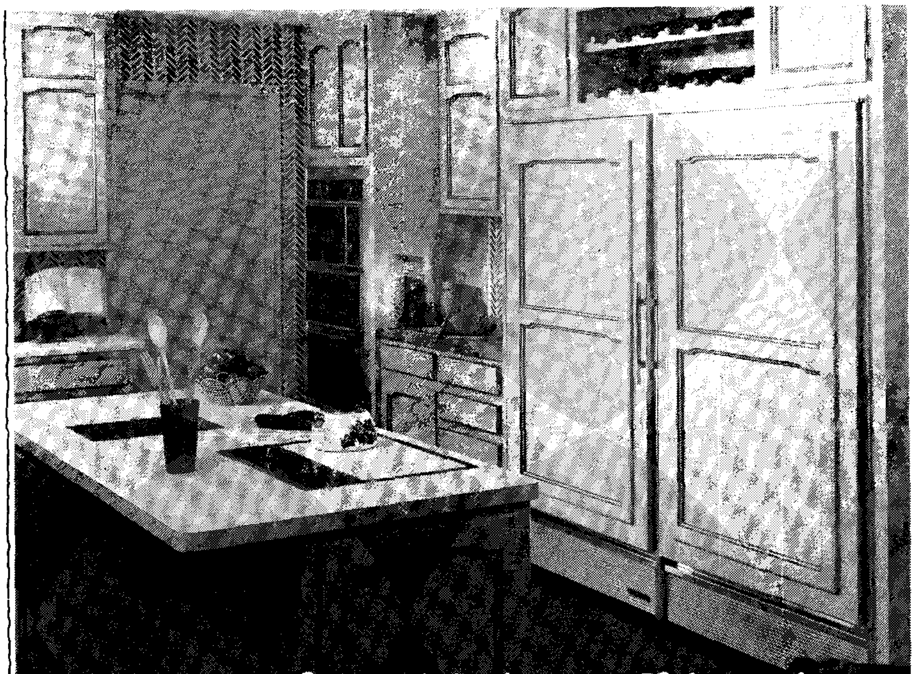
The tide reaches up the Boyne from the sea to this point. Walking onto the bridge, I concluded that the tide was out; this accounted for the present shallowness of the river. It would have been easy to ford, which was the reason William III chose it for one of his four river crossings on the morning of July 1, 1690, and the reason James II (who was with his staff on the slopes of Donore Hill, to the south) had many of his troops on the other bank, guarding the crossing. (July 1st was the date of the Battle of the Boyne in the old-style, Julian calendar. In the new-style, Gregorian calendar, adopted in the British Isles in 1752, the date is July 12th.) In any event, when William realized that the ford at Oldbridge was well covered by the Jacobite forces, he smartly sent a large detachment from his ample army (thirty-five thousand; James had twenty-five thousand) off westward to cross the river at Rosnaree, between Knowth and Newgrange. James thought this feint to his flank was the real thing, and diverted much of his Oldbridge force to meet them. William's deception plan succeeded. The diverting and diverted parties sat and faced each other across a bog all morning while William's main army came across the river at Oldbridge and met the rest of James'.

It was a European battle. William, Prince of Orange, Stadholder of the United Provinces, had been offered the British throne by those who wished to preserve the Protestant succession and constitutional monarchy. Catholic James, deposed in England, with French support was making his penultimate stand in Ireland. He had fighting for him Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Dutchmen, and Frenchmen. William had Dutch, Germans, Danes, Scots, English, Huguenot French, and even some Catholic Irish. To tell each other apart the Williamites wore green sprigs in their headgear, the Jacobites wore white cockades—but this didn't prevent allies from now and then fighting one another.

Across the bridge there is thick undergrowth on either side—a tough place for a skirmish. It was, one participant recalled, "an excessive hot day." When William's Blue Dutch Guards forded the river, they held their muskets and powder above their heads; as they went down the bank, the fifes and drums were playing "Lilliburlero." I sat down by a desolate gatehouse at the first bend in the road and changed my socks—an old soldier's trick for the restoration of tired feet—rubbing my bare toes in the grass and airing them for five minutes before donning Mr. Bean's boots again. Road signs directed me toward the Jacobite camp, but after a mile or so of uphill plodding along tortuous lanes I struck out across the fields to Donore Hill, whose summit was crowned by a clump of trees and a small walled cemetery. Among the obstacles were barbed-wire fences, deep ditches full of mud and nettles, thorn hedges, and fields full of cows and possibly one or two bulls; but eventually I was there, seated on the stone wall surrounding the graveyard—3:50 P.M.

I had my jacket off for the first time on this walk. It was hot, but not excessive. I looked north, down the long slope of hillside on which the last stages of battle had taken place. To the right, three miles or so away, I could see the buildings of Drogheda and, beyond, for the first time, the sea; to the northeast, the mountains of Mourne. It was twenty miles from where I sat to the North-South border, along which there are still ambushes, booby traps, sudden murders, and the working out of old horrors. What is always impressive about battlefields is the fertility of the fields, the felicity of the countryside. But here, without much effort, I could imagine men in the ditches and hedgerows, pikemen holding off cavalry, the confusion of charges, retreats, and orders not getting through. The Jacobites lost nearly a thousand men, and William some five hundred. (Even so, seven thousand of William's men had died from disease the previous winter.)

At Aughrim a year later, the Catholic army met its final defeat in Ireland, but this battle at the Boyne has always been considered the real defeat. James retreated that night to Dublin and took ship for France. And in the war of words that has been so much of Irish history the Boyne is immortal. Most Irish schoolchildren were brought up to identify with one side or the other; the account of the Boyne battle in most Irish history books, until very recently, discloses the cultural, religious, and political bias of the author. No Catholic child was ever named William. The Protestant king spent only a fortnight in Ireland, but he became for northern Protestants the symbol of the Irish-British Union. King Billy is the affectionate title they've given him, though at the time many of his supporters thought him cold and standoffish. He didn't speak English very well. And who knows if—as Ulster iconography insists—he actually rode a white horse on that day of battle? Many in the North, despite the ubiquitous slogan "Remember 1690" painted on walls and gables,



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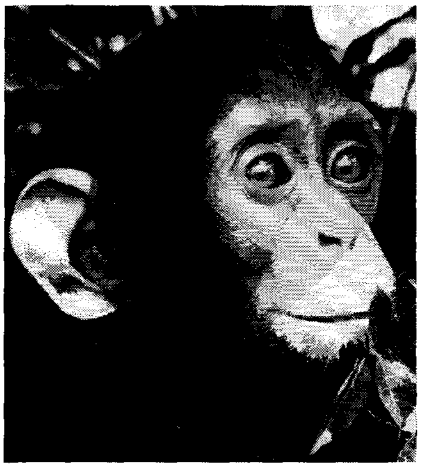

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have no clear idea of when the battle took place. Some believe it occurred in Biblical times. There is the famous story of the visitor to the North who is puzzled by all the references to King Billy and the Boyne and asks an old Ulsterman what it's all about. He is told, "Away with ye, man, and read yer Bible!"

Celebrations of the anniversary of the Boyne battle were first held in the North in 1797, as liberal Presbyterianism began to be supplanted by the Orange Order and by a "No Surrender" attitude regarding the maintenance of a Protestant ascendancy. In 1914, that attitude was so entrenched that Protestant Ulster nearly revolted at the prospect of home rule for all of Ireland—a situation in which they feared they would be swamped by the Catholic majority. When it looked as if there might be a Unionist rising in March that year, British generals considered moving the 5th Army Division from its camps in central Ireland to a line along the Boyne, facing north. But world war provided for the death of home rule—and in turn for the frustrations that helped produce the Easter Rising, in 1916. It was on July 1 (the old-style date of the Battle of the Boyne), 1916, that the Battle of the Somme began, and men of the 36th Ulster Division went over the top wearing orange ribbons, shouting "No Surrender" and "Remember 1690" as they plunged into the German machine-gun fire.

That year, after the Somme debacle, there was no Orange parade in the North. But, except for that single omission, each July has seen an anniversary celebration of the Boyne victory. In Belfast, the parade takes two and a half hours to pass a particular spot, with drums throbbing and the fifes playing their shrill tunes. On this day of sashes and banners, the ministers preach and the politicians pronounce as to God's own, a chosen people. But possibly it is a sign of progress that, despite the last ten years of Troubles, the Twelfth parade itself is no longer quite so fraught with religious or tribal hostility. Some young Protestants are now forbidden to take part in it by parents who regard it as a manifestation of bigotry; some young Catholics begin to think of it as a sort of carnival. An increasing number of people are perhaps coming to share Conor Cruise O'Brien's feeling that the Irish have often in the past behaved "like sleepwalkers, locked in some eternal ritual reënactment, muttering senselessly as

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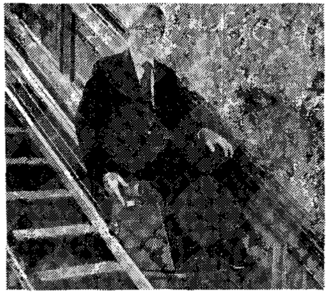

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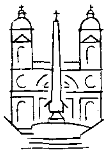

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we collided with one another." (For that reason, O'Brien chose not to attend a ceremony commemorating the landing of arms from Erskine Childers' yacht Asgard—a ceremony, he thought, that merely underlined the ancient rivalries and passions.)

ON the grassy slopes of the Boyne on a warm afternoon, topography is more impressive than history. This land is unlike so much of Ireland—a country broken up into areas of poor soil, barren mountains, and bog. The geographical fragmentation of the country has in the past been intensified by a system of inheritance, in the words of the geographer E. Estyn Evans, that entailed "reallocating land periodically among close kinsmen, and subdividing already scattered plots among co-heirs." Evans and others believe that such practices, over the centuries, have contributed to the violent feeling that lies just below the surface and has brought about so much internecine bloodshed in Ireland.

IN the late afternoon, I abandoned my hilltop perch, my petty kingdom, and made my way across the fields to the lane again. It was two miles of country roadwork into Drogheda, a sizable market and manufacturing town built on both steep banks of the river. Drogheda is famous for its fortified walls, which the English Commonwealth troops of Oliver Cromwell stormed during the civil war in 1649, proceeding to slaughter the Drogheda garrison. Cromwell said, "Our men getting up to them were ordered by me to put them all to the sword." Cromwell saw himself not only as attacking royalists but as the instrument of divine vengeance against those Irish who had rebelled in Ulster in 1641. He wrote from Drogheda, "This is a righteous judgement of God upon these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood." The effect of the death of the three thousand Drogheda men was to emblazon his own name in Irish memory as a butcher, and to associate his country with the act.

Drogheda is also noted for disputes about the pronunciation of its name, the English—including the Earl of Drogheda—going for "Drowda," which to me sounds Irish, and most of the locals calling it "Drockeda," which is direct enough. Until recently, communication from one side of town to the other was via a pair of narrow bridges, which had to carry not only

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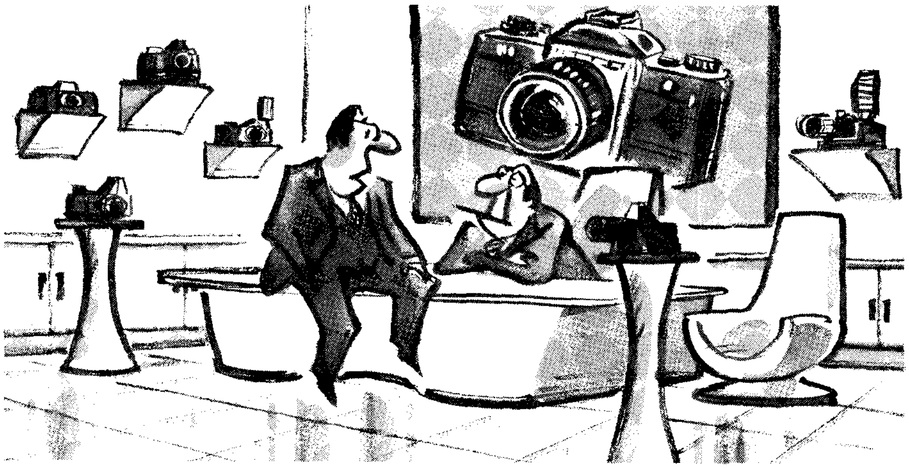

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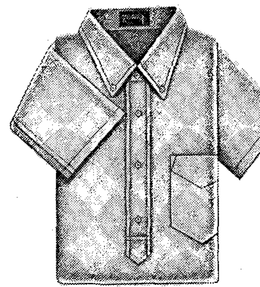

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local vehicles but much of the coastal road traffic between North and South. Four years ago, a new, wide road bridge was built, and was named by the Drogheda town council Peace Bridge. In December, 1976, shortly after it opened, a rally was held on the bridge by the Northern Ireland Peace Movement, whose founders, Mrs. Betty Williams and Miss Mairead Corrigan, won the Nobel Peace Prize the following year. Ten thousand people turned up from North and South and in two columns—almost two armies—surged across the bridge from each side of the Boyne to meet in the middle, embrace, shake hands, or otherwise greet one another. The Peace Movement's leadership has recently been in disarray, and it has been criticized for failing to get support from the city ghetto-dwellers or for dealing in cosmetic solutions. But it seems to me that its dramatization of the possibilities of friendship has been important in a country where the last years have seen rather the reiteration of terror and animosity. Added to which, the Peace Movement has put some of its funds to very good use, by, for example, lending money to small companies that have been unable to qualify for loans from the government or banks. And it may be that one of the "solutions" for divided Ireland is the willingness to try all sorts of proposals, and to analyze and question all deeply ingrained attitudes and beliefs.

I walked across Peace Bridge and along the main shopping street of Drogheda. The fortifications, the cathedral, and the Boyne salmon curraghs (the last basketwork-and-skin boats in Ireland, I'd been told) would have to wait for another day. I was all tramped out. I inquired the whereabouts of the railway station, and, on learning that it was half a mile out of town, asked about buses to Dublin; they, it appeared, were just down the hill, by the river. There, indeed, a bus was loading up. I had just time to buy some chocolate and apples from a nearby shop and to take a last look, as the queue of passengers moved forward into the bus, over the footpath railing at the Boyne.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

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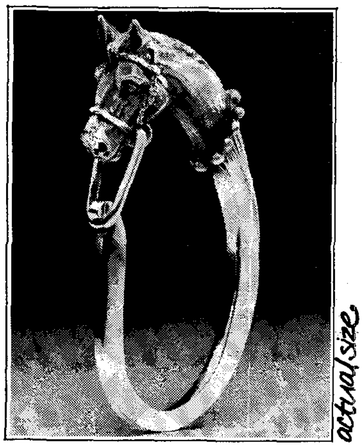

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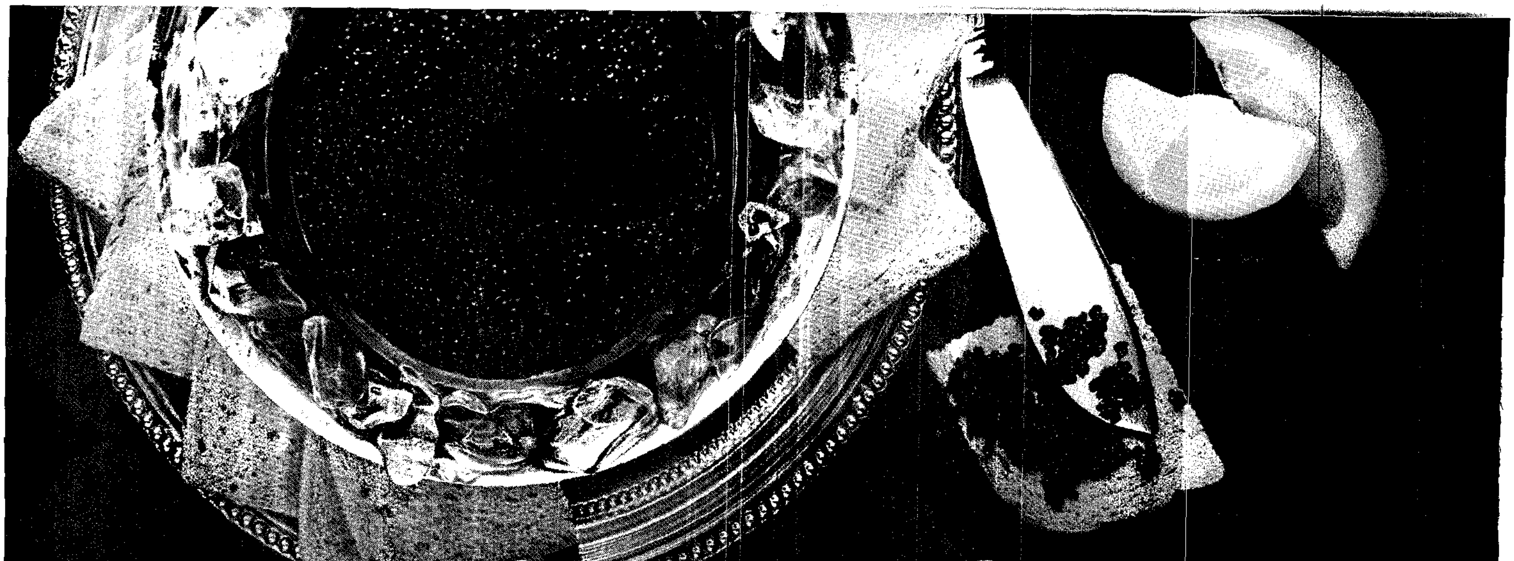

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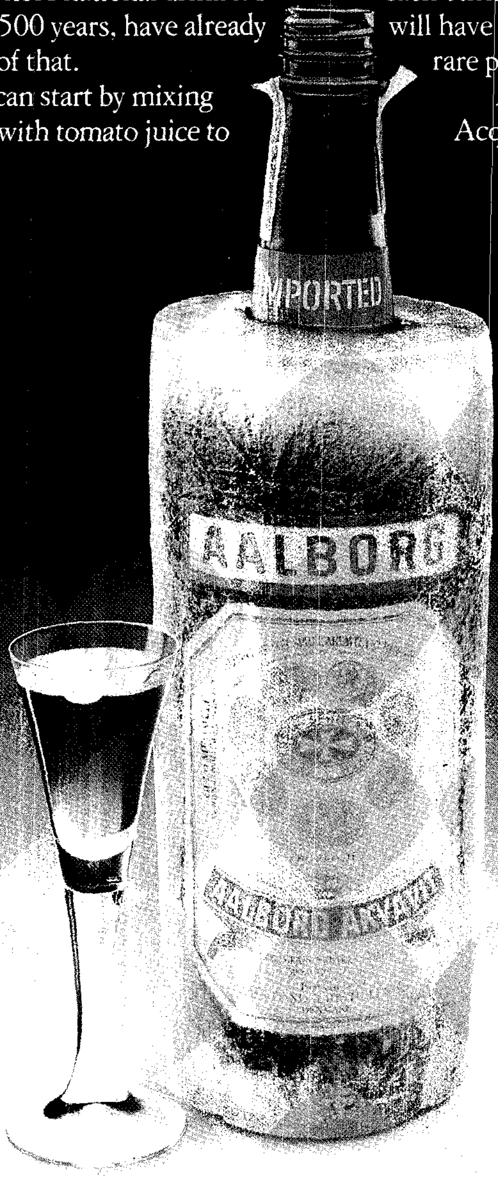

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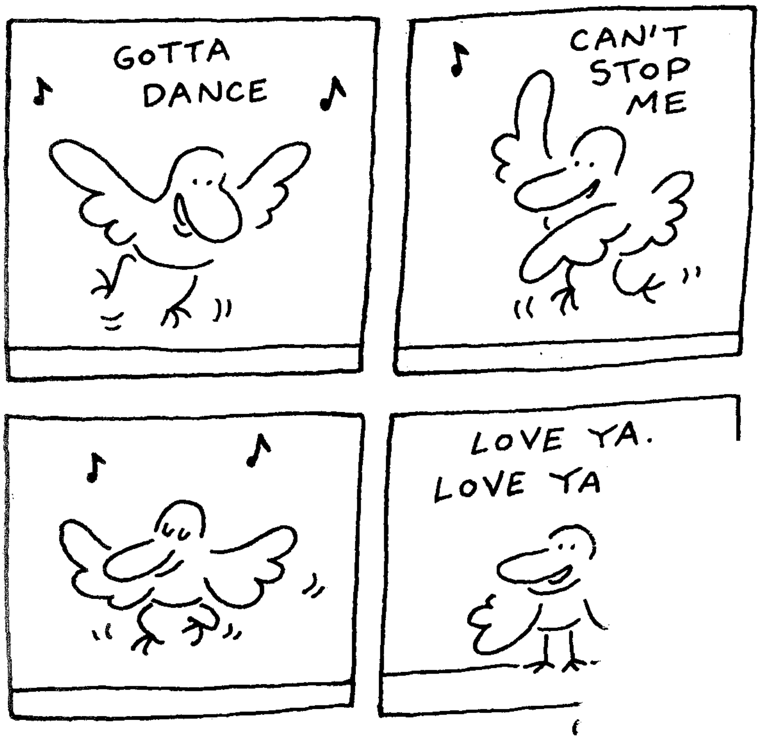
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Easy Rider

STEVE McQUEEN is the movies' great enlisted man. The range of his screen roles has been limited (he has appeared in twenty-five films—not many in a twenty-two-year career as a leading man), as is his acting range, but our feelings about him are precise and strong, because we know him so well. He can be playful and almost suave, as in "The Thomas Crown Affair" (almost but not quite: his gentleman-crook's clothes didn't look right on him—something wrong with the collars), which was his most atypical film, and he was surprisingly edged and ironic in Sam Peckinpah's "Junior Bonner." But McQueen's immense popularity rests on our view of him as the efficient, almost silent technician-soldier, who functions in a steadfast, uncomplaining manner within a larger, mostly corrupt structure that will grind him up in the end. He doesn't run things (except for machines), and he doesn't initiate much of anything, but he does what is expected of him with a dedicated, almost sensual skill, and then waits—with his ook of stolid, pale-eyed unsurprise—for the unfair consequences: the punshment that will fall on him because he people in charge of things are less good at their work than he is at his, or simply because the system abhors purity n any form. He is laconic in the manner of master sergeants or master mechanics, whose work is so heroically rigorous and technical that it is beyond explanation. In "The Sand Pebbles," McQueen's feeling for the ngines of his maooned, foolishly commanded Navy gunboat (he was the engineoom petty officer) was he only clear passion n an interminable seies of adventures up hat Chinese river. The est sequences in "Bultt" were the San Francisco car-chase cenes, which grabbed s because we'd heard hat McQueen himself id the stunt-man drivng in some of them. "The Great Escape" mprobably put him stride a high-powered motorcycle as a risoner of war on the m inside Nazi Germany, and his brilliant maneuverings of the machine (culminating in that breathtaking, hopeless sailing leap into the last barbed-wire barrier) allowed us to see his inarticulate but sensuous rapport with apparatus, his heroic American anality.

There are no machines in "Tom Horn," in which McQueen plays an aging frontier scout who has been hired to drive off some range rustlers in Wyoming in the early years of this century, but the hero's horse serves the same purpose. The animal is no pal or Old Paint (Tom Horn never even gets around to giving it a name), but it has been so perfectly trained and mechanized that it can walk backward out of a corral, so that Horn—in the saddle, with his Winchester across his lap—can keep his eye on a passel of rustlers who want to kill him, and later on, when the horse is killed during a shootout with another badman, Horn does away with the rustler and then empties his rifle into the rustler's dead body and curses him for what he has done—the only loss of cool he shows in the picture.

"Tom Horn," which was directed by William Wiard and written by Thomas McGuane and Bud Shrake, is based on an autobiographical work by a famous government scout and Indian interpreter of that name, who is said to have been the man who captured Geronimo, and who also did service as a frontier Pinkerton agent and as a member of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders. He seems to have gone dangerously to the bad in the later years of his life, which terminated in his execution for murder in Wyoming in 1903, but the movie script views Horn's end in sentimentally tinted pseudo-political terms, presenting us with a succession of implacable and ironic events that transform an erstwhile hero gunslinger into an outcast of society when the time for his bloody services is suddenly over. This is not quite new, of course ("High Noon" dealt with similar ideas when they were much fresher to us), but the theme certainly ought to be good enough to sustain a big, hand-forged, high-budget Western, with a star of McQueen's great reputation in its exactly appropriate title role. Almost everything in "Tom Horn" has been done up in style, and that may be the whole trouble; in the end, the picture is disappointing and boring, because it has been tuned and polished like a Harley-Davidson motorcycle—turned into another perfect and perfectly unsurprising vehicle for Steve McQueen. In the movie, Horn is hired by a cattlemen's association—future beef millionaires and senators, in business suits and wide black hats—to take care of their "rustler problem," at a fee of two hundred dollars for each outlaw he can kill (this is understood between them but never stated) or can persuade to move along, and he sets about his work with a brusque, technical detachment, first refining his skills by sighting in his cannonlike .45-60 Remington single-shot, which shoots bullets big enough to take down thick tree branches on his impromptu range. His work is bloody indeed (he uses a shotgun for closeup fighting, and totes a "belly gun," too) but efficient, and when one skirmish culminates with Horn finishing off a wounded assailant lying in a puddle in the middle of Main Street, with children and wom



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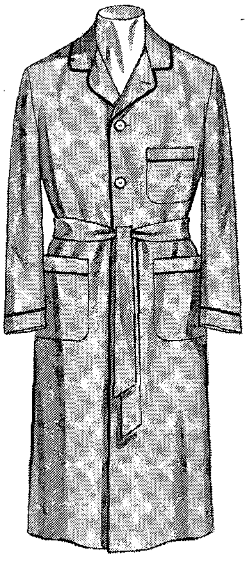

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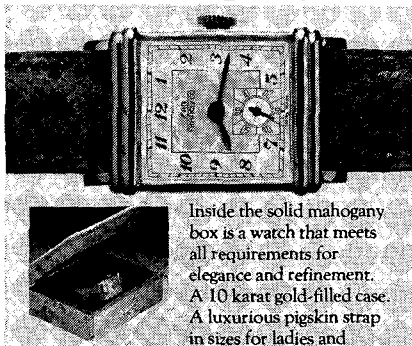

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frameup and hurried trial of Horn, his laconic refusal to defend himself ("I'm not going to give you the satisfaction—and that's my last word on the matter"), right down to his little smile as he stands, strapped and noosed, on the trapdoor of the gibbet and says to his sheriff friend (Slim Pickens), "You keep your nerve, Sam, 'cause I'm going to keep mine." The story doesn't make much sense—it's never clear what kind of low deals the cattlemen don't want Horn to find out about, or why they don't just invite him to mosey along instead of betraying and killing him—but its big scenes and moral tableaux work out so well (the noble, lonely-rider Old West versus the corporate, boosterish, corrupt New West; a talky, irritable, politically ambitious trial prosecutor who sneers at the "lackadaisical attitude" of the silent, about-to-be-extinct hero defendant) that one can see why nobody wanted to take the considerable trouble to make it better, or even to make it interesting.

Steve McQueen is fifty now, and he is a wonderfully worn-looking old-soldier cowpoke, who sits his saddle as if the rheumatiz had begun to bite him. His looks and his outfit—his long, dust-thick hair, a pulled-down big Stetson, the galluses worn over his shabby sweater, his high cheekbones and seamed, indrawn face—are part of an effortless, intensely visual performance that does not rely excessively on the dazzling, lopsided McQueen grin. He is the best sight in a picture stuffed with vivid Western scenes and faces: a cattlemen's outdoor dinner, with the future beef barons seated at a long table and tearing into imported (from Maine) lobsters under the big sky; slanting winter sunlight on the faces of townspeople emerging from a boardfront post office; a shrivelled snowscape that makes you think, for once, of the deadly cold of the winter prairies (this is a gray-sky Western, in contrast to a blue-sky Western like "The Long Riders"); a sporty-looking white-canvas-tent courtroom set up in the middle of the street for the biggest event in the town's history: a murder trial. But this is a self-indulgent movie, and there are shots I could have done without, too: those sunstruck high-rise Grand Tetons suddenly looming up as romantic drapery for a scene in which Tom and his schoolteacher lady friend (the beautiful Linda Evans) ride out together, and, in a different episode, the sudden horrible little spray of blood that appears on her face when Tom dispatches a gunslinger who comes lurching up on them unexpectedly. The same sort of thing keeps happening to the script, because the McQueen-Horn matchup is so seductive that it lures even a good writer like Thomas McGuane into thinking that anything he does with this rich, surefire situation is going to turn out all right. There are some good, sharp-edged lines and exchanges in the picture ("It won't be no piece of *chocolate cake* for Tom there at Brown's Hole," a cattleman says, and, near the end, another old scout, now a sold-out lawman, says, "Think you'll ever get back in those hills, Tom?" and Horn, lowering his voice in intimate understanding, murmurs, "I don't know—it scares me to death"), but there are almost as many clinkers and lit'ry touches. No turn-of-the-century swain, however countrified and leathery, would have said, "Do you know how raggedy-assed and terrible the old West was?" to a well-bred schoolteacher, as Tom Horn does here (think how Owen Wister's Virginian talked to *his* schoolteacher sweetheart), and no doomed prisoner since Sydney Carton has been given a gooier penultimate nougatine than Tom Horn's aside to a minister who is accompanying him to the gallows. "How long you had that Bible?" he says quietly, and the surprised divine replies, "Oh, about twenty-eight years." Tom smiles and says, "Got her about bucked out yet?" Terrible lines like this jolt us awake and make us aware, however unwillingly, of what a difficult business it seems to be to make even a halfway-decent commercial movie. Moviegoers still groan and writhe when things go as badly wrong as this, but a lot of actors and directors and writers don't seem to notice when they have patronized their own material, along with their audiences. Even enlisted men deserve better than that.

"DINNER FOR ADELE" is a knockabout, fake-innocent, period-piece comedy-melodrama from Czechoslovakia—not, at first glance, a descriptive come-on that will absolutely guarantee impatiently pushing, down-the-block queues when the picture opens at your own Arte-Ciné nabe. The movie, which pits its 1900 hero Nick Carter ("America's Greatest Detective," here lifted from his original dime-novel milieu), against a villain (he sleeps with his black mustache *in a sling*) called Baron von Kratzmar of Wienerschnitzelberg, is so openly silly and wholesome that you try to resist it, the way you resist smil ing in one of those Gay Nineties bars where the waiters wear sleeve garters. The plot is sometimes dumb and boring, but there are some inspired, or *almost* inspired, light moments, too, and the picture keeps reviving itself just when you're about to give up on it for good. It's probably safe to say that the only people who will have a bad time with it are those who can get no pleasure from the sight of an enormous, tentacled man-eating plant (it is Adele) that swoons at a passage from Mozart and devours mice and a Great Dane and a police inspector, gobbling them up with terrific smacking and slurping sounds, and then rolls its eyes around (yes, a plant with eyes) in search of dessert. The hero, who is played by the formidably silly-looking Michal Docolomansky, is doltishly sure of his own deductions and weapons (he employs an outlandish X-ray device, which is "a gift from my friend Roentgen," and a far-out, cartoonlike solar rifle, "from my friend Dr. Laser"), and there are moments when he reminds one a little uncomfortably of Peter Sellers' Inspector Clouseau. Fortunately, "Dinner for Adele" knows its own style, which is gentle and slow-paced, and we perceive in time that we are laughing mildly and uncritically at the strong-jawed Nick Carter instead of nearly dying of our harsh, helpless laughter over the delusions and anarchic disasters that afflict the poseur-idiot Clouseau. The nearest thing to a boff in this import, which was directed by Oldrich Lipsky, comes when somebody swats a moth that is hovering over a page of criminals' mug shots in a police station, and the flattened moth corpse by chance forms a mustache on one of the crooks' faces, thus giving away the disguise that— Well, maybe you had to *be* there. I also enjoyed the sight of Nick, wearing a cape and what appears to be some kind of trumpet on his head, walking up the side of a building in his suction-cup shoes before he— No? Well, never mind. *I* liked "Dinner for Adele;" I really liked it a lot. Take the children if you go, but only if they're old enough to read the subtitles; keeping up a running translation of Czech comedy dialogue is way beyond the call of parental duty.

—ROGER ANGELL

EDITORS' NOTE: With this column, Roger Angell brings to an end a six-month term as our film critic. Starting next week, Pauline Kael will return, on a flexible schedule.

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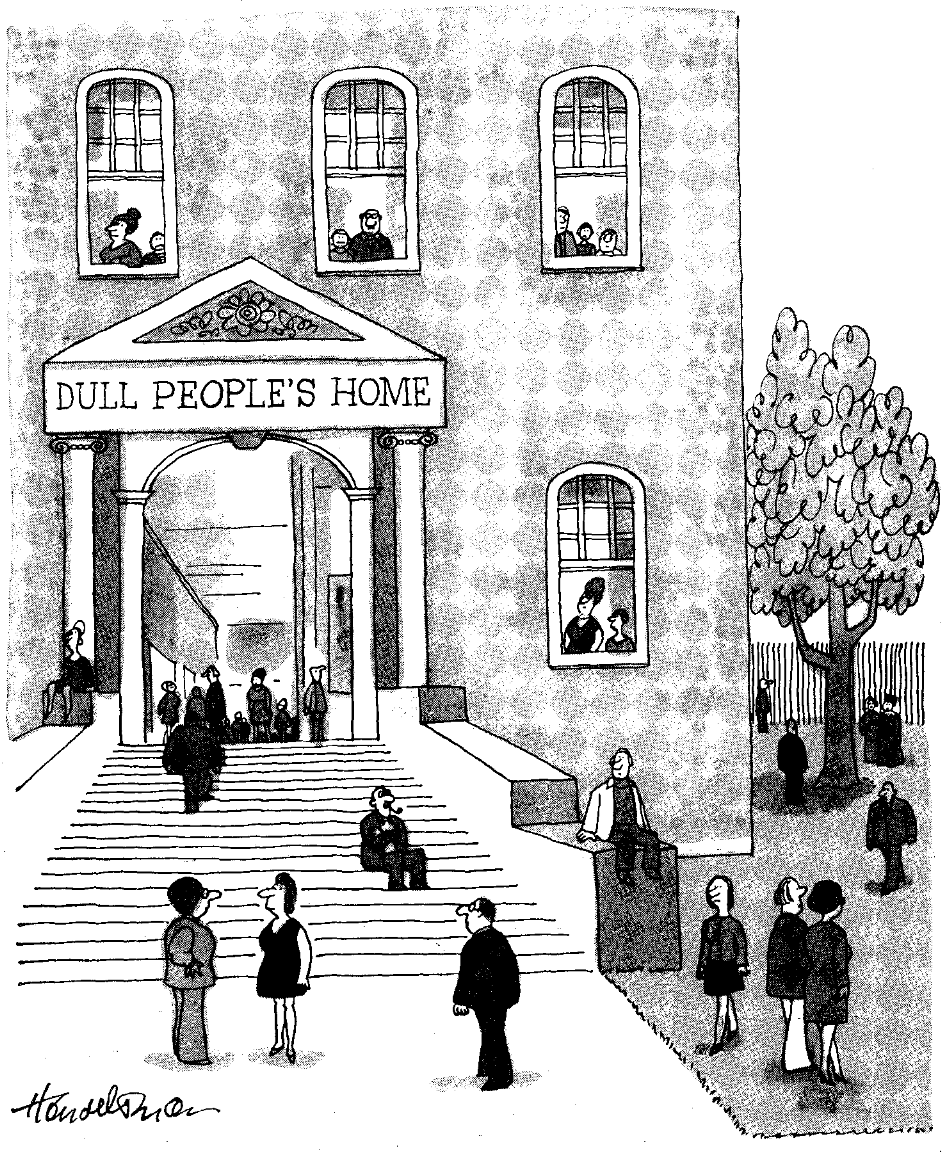
DANCING

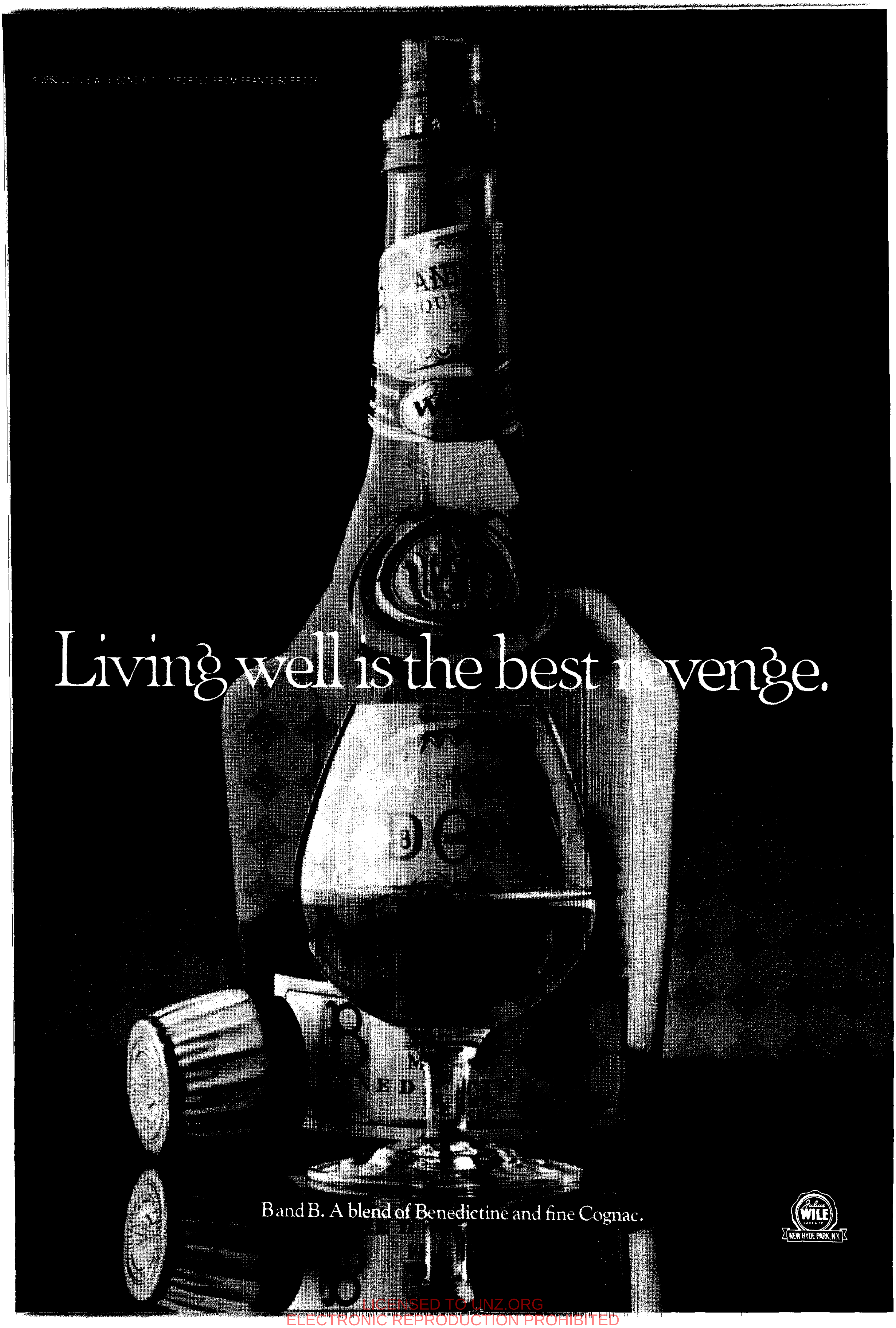
Ashley, Balanchine, and "Ballade"

GEORGE BALANCHINE'S "Ballade" is a small, perfect vanity case of a ballet, the kind of exquisite miniature that Balanchine fashions from time to time when he wants to make a fuss over one of his ballerinas. Generally, for this purpose he turns to French composers—to Delibes for "Sylvia Pas de Deux" and "La Source," to Chabrier for "Trois Valses Romantiques," to Ravel for "Sonatine." The music for "Ballade" is Fauré's Ballade for Piano and Orchestra, Opus 19. It doesn't sound like Balanchine music, but then neither, at first, did the selections from Fauré's "Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Shylock" when he presented them as the score of "Emeralds." The French wit and sparkle that in Balanchine's view enhance the image of a lovely woman are subdued in Fauré; the ironies are more subtle, more nostalgic. The momentum of "Ballade" isn't urgent, and in the first couple of performances it tended to flag toward the end. By the third performance, the dancers were stepping up their attack, and the whole ballet was enveloped in a satisfying balmy glow. Less satisfying by far were the scenery and costumes, borrowed from the Degas section of a dodo called "Tricolore," which was supposed to have had choreography by Balanchine but was staged by other hands. Reviving Rouben Ter-Arutunian's décor may be Balanchine's way of making up the loss of "Tricolore," but the heavy swags with which the stage is hung are no better than they were before at reducing the proportions of the State Theatre's proscenium to a condign intimacy. "Ballade," a small-scale ballet with a fragile mood, could use a smaller stage. That being out of the question, it could do without these nuisance hangings, which lock Balanchine's choreography into static segments of space. Apparently, we must suffer them now that the trees in "Vienna Waltzes" are disappearing.

"Ballade" was made for Merrill Ashley, but a different Merrill Ashley from the brilliant and forceful ballerina of "Ballo della Regina." "Ballade" slows her down, softens her edges, amplifies her presence, and stretches her range—all through its pursuit of the legato phrase. Balanchine, in that way he has of trying to expand a dancer's range by casting against type, had put Ashley repeatedly into adagio roles. "Emeralds," the ballet she was least suited to, was the one he insisted on longest. (Now it seems to be "Swan Lake.") In "Ballade," he has made an Ashley version of "Emeralds;" not only does he explore the legato phrase, he reconstructs it in terms of Ashley's technique. He will ask her to end a taut string of chaînés-déboulés by opening through passé-back into a loose, slow pirouette in attitude. And that is only the simplest example I can give of the characteristic lengthy but packed phrase he has invented for her in this ballet. With their built-in elasticity and unforeseen climaxes and connections, the phrases don't stand out as feats; they merge in a continuous rippling flow. The effect of it is like seeing a "Ballo della Regina" marked moderato cantabile, all the brilliant steps melting into one prolonged, reposeful lilting phrase. Another effect is to divorce Ashley from her habit of presenting herself as the sum of her technical specialties. The pliant evolutions that offer so charged a view of a "new" Ashley are only one half of the novelty. The other half has less to do with dancing than with the creation of an atmosphere for the dancing to happen in, a task that Balanchine has traditionally taken upon himself. This time, he has left it to the ballerina to decide what emotion—poignant, sentimental, tragic, grandly impersonal—the experience of the ballet will convey to the audience. For though "Ballade" is a gift to Ashley, and a deeply appreciative one, it is also a challenge. Technically, Ashley meets the challenge dancing with a virtuosity more seren at every performance. But the emotional flavor of "Ballade" is just now a little bland, almost insipid. By calling on Ashley's non-dancing resource as a ballerina, Balanchine may hav issued her the most critical challenge o her career.

Ashley's partner in this ballet is I Andersen, the new soloist from th Royal Danish Ballet, and although h is gracious, sympathetic, and attractiv both as a dancer and as a partner, h

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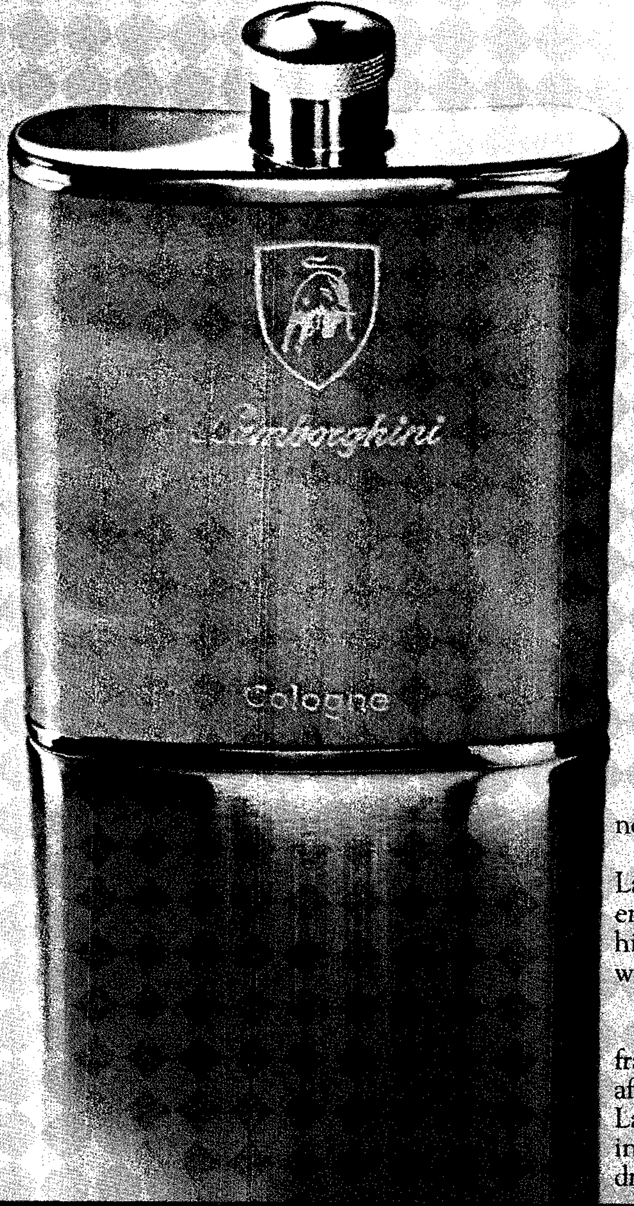

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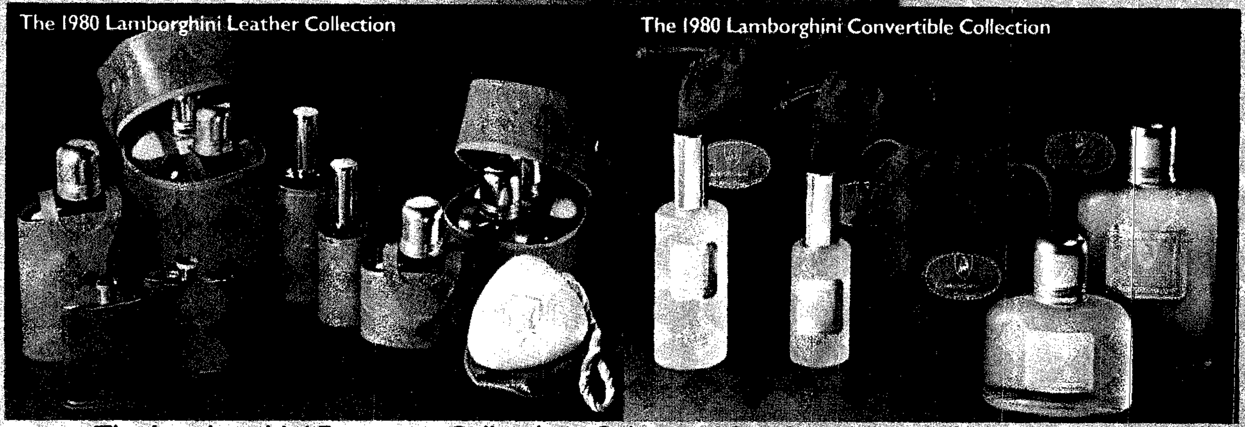

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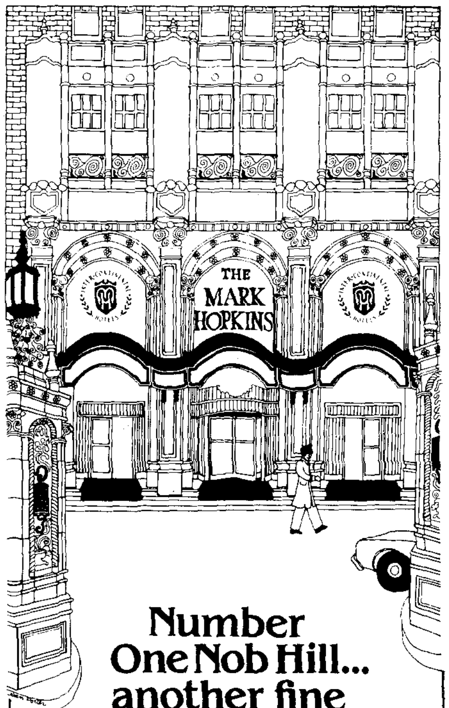
doesn't leave a vivid impression, largely because Ashley doesn't make much of him. She doesn't use the opportunities Balanchine has given her to react when he appears or when he disappears. He comes on and she freezes, like a deer at bay. When they're dancing together, the harmony between them—which is striking, because the elfin Andersen looks unexpectedly good with Ashley, a Laurie to her Jo—leads to no development in the mood of the ballet. It adds nothing to Ashley when she dances alone; she doesn't appear to be thinking of him, or even thinking of love. "Ballade" has a passage almost exactly like one in the "Tales from the Vienna Woods" section of "Vienna Waltzes" when, after dancing with her partner, the ballerina dances alone against the female corps. It is Balanchine's way of "eavesdropping" on the woman's feelings. The privacy of the moment is enhanced by the presence of the other women: we feel there are things she might tell them that she would never tell any man. In "Vienna Waltzes," Karin von Aroldingen dances at this moment with something like blushing abandon; it is then that we know how powerfully the waltz spell and the spell of her young lover grip her. Balanchine's success with von Aroldingen in this role and his attempt to stage a similar success with Ashley recall to us the fact that the two women were often cast together in "Emeralds." There, too, each was seen alone and then with a man. It seemed to matter very much to Balanchine that they show the sexual transition between the two situations, and they hardly ever did. Ashley's partner in "Ballade" was to have been von Aroldingen's waltz partner, Sean Lavery; Andersen stepped in after Lavery had injured himself in rehearsal. But even if we grant that Lavery is more imposing in his bearing than Andersen, he would still have to be acknowledged by the ballerina in order to exist. (By the end of "Tales from the Vienna Woods," Lavery has become so luminous in von Aroldingen's mind that she appears to abase herself slightly when she curtsies to him.) Balanchine has actually given the male dancer in "Ballade" a solo, but no matter how strongly Andersen dances it, he must dance it in a vacuum until Ashley recognizes him as her lover. Then his solo will not be just a solo, and the little girls behind him will become projections of Ashley or of her desire, not just an ensemble.

Balanchine doesn't always use this power of the ballerina to focus and control the mind of the audience, although with actress-dancers like Melissa Hayden and Violette Verdy he tended to use it more often than not. Like Petipa's, his ballets are more likely to be expressed from the man's point of view, and he has used the unemotional style of American ballerinas as an object, a created effect. American men, too, tend to be unemotional, which transfers as affectlessness to the stage. Balanchine has dramatized this (think of the two great male roles in "The Four Temperaments"), but it doesn't seem to sustain his interest, and that may be why so many of his principal male dancers are not American. I can recall other occasions like "Ballade," when Balanchine has tried to provoke one of his ballerinas out of her impassivity, but none so pointed in their provocation. As Merrill Ashley is an extreme case, so his tactics must be extreme. Ashley must be the most flatly American, romantically unresonant dancer whom he has ever made a star. She's the modern liberated woman as ballerina—aggressive, work-proud, mistrustful of glamour, dependent on no one for her effects. Her independence of her partner is not an illusion but a fact, which she demonstrated on opening night of the season when Robert Weiss became disabled in the middle of "Ballo della Regina" and she finished the performance without him. Ashley respects facts, and it is facts that she delivers when she performs. All her effects come from her dancing, not from her person. Although she has developed a flawlessly gracious performing manner, it's just a manner; Merrill Ashley doesn't seem to believe that she herself is of any interest to us. In her way, she's guided by the same principles as those "post-modern" choreographers who reduce dancing to the laws of mechanics. For her, classical style is not an analysis of personality but an achievement from which personality must be rigorously excluded. She has absorbed Balanchine's ideal of selflessness in dancing and given it back to him in neutered form.

"Ballade" is evidence that Balanchine is unwilling to let Merrill Ashley carry on as if she were an uninteresting woman. To understand why this is not what it appears—a case of the Master in apostasy—one has only to look at what he does with Ashley's technique in "Ballade." Ashley usually overwhelms her roles through sheer brilliance. "Ballade" takes the curse off her technique by personalizing it. Balanchine has performed similar wonders for generations of great American



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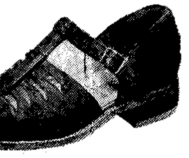

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dancers: they've been fascinating not just because of what they do but because what they do reflects so clearly who they are. Ashley may have baffled Balanchine initially by refusing to be anybody. She was Miss Allegro, Miss Instrument-of-the-Choreographer, Miss Watch-My-Steps. Pure dancers of this type are usually too self-critical to relax in front of an audience. Maybe when Ashley looks out at us she looks into a mirror and shrinks. Whatever she's doing—and her habit is to do it impeccably—she seems to want to withdraw. "Ballade" reshapes her technique so that the way she dances becomes a legitimization and a rationalization of the way she *looks* when she dances. Psychological as well as physical considerations are involved, and perhaps even dominate. In any case, the choreography not only permits but caters to Ashley's characteristic angularity and to something effaced and averted in her temperament. Steps and positions that are four-square or directly aimed at the audience are for the most part avoided. Flying through space, diving into penchée, trilling along in perfect bourrées, Ashley is no less active than usual, only she always seems to be shooting off at a tangent. Not even "Ballo" comes this close to a true portrait. Curious, though: she dances full out with forthright power, yet the quality of her expression is oblique. The only thing that's missing from the ballet is a motive for this obliquity. Balanchine has understood something important about Ashley; he's let her be as she is wont to be. Yet he wants to see a dramatic justification. He wants, I think, the kind of total involvement she shows in her great performance of "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2"—an involvement that is beginning to extend beyond her own role to the entire ballet. All that must happen in "Ballade," and more, and in a new key. Just as the choreography pulls a new lyricism from her body, so it demands an emotional commitment to its implicit dramatic situation. Ashley hardly ever looks at her partner; she glances, she smiles, but she never really looks at him. Is she running from him? Making him up in her mind? When Ashley decides that the placing and weighing of Andersen's presence in the ballet is her responsibility, she'll have matured as a performer. A prodigious dancer will have become a ballerina.

The word that Balanchine most often uses when speaking about the "Ballade" genre of ballet is "perfume." When Alexandra Danilova teaches the fairy variations from "The

Sleeping Beauty," she will often speak of Petipa and perfume. And when she demonstrates the steps she revels in their femininity. The ballerinas with whom Balanchine has worked extend from Danilova, who embodies the obligation of a woman to be glamorous and seductive on the stage, to Merrill Ashley, who embodies her obligation not to. Suzanne Farrell is almost as far removed from Ashley as she is from Danilova. Coquetry is false to her; when she uses it, she's apt to start bobbing her head like a horse. Yet Farrell is sexually very potent on the stage, and consciously so. Is that the reason that many of the young women of the company appear to have switched from her to Ashley as their model, or are they looking at Ashley's beautiful steps? Farrell's technical execution is less scrupulous these days than has been her custom. Perhaps she'd like to show us that there's more to dancing than steps. Surely, though, there should not be less to the steps. The awesome things I recall her doing in the preview of the new "Walpurgisnacht Ballet" last season were indifferently sketched in at the première, a couple of weeks ago. But her Terpsichore in "Apollo" was the glory I remembered its being, and her performance of the dual role in another Stravinsky piece, "Monumentum/Movements," was as enlivening as ever.

"Walpurgisnacht" and "Ballade" are both being widely underestimated as Balanchine compositions. In "Walpurgisnacht," which originated in a production of "Faust" at the Paris Opéra a few years ago, we have a charming demonstration of Balanchine's ability to do much with little; he uses a handful of steps and only as much technique as the dancers of the Opéra could manage, and he spreads a feast. (Farrell's role was revised for her.) Bounty of this sort may be possible only to the very wise. Daniel Levans' "Concert Waltzes," now being performed by American Ballet Theatre, at the Met, does not do a great deal with the little it has to work with (originally the very young troupe called U.S. Terpsichore); still, it does a surprising amount. Levans shows signs of having grasped an essential Balanchine secret: it's not how many steps you have, it's how many fit the music. In Levans' ballet, I could have wished for more variety in the situations, more excitement from the two principals (Marianna Tcherkassky and Kevin McKenzie), and maybe occasionally a different port de bras for the corps, but I never lacked a sense that the choreography was filling out the musical phrase. While I regret that Levans wasn't encouraged to develop his ballet for a large stage and for the skills of mature professional dancers, the only criticism I would make is in the area of its greatest strength—rhythm. It's too evenly steady, relying on phrase-by-phrase continuity. There should be a rhythmic perspective, in which the phrases could assume different shapes and colors and still pull the ballet ahead. That, at least, is what I think I see in such "easy" Balanchine pieces as "Walpurgisnacht" and "Ballade." If young choreographers are seeing something else—well, O.K. One secret at a time.

—ARLENE CROCE

• •

THE MISSIONARY POSITION

Even the light coming down is slick with rain.
And the wind with its small cups filled.
I have opened my eyes in the dark in a dream
of people trying to pass from one high place
to the next. Each roof slopes sharp with tiles.
I cannot catch them, no one. They slip from me
like parts of myself, like parts of another body.
If I watch, face within face, if I look down,
as at a wound, I know I will not wake whole.

As it is
I have opened my eyes in the dark, without parents,
unable to open my hands. But I can hear the oak
outside make its own green passage, I can see light
just under the window, under the shadow of glass
on the wall. This is not what I wanted. I was
in love. I was one blind body moving over another.
I am going to lie here until I fall back to sleep.
I am going to close my eyes and think my way back.
I am going to let the rain come down, all over me.

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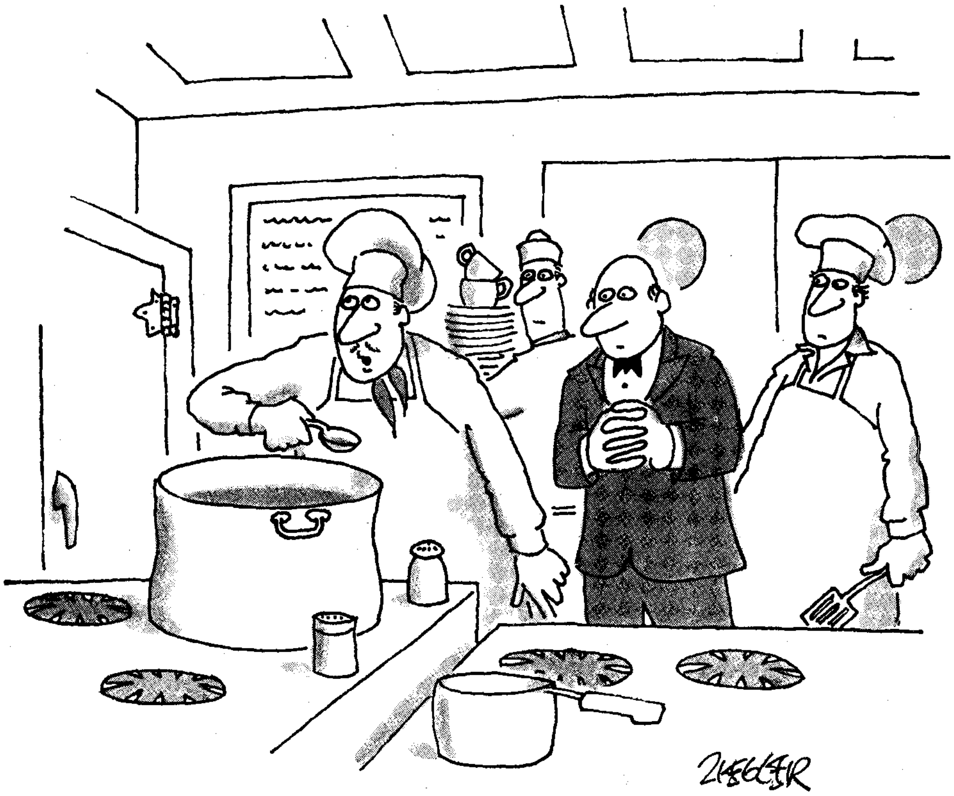
BOOKS

Byron

Byron's letters are among the most spirited in the English language, and are irresistible. They amount to an autobiography of the duelling kind. Byron is a good letter writer because whether he is scoffing, arguing, or even conducting his business affairs, he has a half-laughing eye on his correspondent; although he can turn icily formal, he has mainly a talking style of worldly elegance and is spontaneously the half self of the moment, for not only he but everyone else knew the duality of his nature. The whole person can be deduced from what he dashingly offers. His character is a springboard from which he takes a dive into what he has to say about himself for the moment, bringing other people to half life in the splash. In saying that his style is conversational, one means that he was at his best when talking tête-à-tête—when he could be free with asides, sudden images, ironical glimpses of confession. He plays with his masks. He enjoyed scandal—not for its mean side but for its flashes of satirical fantasy and because it is "a sort of cayenne to the mind." In letters, as in talk, "all subjects are good in their way providing they are sufficiently diversified." As a passionate extremist and opponent, he easily dropped into the anticlimax of affectionate good humor. He was, as many have said, an opportunist where the passions were concerned; yet he had a plodding care in daily life for routine and regular habits. According to Lady Blessington, he said in one of their platonic chats, "People take for gospel all I say, and go away continually with false impressions . . . Now, if I know myself, I should say, that I have no character at all. [This also was Balzac's view of himself and of artists in general.] I am so changeable, being every thing by turns and nothing long,—I am such a strange *mélange* of good and evil, that it would be difficult to describe me. There are but two sentiments to which I am constant,—a strong love of liberty, and a detestation of cant, and neither is calculated to gain me friends."

The meetings with Lady Blessington occurred in 1823 in Genoa, where she arrived with her husband and her necessary dandy, the Count D'Orsay. Byron was well settled with the Countess Guiccioli and her father in their common exile in the nine months that preceded the poet's fatal departure for Greece. Leslie A. Marchand's "A Heart for Every Fate" (Harvard; $13.50) is the tenth, and penultimate, volume of the excellent unexpurgated edition of all known Byron letters, and covers this period. The letters of the new volume are discernibly less vivacious than those in which Byron was seen, at the age of thirty-one, falling in love with the nineteen-year-old Countess and causing alarm among the Austrian secret police. After four years, the liaison is in the pleasant doldrums of something like a marriage. If, as Byron wrote, "the great object of life is sensation—to feel that we exist," the sensational is now in abeyance. He is even dieting to keep down the threat of corpulence; there is no pursuit of other women, though the pretty Countess is often jealous. But there are signs of another restlessness: the political. The sight of the sea at Genoa—the port of so many adventurers—perhaps revived temptation. If there are signs of conjugal "settling down," there are also rather secretive indications of "clearing up" and putting his money affairs in order for a bolder purpose. He knows he is risking his life. There is a rush, canto by canto, to finish "Don Juan," as if the poem were an investment; this leads to the quarrels with John Murray, his publisher, who is tiring of "Don Juan" and wants him to get back to the manner of "Childe Harold." A canto of this period opens with a comic attack on the metaphysics of Berkeley. The poet says he has moved from the "metaphysical" to the "phthisical," because "ever and anon comes Indigestion," not to mention inflammations and chilblains.



"Mmm. The soup du jour is not cream of mushroom. It is not tomato or celery. It is not chicken, nor is it Scotch broth. It is most definitely not won ton . . ."

> I don't know what the reason is—
>   the air
> Perhaps; but as I suffer from the
>   shocks
> Of illness, I grow much more
>   orthodox.

To the extent of going back to his early Old Testament Calvinist terrors and writing the play "Cain" in language that has lost its tune.

So his restless mind turns to Greece, in order to escape his buried despairs. He is happy with the Countess; nevertheless, he schemes to go, torn between guilt about her and his new desire. She fights back and wants to go with him—"of course the idea is ridiculous." She must be kept out of harm's way:

> If she makes a scene—(and she has a turn that way) we shall have another

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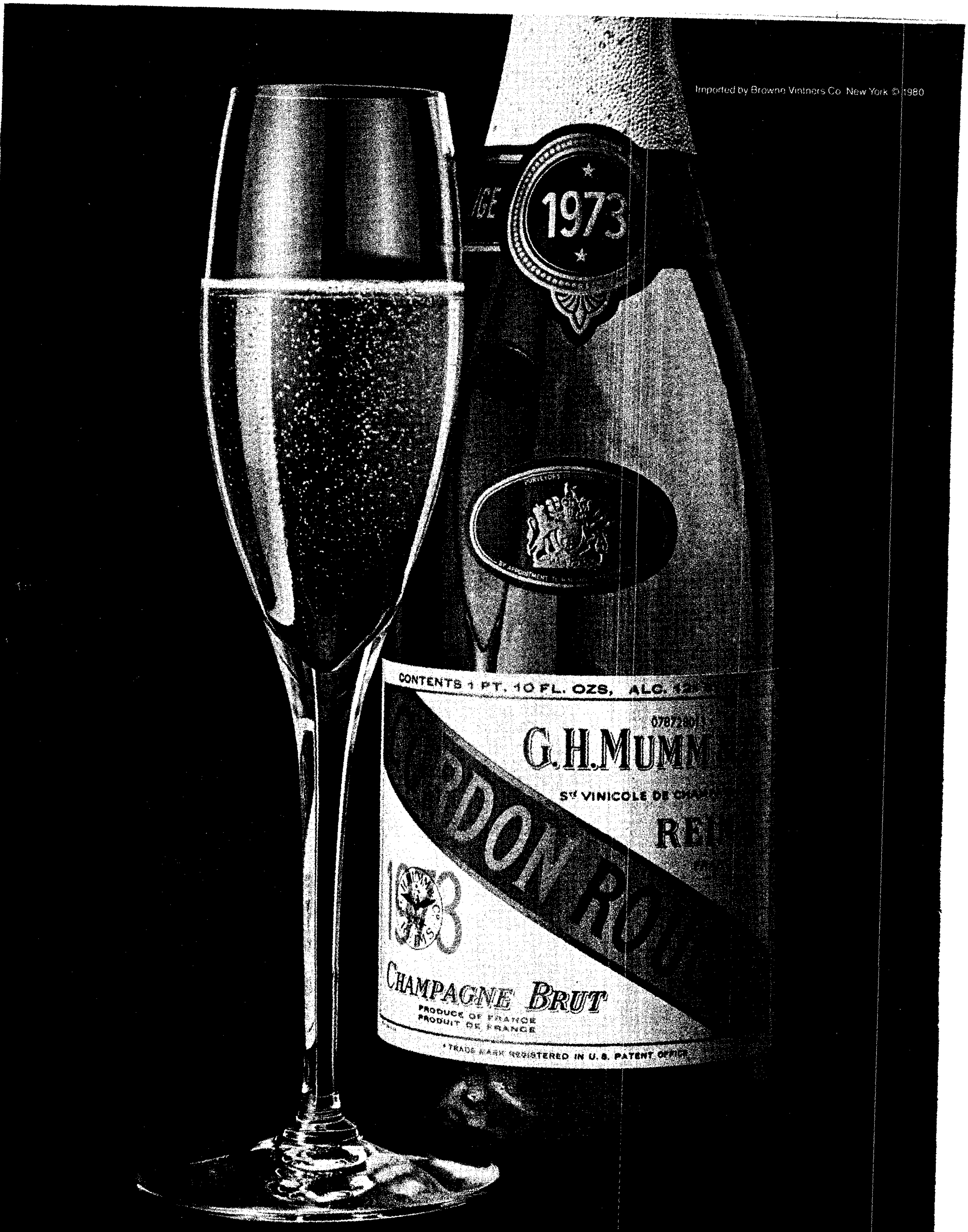
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romance—and tale of ill usage and abandonment—and Lady Caroling—and Lady Byroning—and Glenarvoning—all cut and dry; there never was a man who gave up so much to women—and all I have gained by it—has been the character of treating them harshly. . . . When a man merely wishes to go on a great duty for a good cause—this selfishness on the part of the "feminie"—is rather too much.

Before this, there is the professional annoyance: Murray delays publishing the new cantos of "Don Juan" and pretends to have mislaid the manuscripts. He gets many blasts from the poet, who eventually hands his work to Leigh Hunt's brother and the banker Kinnaird.

To Murray:

> I have received and answered through Mr. Kinnaird your enigma of a note to him—which riddle as expounded by Œdipus—means nothing more than an evasion to get out of what you thought perhaps a bad business—either for fear of the Parsondom—or your Admiralty patrons—or your Quarter*lyers*—or some other exquisite reason—but why not be sincere & manly for once—and say so? . . . The truth is that you never know your own mind—and what between this opinion and that—and sundry high & mighty notions of your own extreme importance in the planetary system—you act like the philosopher in Rasselas who took the direction of the Winds under his auspices—take care—that one of them don't blow you down some morning.

But he goes on to say that he believes, or at least hopes, that after all Murray "may be a good fellow at bottom," and hen makes a plea on behalf of one of Murray's authors, who is on her beam-ends, and who, instead of applying to he Bishop or Mr. Wilberforce, "hath ecourse to that proscribed—Athestical—syllogistical—phlogistical person—*mysen*—as they say in Notts." The raillery and rancor often glide way like this, and turn into a half-cottish peer's teasing of a Scottish radesman. And there are other touchy omestic matters, such as Byron's famous loathing of Leigh Hunt's "six litle blackguards," who are "dirtier and more mischievous than Yahoos" ("what hey can't destroy with their filth they will with their fingers"). There is his harity to their father—Byron calls im "a bore" but won't let this unworldly and childish man starve. After ll, he is a combative liberal enemy of stablished society—a Radical—even hough trying to help him "is like pulling a man out of a river who directly hrows himself in again."

This comedy is very well known to terary history. There are tender, layful letters to his sister Augusta—letters that have a touch of the guilty "little language" he and his sister had in common. He supposes that a Pimlico lady who has fallen in love with him for having written "Don Juan" is either mad or "nau" (i.e., naughty), like Constantia, Echo, and La Swissesse—old loves Augusta will giggle about. There is a grotesque account of a flood in Genoa, where a preaching friar who prophesied the immediate date of the Day of Judgment had persuaded the population to send him "presents" to avert it. The Genoese, true to their traditions, asked for their money back when the Judgment did not occur, and then had a fiesta. And there is news of new London scandals, such as the strange transformation of Lord Portsmouth after his marriage to a lawyer's daughter who horsewhipped him, seemingly because he was impotent and a lunatic, whereas he had appeared to be a man "who had been allowed to walk about the world five and forty years as Compos—of voting—franking—marrying—convicting thieves on his own evidence—and similar pastimes which are the privileges of Sanity." There is a pleasant friendship with a cousin of some sort, Lady Hardy, who is being pursued vainly by a coxcomb—"now conceited into a knight (but of no order—a regular Address and City knight)"—who swears that his black wig is the "flaxen poodle furniture with which Nature had decorated his head ten years ago." Byron tries to make this ass return to his wife in Lausanne and utters the moral that lovers cannot be friends, "because there must always be a spice of jealousy—and a something of Self in all their speculations." Indeed, love is "a sort of hostile transaction." (He said the same of bargains in general, especially with Murray.) The reflection went into two lines of the continuing "Don Juan." His own "Love perils are—I believe pretty well over," he tells Lady Hardy, and hers, "by all accounts are never to begin." However, "*la mia Dama*" (the Countess Guiccioli) was having "a furious fit of Italian jealousy," because he went riding with Lady Blessington (of whom Lawrence had painted a portrait "that set all London raving") and her supposed lover the Count D'Orsay. In later years, the Guiccioli said of one of Byron's own early jealous letters to her that it had a "*jalousie magnifique—passionné—sublime mais très injuste.*" In another letter to his sister Augusta, he once said that the Countess was indeed pretty but "a great Coquette—

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extremely vain—excessively affected—clever enough—without the smallest principle—with a good deal of imagination and some passion." But a bore as an equestrian: "Can't guide her horse—and . . . begins screaming."

Byron admires the French dandy Count D'Orsay, because he "penetrated *not* the *fact*—but the *mystery* of the English Ennui at two and twenty.—I was about the same age when I made the same discovery in almost precisely the same circles . . . but I never could have described it so well. . . . He ought to have seen the Gentlemen after dinner—(on the hunting days) . . . and the women looking as if they have had [sic] hunted—or rather been hunted—too. . . . [Dessert] was hardly on the table—when out of 12 of the masculine gender—I counted *five asleep*." Byron admired D'Orsay's "Journal" and showed it to Teresa Guiccioli, who found it gave her a much better notion of English society than "all Madame de Stael's metaphysical dissertations." One doubts if she had ever read those philosophical writings.

In all the "clearing up" letters, in which he is obliged to look after the legal complications of his estate and his separation from "Lady B" and is at pains to cause no trouble, one detects a desire to get rid of encumbrance for good and to make a bid for another romance—fame in the Greek cause. At the same time, one is struck by his skill in making the fuss of financial and organizational detail lively. As a libertine, he was a pedant. Byron was stirred by every intrigue, however mundane, that human nature is up to. The poet was very much a man of the world, the expatriate had a lot of time on his hands: the tedium had to be dispelled. He was more calculating than erratic. The play "Cain" brings his haunting private despair to the surface, but the letters contain nothing of it. The bravura is still there, and the amateur Satan's careless good nature is a kind of noblesse oblige.

—V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DOCTOR FISCHER OF GENEVA, OR THE BOMB PARTY, by Graham Greene (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). This is Mr. Greene's twenty-first novel, and it is probably, apart from "Loser Takes All," his shortest. It is also his slightest, his most melodramatic, and his most sentimental. It is told by the usual maimed, dispirited, angst-ridden aging Englishman. His name here is Alfred Jones, and, having survived his parents, his wife, and the loss of his left hand, he is living out his days in contented hopelessness as a translator in Vevey, Switzerland—until he meets the angelic young daughter of one Dr. Fischer, an evil toothpaste millionaire. Dr. Fischer gives parties at which his guests accept humiliation in return for a valuable present. It is Dr. Fischer's cynical belief (and the theme that is labored here) that "the rich have no pride except in their possessions. You only have to be careful with the poor." There is, in addition, a moral: "When you begin to despise . . . you end up by despising all the world." We leave poor Jones as we found him: "I never found the courage necessary to kill myself." A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

GENERAL

THIS LIFE, by Sidney Poitier (Knopf; $12.95). When Sidney Poitier was fifteen, he learned how to drive by getting hired and fired, in the course of one day, by almost every parking lot in Miami—mastering the accelerator at the first lot, the clutch at the second, reverse at the third, and so on, and leaving a trail of wrecked cars in his wake. The same abundance of cheek and curiosity inspired him, two years later, to demand an audition at the American Negro Theatre, in Manhattan; he was instantly thrown out, sinc it was instantly clear that he ha never seen a stage or a script i his life. Six months later, sick o working as a dishwasher, he returned, begged to be admitted, an soon proved to have plenty of ra talent. In no time, he was mad Harry Belafonte's understudy, an won critical acclaim that led to major roles on Broadway and in Hollywood. Mr. Poitier, who is no less interested in acting than in directing ("Uptown Saturday Night was his work), writes that he survived the personal troubles that accompanied professional success onl with the help of intensive psychotherapy. While psychotherapy ma be to blame for his familiarity wit such jargon as "high-visibility interracial relationship" and "neutralizing of the anxieties," it may als perhaps, be credited with the fin details of his memories, which g all the way back, past his acquaintance with Otto Preminger, Eartha Kitt, and Sammy Davis, to his happy childhood on a small island in the Bahamas.

MOORE: G. E. MOORE AND THE CAMBRIDGE APOSTLES, by Paul Levy (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $18.95). A lucid and thorough exploration of the personality, thought, and influence of the English philosopher G. E. Moore (1874-1958). The "Apostles" was a Cambridge society, founded in 1820, to which he was elected and whose members in his lifetime included A. N. Whitehead, Bertrand Russell, Roger Fry, Lytton Strachey, and J. M. Keynes. Moore's generation, like Moore himself, found their Victorian parents' religious certainties inadequate to the incertitudes of modern times and attempted to discover in philosophy what their parents had derived from belief. Moore's "Principia Ethica," published in 1903, became a Bible of Bloomsbury, yet Mr. Levy suggests that Moore's simple, dedicated character was as influential as his book. The author shows why Moore was a revelation and a liberating force in the first decade of this century; later, he became, in Levy's phrase, "a philosopher's philosopher," writing for a specialist audience. Mr. Levy himself writes very well for the philosophical laity, explaining the conflicts of men and ideas, and turning both into narrative.

COTT AND AMUNDSEN, by Roland Huntford (Putnam; $19.95). This six-hundred-and-sixty-odd-page book is roomy enough to afford interlocking biographies of Robert Falcon Scott and Roald Amundsen, the great rivals in the contest to find the South Pole, as well as a comprehensive historical scan of Arctic and Antarctic exploration up to the time of Amundsen's final disappearance, in 1928, while on a rescue mission north of Spitsbergen. The book is more than these things, though: it is a skillful and probing study of the contrasts in character between the Norwegian and the Englishman, out of which comes a new appraisal of Captain Scott. The man who has been held up as the gallant hero who would lay down his life for his comrades was nothing of the kind, says the author: Scott was a vain, glory-seeking bungler, "weak, incompetent, and stupid," and his near-deification by the British establish-

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ment after his death was a coverup of a most painful set of facts about his last, fatal adventure. Scott, in short, may have been a figure of tragedy, but the tragedy was very different from that of his legend. On the other hand, Amundsen, according to the author, was everything Scott was not—brave and boldly imaginative, a careful planner, an instinctive leader of men. Mr. Huntford has done a vast amount of research for this book, and he relates his iconoclastic story without relish. Many illustrations.

THE LAW OF THE LAND: THE EVOLUTION OF OUR LEGAL SYSTEM, by Charles Rembar (Simon & Schuster; $15). A learned, thoughtful, witty legal history for the layman. The author, an American attorney, takes us back to Britain before the Norman Conquest and brings us forward to the present, showing both the development of legal institutions and the reasoning behind Anglo-American law from that day to this. He discusses divergences after 1789, and compares English and American legal reform in modern times. Mr. Rembar illustrates his meaning with bits of history and personal anecdotes as well as with cases, and his feeling for law blends with his sense of the variegated nature of human circumstance. The book, by the way, demonstrates a cheering fact: in the field of law, at any rate, the English-speaking nations have made marked progress in intelligence and humaneness over the centuries.

NOTE: "Aspects of the Presidency: Truman and Ford in Office," by John Hersey, has been published by Ticknor & Fields ($11.95). All but one of the chapters on Truman originally appeared, in 1951, in *The New Yorker*.

•

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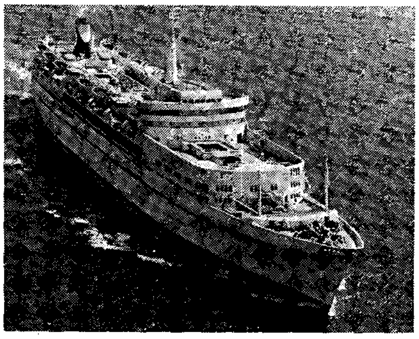

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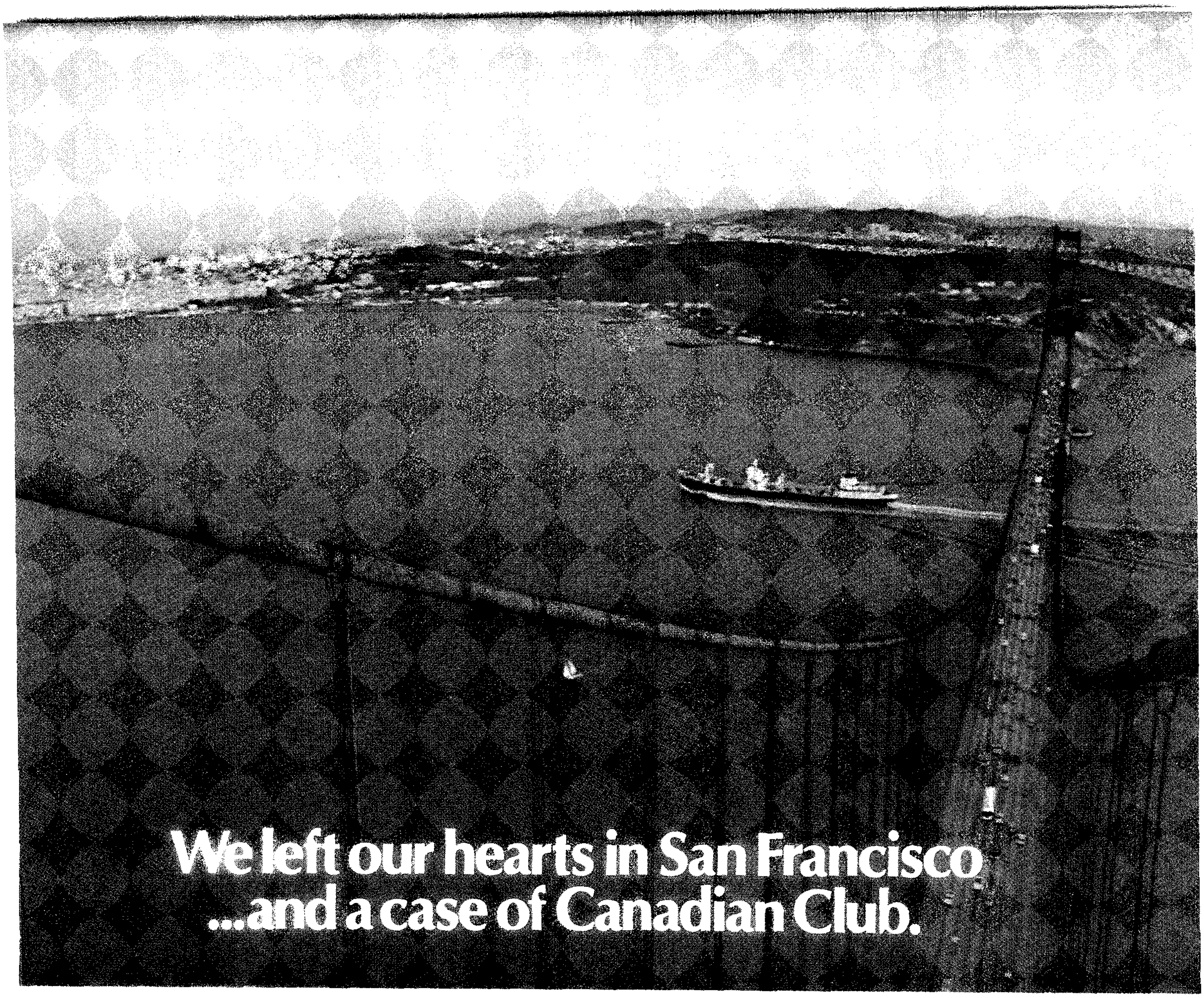

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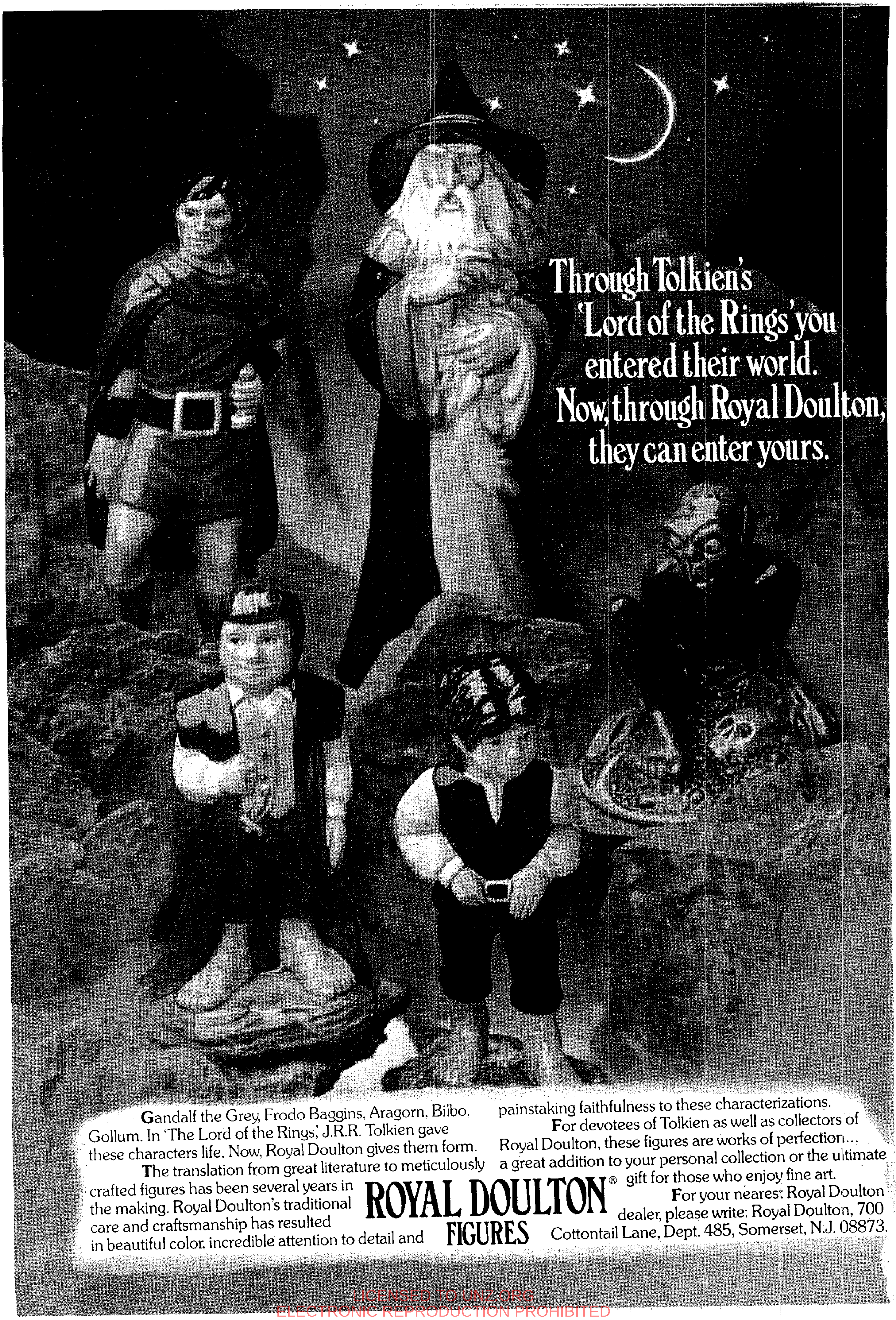
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